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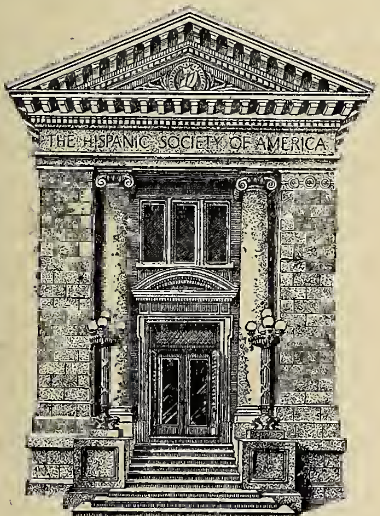

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HISPANIC
NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

PENINSULAR SERIES

I

SAINT JAMES

(From the Painting by *El Greco* in the Hispanic Society of America)

THE WAY OF SAINT JAMES

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In Three Volumes

Volume II

Illustrated

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1920

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THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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(*Continued*)

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BOOK TWO

THE WAY (*Concluded*)

IX

CAPUT CASTELLAE

Entonçes era Castylla un pequenna rryncon:
Amaya era Cabeça y Fytero fondon,
Era Montes d'Oca de Castylla moion,
Moros tenien Caraço en aquesta saçon.

—Poema de Fernan Gonçales.

With all the coming and going by diligence and mule, Burgos had ceased to be merely a cathedral site, graced by a few famous churches, where one stopped over, twenty-four hours at the most, arriving at unsuitable hours, whithersoever bound, and departing in the middle of the night. Jehane, who had descended once in a snow-storm on the fifth of June, quoted the proverbial preference of Ferdinand the Catholic,

The problem of personality

"Seville for summer, Burgos for winter." It had become to the imagination a centre; if not a metropolitan, yet a capital city, a place of bath-rooms and quick laundresses, where one could buy gloves, notepaper, eau-de-cologne, neckties; of one hotel, at least, European in its standards. There the traveller foredone may subside upon the conventions of the trained servant, a mechanism more perfect than any lifeless, and more impersonal. Only when one has sustained relations acutely personal, albeit friendly, precisely because so friendly, with everyone who fetches water, at request, or food, or candle, with the very mule, clever and whimsical, that one rides,—it is only then that one understands why civilization was driven into the ignominious and unhuman conventions of domestic service. As on a featherbed, the exhausted personality declines and sinks.

So doubtless felt earlier pilgrims, particularly such as made the stretch from Nájera to Burgos in a single stage, on horseback. Those who walked, took the

road more easily, but all, even those in the eighteenth century who came in by the coast-line, passed through S. Domingo de la Calzada, and after losing their way, or risking it, in the magnificent defile of Pancorbo, had still to cross the mountains of Oca by Villafranca and the hermitage of S. Juan de Ortega. The roads may still be found marked on the quaint map that Murray offers to travellers. Pancorbo

S. Lesmes, not he invoked in the cathedral for backache, "hijo de Burgos, abogado del dolor de riñones," but his sponsor who was a French monk, from Chaise-Dieu, had built a little hut outside the walls, and there watched for pilgrims and waited on them. As soon as he was settled in the cell that Alfonso VI gave him in 1091, near the chapel of S. John the Evangelist, under the walls of Burgos, he devoted himself "peregrinis sedulo ministrare, tecto recipere, cibo recreare, morbis liberare." The guardsman, Enrique Cock, who was on duty in Burgos in the sixteenth century, says that his body was in a church of his name outside the eastern gate of the city.[1]

The church is there still, but the city has flowed out and flowed around it. The little stream that you cross before reaching it, represents I suppose the old moat. It is still lonely.

Helpers and Harbourers

A very late Gothic retable, now in the apse of the south aisle of S. Lesmes, was probably in the *Capilla Mayor*. It is dedicated to the Helpers and Harbourers, and to the pilgrim saints who can be counted on to assist a pilgrim. The central scene shows the *Via Dolorosa*, Christ bearing the cross aided by Simon the Cyrenian and Veronica. On either side are S. John who took Jesus' Mother into his own house, and S. Mary who washed Jesus' feet and anointed them; above these S. James as pilgrim, and S. Jude, with halbert and book, who went all the way to Persia. In the upper part of the centre are S. Michael, who haunts the high mountain and is invoked by those in peril of the sea, S. Catherine who was carried by the angels to the sanctuary on Mount Sinai, a far-sought place of pilgrimage, and S. Julian the Harbourer in wayfarer's dress

ferrying over the poor leper in the freezing midnight, while his wife stands under a shelter on the shore holding the lamp, alight. In the predella, between the donor and his wife, is represented the *Pietà*, the last office of all. The carving, which is Gothic only in the same sense as Damian Forment's little retable from Monte-Aragon, breathes the same delicate charm as the fragrant piety of the themes.

The Leper's Bridge

The Hospital del Rey lies a couple of miles out of the modern town, beyond the Puente de los Malatos (the Lepers' Bridge). The Chronicle of the Archbishop D. Roderick says:[2]

> The noble king D. Alonso made moreover a Spital full of houses, and a church, and all needful, and gave it much riches. This is the Spital which is near Burgos, that is called the King's Spital. There he put many women who served the poor and the pilgrims that went that way, and gave them good milk if they stayed the night, and served the sick until dead or well. And in that Spital they fulfilled the works of mercy.

The Spital

SS. Michael and James

Founded and endowed by Alfonso VIII, the present building is Plateresque and later, excepting for the early Gothic doorway. On the doors are carved, at the right, Eve listening to the serpent, on the left, Adam working, still in his fig-leaf apron. The doors themselves are later, of carved walnut: on the left SS. Michael and James with a pilgrim, on the right the whole throng of pilgrims. The inlaid inscription reads: *Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem in die mala liberabit eum Dn̄s Jacobee aptle.* Inside, the church has little interest other than sentimental. The pictures, probably votive, are appropriate: in one the Blessed Virgin, arriving at Bethlehem very weary and ill, is turned away from the inn: the screaming hostlers and the staring boy are touched in like a line of Chaucer. Into a dresser are set the Wayfarers' saints, Raphael, Roque, James and Julian.

The so-called *Arcos de la Magdalena* and the ruinous and deserted store rooms on the right of this, are all that remains of the church which Alfonso VIII built

and Ferdinand III restored, with marvellous Mudéjar coffering in the ceilings, friezes of wrought plaster, and capitals of cut stone still Romanesque in style.

The Abbess of Las Huelgas kept her rights over this hospital until 1868. It was ruled under her by a Prior, or *Commendador*, called also sometimes Rector, and assisted by thirteen Brethren, who kept through various vicissitudes the right to wear the cross of Calatrava, wearing it however with a difference—*viz.*, a castle or in field gules, on mantles and tabards. Enrique Cock[3] reports that in 1592 the Hospital still maintained confessors in all languages, for those that went to Santiago de Galicia. The hospital is still in use, and in good repair: if my concern were with the Plateresque style and even later, I should linger in the courts a longer space.

The Cross of Calatrava with a difference

Las Huelgas.

E pois tornous á Castela
de si en Burgos moraba
e un Hospital facía
el, é su moller labraba
o Monasterio das Olgas.
—Cantigas en Loores á Santa María.

To the Cardinal Aldobrandini is attributed the famous sentence: "If the Pope were to take a wife, he could not find a fitter than the Abbess of Las Huelgas."

Great ladies

The Knight of Rozmital remarked[1] of the convent that the retable of the high altar is of silver; that the nuns are all handsome and are all very great ladies, commoners not being admitted; that they receive the King and his suite with great culture and entertain them with sports and other diversions like dances, songs, and the like, and take them into fair gardens full of trees and exquisite plants.

Las Huelgas (as who should say *Les Loisirs*) was a country lodge of Alfonso VIII, with plenty of wood and water.

The privilege by which he gave it over for a convent of Bernardines, is dated June 1, 1187; the bull of Clement III was dated at Pisa January 2, 1187, and confirmed by him May 22, 1188: it was of no diocese, but held obedience directly of him alone. The nuns were already established in 1187, and their first abbess, Doña Sol, was designated as such in the Privilege. She had come from Tulebras, near Tudela, in Navarre. The Chapter General of France, and William Abbot of Cîteaux, in September of that same year, gave them the right to hold an annual Chapter General of Spain, on S. Martin's Day. It was not easy to manage. The visiting dignitaries might come only with five servants of either sex and six beasts of burden (six persons in all) and there were houses earlier established which did not care to come. Guy Abbot of Cîteaux came in person after the synod of 1199 to support those claims of authority for which the royal founders had expressly stipulated; and in the end the abbey of Tulebras had to release from the obedience of the mother house, the abbesses of

Doña mi Sol

Daughter-houses

Gradefes, Cañas and Peraltes. Of the abbeys and priories that obeyed, without question, not only in Castile and Leon but even in Navarre, Aragon, and Galicia I believe, the list is long and not much disputed. The roll of daughter-houses included: Perales, Gradefes, Carrizo, Fuencaliente, Torquemada, S. Andrés de Arroyo, Tulebras, Vileña, Villamayor de los Montes, Otero, Aviá, S. Ciprian. The abbess had power over sixty-four towns: she could lawfully confer benefices, proceed against preachers, discipline secular clergy, receive at first hand instructions of the Pope's dispositions in both matrimonial and civil cases, appoint the visitors for pious works, license preachers, preside at synods. But

Abbesses

the abbesses of Las Huelgas, in generation after generation, had a man's mind and will, and a man's ways: they were *varonil*, of the same haughty race and temper as Queen Blanche and Queen Berenguela. They undertook to give the benediction to

preached

novices, and in explaining the gospel to preach in public, and hear the confessions of their nuns and lay sisters. Cîteaux

protested to the Pope, who wrote in 1210 and charged with the reprimand the Bishops of Palencia and Burgos and the Abbot of Moreruela, which was the oldest Cistercian house in Castile or indeed in Spain. But complaints and admonitions both were repeated often.

absolved and ordained

A bull of Gregory IX, dated July 30, 1234, says that the benediction of abbesses shall take place in their own church and not in the cathedral, to which came citizens and villagers: plainly they were strong in all the people's hearts. For long the ceremonials of the Kings of Castile took place in the abbey church: on November 27, 1219, Ferdinand III was knighted at the altar: he put on the baldric and took the sword lying on the altar: his mother buckled his belt after Bishop Maurice had pontificated and blessed the arms. It is said that the statue of S. James which at such times was fetched from the Apostle's chapel and placed on the high altar, was able to move its arms: it put the crown on the head and the sceptre in the hand of Henry I, and gave the accolade of knight-

Ferdinand III

hood to Ferdinand. In Villard d'Honnecourt's notebook are designs for similar devices, to make an angel turn as the sun travels, and to make the lectern eagle bow at the words of the Gospel.

Alfonso X

In 1254 Alfonso X *el Rey Sabio*, was crowned there, and in the course of the same festivities he knighted Edward I of England, then Prince of Wales, and married to him his sister Leonor of Castile. Three years later, when Elvira Fernández was abbess, Berenguela, the daughter of Ferdinand the Saint, arranged certain matters about the way of life. There should be a hundred ladies and nuns, all noble, forty younger girls to fill up gaps as they occurred, and forty converses, or lay-sisters, who wear white veils, for the service of these ladies. An author writing in *Monumentos arquitectónicos* about the middle of the nineteenth century, says that the ladies live in little separate houses, scattered through the vast walled enclosure. There are not many now, but they are still ladies, with the air and the gentleness of the great. When Alfonso XI was crowned there, in 1331,

the Chronicle of Juan Núñez de Villaizan[2] describes the overpowering splendour and pomp of the immense assemblage, all the prelates who came for the ceremonies, and the lords, the gentlemen and the knights of the cities and towns, called together by the king's order; and the king himself vested in his royal robes "worked in gold and silver with devices of lions and castles, with orphreys all of pearl and very thick, and many precious stones, rubies, sapphires and emeralds in the orphreys," his mount a horse "of great price," provided for his person on that great day, with the saddle-bows covered with gold and silver, with many stones, the caparison and cords of the saddle and the headstall and reins of the bit of gold and silver thread, worked so subtilely, that never was made in Castile so good work or so convenient. The king had put up a little lodge by the convent portal, which yet is standing, whence he issued forth in this guise, and proceeded to the church with his greatest nobles about him, who had buckled the spurs upon his feet, and when he reached the church door

Alfonso XI

unbuckled them again. Behind the great secular nobility, vested in robes of great price and followed by her ladies, came Mary the queen, escorted by the prelates, mitred and cross-bearing: the Archbishop of Santiago, the Bishops of Burgos, of Palencia, of Calahorra, of Mondoñedo and of Jaen; an unloved wife, an unprized queen, the mother of that Peter who was to be called the Cruel, and to die by a bastard's hand. Henry of Trastamara, in his turn, was crowned at the same place with almost equal splendour; John I, when he was twenty-one, on S. James's Day, assumed the crown himself, crowned his wife Leonor of Aragon, and knighted a hundred knights. Thither too came that poor young gallant king who had to ride a-hunting for his dinner, and dared his epigram of the twenty kings in Castile.

Henry of Trastamara

With the monstrous regiment of the Catholic Kings hard days came on houses that had been "quasi episcopal" and "nullius diocesis." In 1490 D. Juan Arias de Avila, Bishop of Segovia, claimed apostolic letters to visit, and a right to

make the abbess's tenure of three years only. The nuns appealed to Innocent VIII, who named three Cistercian abbots to investigate. They examined, deposed the Bishop of Segovia's abbess, and restored the rightful and perpetual one, and the obedience of daughter-houses. The abbots of Cîteaux delegated their powers to the abbess, and kept solely the right of visitation. About 1500 they could not send visitors, on account of war between France as a whole and Spain as a whole, a state which had never existed before. Ferdinand and Isabella got bulls, and named secular ecclesiastics as visitors; this was a grave affront, of course the abbess appealed to Rome. By a bull of Clement VII, 1526, such persons must bring as adjoint judge, a Cistercian abbot, and in 1559 Paul IV declared that the sole right of visitation and reform in Las Huelgas, the daughter-houses, and the Hospital del Rey, lay in the abbots of Cîteaux. But the pressure was too strong. Leo X had already restricted the number of admissions to daughter-houses, on the ground of poverty, requiring

The monstrous regiment

merely the permission of the Abbess of Las Huelgas, which was, in the circumstances, an empty right of veto. In 1581 the Abbot of Poblet, as visitor, gave leave for each lady to have a lay maid-servant, that meant a sad dwindling of the forty converses. In 1587, under Philip II, Sixtus V proscribed finally the perpetual tenure of an abbess and reduced it to three years: and in 1603 the power of Cîteaux was replaced by the Council of Castile, under Philip III.[3]

The end of independence

The entire convent is enclosed by walls that contain within their circuit, besides the mass of buildings and others scattered, three interior cloisters and one down the flank of the church; the so-called *compás*, west of the church, on which the gate tower of Alfonso XI opens, the *compás de afuera*, flanked on the outer side by a little hamlet, to which the public is admitted and on which opens the transept porch, the only exterior door into the church; also a large meadow, gardens, and *vergel*.

The transept of five bays and the five parallel apses are earlier work than the

rest, and being open to all have been often studied. The porch lies just north of transept and apse, like a continuation; eastward the Clerks' chapel opens, of three bays and a chevet, and westward a smaller and lower vestibule to the porch, called the Knights', perhaps for the sake of some of the tombs there. The tower over this belongs to the foundation though towers were prohibited by the Cistercian rule.

Early part

When Alfonso VIII endowed the church in 1187 he said that it was then a-building: Sr. Lampérez points out that none of his great foundations, so far as known, fall earlier than the conquest of Cuenca, 1176. In 1199 he says "we have built," which proves that the necessary then was finished, *i. e.*, choir, chapter-house, refectory, and dorter, with some of the cloister. In 1214, when he died, the buildings were in a fit state for the great ceremony of his son's coronation. Not, however, until 1279 was the nave ready for the translation of the founder's ashes from the chapel in the *claustrillos* to the tomb made ready in the

1199

nuns' choir, which is to say the nave of the church. The final consecration of altars took place in that year, which appears therefore to mark a temporary conclusion. The Clerks' chapel, dedicated to S. John, was finished 1288.

1180–1215 1215–1230

The transept and chapels and the *claustrillos* are earlier in style than the rest, were built, say, 1180–1215; and the nave and great cloister, 1215–1230. The transept, very high, has sharply pointed arches, and a French cross-vault, *i. e.*, French of Paris. The capitals, *à crochets*, under a square abacus, are earlier than those of the nave. The central compartment is vaulted in a domed sexpartite vault that seems to have arisen out of the Angevine system of vaulting. M. Enlart[4] would trace back to Saumur the vaulting of all the chapels eastward, where the square plan is brought to an octagon by arches thrown across the corners, which themselves carry lesser triangular vaulting systems. Now Saumur, which lay in the land of Queen Leonore, was also a place where pilgrims halted to revere the relics

Saumur

of saints and, besides the vaults it lent to Castile, the porch near by set a copy along the road, more than once. and Candes

The chapter-room is the largest that I was ever in, sustained by four polygonal piers set around with clustered shafts, almost like English grouping, but also by vaulting shafts against the walls on three sides. The capitals of these piers, and of those between the door and its flanking windows, were never carved, apparently, although in France the practice was to carve all the sculptured parts before setting them up. The capitals of the wall shafts, and those on which descend the ribs of the vault upon the cloister wall, are much like those of the nave, the abacus being, as there, octagonal. The zigzag dear to English builders enframes the three arched openings, and it also recurs in conjunction with the English dog-tooth, about the doorway to the Chapel of the Saviour. The small cloister looks like work of the twelfth century, with its continuous arcade of round arches interrupted once in the centre of each side by the broad face of a buttress; Capitals unwrought

Los Clausstrillos

and on this is carved the likeness of a palace, with doorway curtains looped back and twisted about the jamb shafts. The capitals are mostly of long, much veined Romanesque leaves, laid, sometimes straight sometimes twisted about the tall bell, and ending in volutes much curled, of strong projection.

The Nuns' Choir

The church consists of nine bays of quadripartite vault; and the nave serves as nuns' choir, the southern aisle as a sort of vestibule; and the northern, in which are many royal and princely sarcophagi, is, like the other, cut off from the nave by the high backs of the stalls. There is a long, pointed western window without tracery and something like a lantern in the next bay eastward. The sills of the clerestory are level with the polygonal capitals of the vaulting shafts. Eastward, a pair of altars flank the grating that opens on the transept, and the tomb of the founder which stands in the centre of the floor shows him giving the donation to the abbess and her nuns.

The system of vaulting is not Angevine

in the least, but French of the Royal Domain. The capitals of the nave arcade were, when I was there, still embedded in plaster, but the lower parts of the clerestory were freed, and the capitals of the vaulting shafts, under their octagonal abaci, pure and fair. French vaulting

The Great Cloister, called of S. Ferdinand, was possibly built in his time but the doorways were of the fourteenth century, and the upper gallery and its substructures and the enclosure of the lower pretty well disguise the original design. It may be that the three pointed and moulded arches, between buttress and buttress, represent the original arcade, and were grouped under a larger discharging arch, as at Fontfroide and Poblet. The cloister is barrel-vaulted upon great arches, but not so very long ago it had a ribbed cross-vault; if that was the original arrangement the great arch was necessary, but if the present barrel-vault replaces a primitive one, the low pointed arcade may represent the whole. The corners, vaulted *en rincón de claustro*, are adorned Cloister of S. Ferdinand

Leafage

with the loveliest free leafage, and with the castles of the founder in between the jamb shafts, that might become the thirteenth century, though a curious debased form characterizes the arch of the door head, which seems, notwithstanding, original and carries on the intrados the same castles, always without lions. Two of these have wooden doors formed of stars and interlacing polygons, that betray the presence of *Mudéjar* workmen. This leafy work, though it supplied perhaps a model to Olite and Leon, is quite different in execution, larger and looser than that.

Moulded plaster

Mudéjar work in plaster is everywhere: along the barrel-vaulted ceiling of passages that run out from the Great Cloister; at the head of walls below the springing of the vault; or saved from ruined structures and built up for its own worth. The stranger, passing through the labyrinth bewildered, remembers confusedly a wealth of halls and rooms adorned with strips and bands of marvellous plaster work, stalactite vaulting in the chapel of S. Salvador, and in the chapel of S. James a ceiling of *artesonado*.

Chapel of Santiago

The little rectangular chapel of the Patron of Spain stands off by itself, between the garden at the foot of the apse, and the chapels and other buildings clustered around the *claustrillos*. The entrance is a simple horse-shoe arch that descends upon marble shafts that one would think antique, and the capitals very delicate and deeply cut, of the Sevillian style, imitated, says Sr. Lampérez,[5] from the Roman composite, but surely affected by the Byzantine of the sixth and seventh century. These, he thinks, may be of the twelfth, though close parallels occur in work at Seville of the fourteenth. From the rectangular antechapel with a modern timber roof, you pass to the square chapel by a horse-shoe arch bordered on both faces by abundant plaster ornament rather tawdry, that includes the shell of S. James and something much like knots of ribbon, but the chapel has a deep frieze of interlacing lines and polygons that is elder and quite unlike. For the best of this I cannot undertake to set a date, it may represent building of the twelfth

Marble capitals

century; for the worst, I should believe almost anything, it cannot be earlier than the fifteenth.

Chapel of the Assumption

The Chapel of the Assumption, nearer to the *claustrillos*, opens from a narrow antechapel vaulted in three tiny domes, of work like that mentioned at the *Hospital del Rey*. The arch of the entrance is fringed with heavy dangling stalactites that recall Saragossa more than Toledo or Granada, and a rich interlace of cusped arch-forms filling the ends of this. The chapel proper, square on the floor plan, is brought to an octagon by squinches placed very low on the walls and formed themselves by two curved triangles that meet in a ridge. While the structure is different, the effect is like in a way to the vaulted corners of the apse-chapels. The three eastern faces of this octagon are adorned with a cusped arcade, and the vault is of that Mahomedan style in which eight ribs cross, without meeting at the centre, leaving there as in a chapel at Salamanca a deep star. This may belong to the time of Alfonso the Wise.

Crossed ribs

That of the Saviour has no antechapel:

it stands in a little court alone, foursquare, and decorated on the face with weather-worn fragments of plaster moulding that must have been fetched from elsewhere, besides a delicate border on the intrados of the arch. The fragments built in, represent the filling of spandrels and jamb-faces. Of the Cufic inscriptions here, one says: "The empire is God's" and one, "Thanks be to God." The dome, within, of superb stalactite vaulting, once painted, cannot be earlier than the fifteenth century.

Chapel of S. Saviour

Cufic

It was the great privilege of the present writer to visit this convent, by signal kindness of the Papal Nuncio, and through the generous assistance of a brilliant young canon and the amiable indulgence of the Archbishop; the gentle ladies, some of them speaking French, and all the language of soft tones and benign regard, were hospitable, were helpful, and were patient. When time dragged, they put in some prayers, but they betrayed neither an inevitable *ennui* as they accompanied their visitor, nor an equally inevitable curiosity; they never hurried. When the work

So, the Queen's of Naples

was done and the Abbess's hand was kissed—"the fingers of the said lady be right fair and small and of a meetly length and breadth"—the visitor was guided back to the *Locutorio*, where sweet cordials and delicate cates of convent making were offered, and, for the first time, some real conversation, through the double row of bars. The gentle nuns having enquired the date of the pilgrim's sailing for home, which was close at hand, promised their prayers through all the hours of danger, from German mine and submarine, beginning Saturday morning and lasting till Monday. Those white prayers are a debt never to be discharged. The Abbess was like the young queen of Naples as Henry VII's ambassadors described her, "right fair handed, and according unto her personage they be somewhat fully, and soft, and fair, and clean-skinned.[6]" Las Huelgas is to-day a convent like another, different only in unfailing good taste. Taste, while all things pass, is left. It belongs to the ambience, to the immortal history of the place, to the imperishable dead.

White prayers

The Cathedral.

Andando por su camino
unos con otros hablando
allegados son a Burgos.
— Romance.

History antedating monuments

Burgos, head of Castile and chamber of the kings, is Castilian and nothing else, Ponz to the contrary notwithstanding:[1] the visible city, indeed, being younger, in date, than the great figures which glorify its name and whose effigies, a little travestied, adorn the arch it built for Charles V. Burgos has no Roman or Visigothic remains, for in such times it was not; it has no Romanesque or Mozarabic; it has nothing, in fact, before the thirteenth century, except its legends. The see was transferred from Oca, destroyed by the Moors before 1074, to Burgos by 1088; and in the ruins of the Archbishop's palace, just now coming down in 1915, a few delicate capitals may be the remainder of the palace that Alfonso VI made over.

As said already, Alfonso the Emperor founded Las Huelgas, and the small cloister,

An Angevine queen

los claustrillos, belongs to his time. To his English wife Leonor, the daughter of Eleanore of Poitou, is credited the Angevine character of the eastern portion of that church itself, the apses and transepts, with its high vaults, its strong and nervous ribbing; and the pure capitals, of sparse and delicate leafage, of the nave and aisles, which fall within the reign of S. Ferdinand, are very like those of the vaulting ribs in the cathedral, and almost identical with the form which Street sketched, I think from the clerestory. The capitals at Las Huelgas have in addition the characteristic of an octagonal abacus, very rare except in English work.

(*Gothic Architecture* I, 36)

An English bishop

There is a tradition in Burgos that Bishop Maurice was an Englishman. With S. Ferdinand he laid the first stone of the cathedral on S. Margaret's day, July twentieth, 1221. Gil González Dávila[2] calls him a Frenchman, but the two traditions are reconcilable if we assume that he came from the continental domain of Henry II, more considerable in every way than his island kingdom. At any rate, he

knew French work and could bring French workmen, for he had gone across France and through the Rhineland to Spires in 1219 to fetch a wife for the young king Ferdinand.

The Wonder of the World

The Queen Berenguela had selected the princess, Beatrice of Suabia, cousin of the Emperor D. Fadrique (this will be Frederic II, *Stupor Mundi*) daughter of D. Philip who was elected Emperor of Rome, and of Doña María the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, — her name was really Irene. The ecclesiastics chosen to make the arrangement were Bishop Maurice of Burgos, Abbot Peter of Arlanza, Abbot Roderick of Ríoseco, and Peter Odoario Prior of the Order of the Hospital, who was a saint. They waited four months for an answer, and then returned with the bride, bringing her home by way of Paris, where they were detained again to be entertained by Philip of France. "And the noble queen Doña Berenguela," says the Chronicle,[3] "when she was assured of the coming of the damsel Doña Beatrice, went out, much accompanied with noble companions;

Ricas hembras y infanzonas

and with religious men and masters of the Orders, and abbesses and ladies conventual, and other ladies of hers, *ricas hembras* and *infanzonas*, plenty of them and a goodly company, and went accompanied in this guise to receive the noble damsel Doña Beatrice, from Burgos as far as the city of Vitoria." And as they returned, came Don Ferdinand with an escort of knights every whit as fine. The third day before the Feast of S. Andrew, the king was knighted at Las Huelgas, and in the same week was married in the Cathedral.

Cathedral of 1075

That was the old cathedral, that Alfonso VI began in 1075. Dr. Martínez y Sans[4] says that the Chapel of the Crucifix, its sacristy, and the passage to the Archbishop's palace, now called, without any reason, *el claustro viejo*, being all visibly older than the rest, belong to this church. Bishop Maurice had, the musical may care to know, an organ. In 1223 the organist, "Magister in organo" signed a document, and in 1253 the Apostolic visitor gave orders to pay forty maravedis for a "doctor en organo" to play at the accustomed solemni-

ties, and half as much more to repair the organ. It was in 1374, a century and a half later, that at Lyons an organ was a novelty and an amazement.[5]

Organist

Two years after the marriage of S. Ferdinand, the new Cathedral was already begun. Ceán Bermúdez[6] tells how the work went on so fast that the whole was finished in Bishop Maurice's time: the Chapter could say the office in the new choir, *i.e.*, the east end, in 1230. In sober truth, however, the work was not yet done in the time of Alfonso XI, 1336. The cloister and chapel of S. Catharine belong to the time of Henry II; the towers remained unfinished for two hundred and twenty years, and were brought to a conclusion by the bishops Alonso de Cartagena and Luis de Acuña.

Choir of 1230

The plan of the present cathedral is fairly simple and very French, with a long choir, three aisles, vast transepts of three bays and, perhaps, square apses to north and south beyond the ambulatory. There is French precedent for that. Leon has still one. The nave had six bays, the choir

French plan

and its aisles three, and then the aisle turned through five bays, out of which opened five chapels, the easternmost being dedicated to S. Peter. It is called in a document of 1382, "una de solemnioribus suis ecclesiæ capellis." Of the three bays of choir aisle, the westernmost must have had a plain wall, dividing it from the transept apse. This awkwardness Soissons was to solve and S. Yved de Braisne. In Paris, when Bishop Maurice was there, *Notre Dame* was standing whitely by the river for an ensample; choir and nave were done and the great portals, we know, for in 1223 the façade was finished up to the ringers' gallery. Whether or no he brought an architect thence, he brought the style. Burgos among Spanish cathedrals supplied the first instance of French Gothic, elder than Toledo or Leon. "Fortiter et pulchre construxit ecclesiam Burginensam," writes Luke of Tuy. The west face, with its long lancet windows and towers square up to the spire, looked once rather like *Notre Dame*. It is not hard to think away the doors, restored in 1790, and the pierced

Notre Dame de Paris

spires which are German in idea and the work of a German master, Hans of Cologne. Burgos, says Justi, is the last boundary to which the cathedral of Cologne throws its shadow. For the rest, in spite of all the overlay and decoration, only one structural element is not Gothic of the Isle of France: the lantern or *cimborio*.

(*Miscellaneen* I, 15)

The shadow of Cologne

This is a common Romanesque feature, a characteristic Spanish one, inevitable in Castile. French cathedrals have a *flèche* at the crossing, but on his way home Bishop Maurice, if he wanted a precedent, could have seen a well-developed lantern at Poitiers and Saintes and Aulnay, and he would have known the great *cimborios* of Zamora, Toro, and Salamanca, and have ridden past that of Irache, crowning a French transitional building. Dr. Martínez y Sans supposes no such feature was contemplated at Burgos till the days of D. Luis de Acuña.[7] At any rate the Knight of Rozmital in 1466 saw it either finished or well under way, for the narrative notes that the cathedral "has two elegant towers of cut stone and a third was building when we

Cimborio

were there."[8] The cathedral *Libro Redondo*, the diary of events, sets down the western towers as begun September 18, 1442, and finished September 4, 1458.

Master Hans

It is supposed, partly on the strength of an eighteenth-century inscription, that Bishop Alonso of Carthagena, returning from the Council of Bâle, brought back with him the German architect, Hans of Cologne, to finish the projected towers. He had completed the first and got along well with the other when in 1456, the Bishop died on his way home from Compostella, and D. Luis de Acuña y Osorio took his place.

Of Master Hans we know a good deal from 1440 to 1480, but never, explicitly, that he worked on those towers through which the stars shine. Nicholas V had given a bull in 1447, and Master Hans was Master of the works by 1454. The monstrous lettering that constitutes the chief ornament, may be of Arab tradition, it is certainly of German taste. "Pulcra es et decora," it reads, and then, "Pax vobiscum," and again, "Ecce Agnus Dei."

Whoever built them, built well, for they have stood; in 1692 repairs were needed, and others were made in 1749, and finally a restoration in 1790; that is all. Over the central doorway the tympanum was once occupied by the Assumption with saints and angels in the archivolts; that on the north figured probably the Annunciation, and on the south the Coronation: on the jambs stood saints. The western statues stand, one group for SS. Julian, John of Sahagún, and Vitores, all *hijos de Burgos*, and the older ones for Bishop Maurice, S. Ferdinand, Alfonso VI and the half mythical Asterio. The others, ill used by man and the elements, I do not know.[9]

Hijos de Burgos

It is probable that Juan de Colonia made also, for his first patron, the Chapel of the Visitation, the work not being recorded in the cathedral books because it was done for a private person. Alonso de Cartagena, *de buena memoria*, was one of those brilliant young humanists that Spain reared to match Italy's. He edited Seneca, and contributed to the *Cancionero General*,

Alonso de Cartagena

and served on missions of diplomacy; as a boy he was a King's Councillor, at thirty-two a canon of Santiago, and of Segovia, and in his later years planned a great history of Spain to surpass those of Roderick of Toledo and Luke of Tuy. Of him, Aeneas Sylvius said a Pope in Rome, the humanist Aeneas Sylvius, that he could not for shame sit down in the chair of Peter, if Alonso of Burgos should stand before him. Says Hernando de Pulgar: "He spoke little and choicely, and that right cleanly: his aspect waked reverence, no unseemly word was spoken in his presence."[10] Still Gil de Siloe fair he lies, silent and pure, where Gil de Siloe made the tomb, with little saints around the base like the weepers at Pampeluna and at Dijon, and the Virgin at one end in her Visitation and at the other in her Decension. Amador de los Ríos says[11] that the figures stand for SS. Gregory, Jerome, Paul, Peter, Augustine, and Ambrose, Ursula, Casilda, Dominic, Juan de Ortega, Vitores, and Lesmes; and the dead Bishop sleeps above. It was logically the last Gothic tomb, and at Miraflores

the work of the same sculptor (he died in 1466) is Renaissance, like that of Michel Colombe. It should be noted, moreover, that the symbolism of those extraordinary virtues about the tombs of the Kings in the Charterhouse who wear a ship or a clock or a church on their head, is that of French carvers, and theirs alone. It is impossible that Gil de Siloe, however, should have made the tomb of Bishop Luis de Acuña, as Ceán Bermúdez thought; it was instead Diego his son, and the contract was signed June 2, 1519.[12]

French virtues

That very splendid prelate, who turned three chapels into one to make a fitting sepulture (that of S. Antolin, by which you come in, that of S. Anne, and behind them that of the Holy Conception) prescribed in his will that his effigy should lie lowly. "And because I know not if our Lord will let me make my tomb, because those things are more wind of the world than food of the soul, I bid that no more shall be made than a stone in which is figured my effigy, a palm high and no more, that when they go

Wind of the world

over my bones, they shall know where my body lies."[13]

D. Luis de Acuña

The high marble tomb, of the sort so admired in Spain, stands where no one could stumble *over* it, even in the dark. The work is a little coarse, but picturesque: in roundels figure virtues; Justice, Worship, Charity, Fortitude, Abstinence, Peace, Temperance and Prayer. In the Chapel of the Presentation another such tomb holds D. González de Lerma, in the place ceded to him in 1520. The tomb, standing free in the midst of the great chapel, is attributed to Felipe Vigarny, who is said to have made also a retable there, which was taken away in the eighteenth century and perhaps placed in Las Huelgas opposite the entrance. On the medallions at the sides of the sarcophagus, in curious company, are S. Francis between Justice and Faith, and S. Jerome between Fortitude and Hope. The canon's figure passes for a portrait, "for the founder was well known to the artist, Maestro Felipe, with whom he personally made the contract."[14]

D. González de Lerma

I go too fast, however. The retable in

these years was one erected in 1426 by Bishop Alonso: the Knight of Rozmital says that "it is so fairly chiselled and painted that it far surpasses all that I have ever seen: there is also a statue of the Virgin all silver gilt, which weighs three hundred marks, and the workmanship worth as much more."[15] The present *retablo mayor* was made by Rodrigo de la Haya between 1562 and 1580.

The Virgin of the High Altar

In 1481 Master Hans was dead, and his son Master Simon was master of the works for thirty years. His grand work was the chapel of the Constable, founded by D. Pedro Fernández de Velasco, Count of Haro, Constable of Castile, and his wife, Doña Mencía de Mendoza, daughter of the Marquis of Santillana and sister of the Great Cardinal of Spain. In the second generation the German family is well naturalized, and there is in the splendid eastern chapel nothing to be called outlandish in the literal sense. The chapel is octagonal, like those of S. Ildefonso and Santiago in the same position at Toledo, but set on an almost square base which

Master Simon

is brought by deep recesses at north, south and east into something nearly cruciform, and the transition to the octagon is made by pendentives, the art of which may have come from the Rhine or from north-eastern France. In the cloister chapel of S. Catharine, dated September 13, 1316, the transition is made, as at Las Huelgas, by throwing an arch across the corner and regularly groining behind it.

The most fertile school of good architecture

Llaguno says[16]: "Simon de Colonia died before 1512, and his merit in architecture was great. He knew not, or did not use, the antique orders, but he left established in Burgos the most fertile school of good architects that then was among us, as is proved by there having been natives of that city, its neighbourhood and its mountains the better part of those who were esteemed in all the sixteenth century."

Francisco his son filled out another thirty years as master of the works. In 1540 a letter arrived from the Bishop and chapter of Astorga, asking, "If there be yet living a master of the holy Church and its *chantier*

named Colonia, may he be sent to them, that he may undertake their church, as he has already examined it."[17] In his day, however, Gothic was dead or dying: he undertook for Bishop Juan Rodríguez de Fonseca, in 1516, the beautiful Plateresque door called "de la Pellejería." "It looks," said Madoz,[18] "like a sumptuous retable set up against the wall." As late as 1532, payments for it were made to the *imaginero*, Bartolomé de la Haya, who was not a Dutchman, but belike a Dutchman's son, tracing his inheritance back with his name, to The Hague. All that family's work, notwithstanding, Bartolomé's door and Rodrigo's retable, are right Spanish, and unperturbed. It occurs to me, however, that *la Aya* was a Pyrenean peak, among those very hills whence came other image-makers. Burgos, if she drew blood from the north and ideals from the south, yet kneaded all into the Castilian stuff.

Master Francis

The contract for the tomb of Bishop Acuña, July 2, 1519, stipulated that all the work shall be "del romano," *i. e.*, of the Renaissance, in accordance with a sketch

submitted, and that for the altar of S. Anne in the same chapel "toda esta obra ha de ser labrada é ornada de obra de romano,"[19] which, by the way, the present altarpieee of that ehapel may hardly be called, but rather belated Gothie, attributable in part to the same Diego de la Cruz who had eollaborated at Miraflores a generation before.

Diego de la Cruz

Of the superb Aeuña's cimborio, built at his own expense, we have only vague accounts. The famous praises, often quoted with application to the present lantern, belong to that one. Charles V, when he suggested that it should be kept in a jewel casket, had used the *mot* already for Giotto's tower. As said before, it must have supplanted an earlier one, eommeneed at the same time with the transepts, and perhaps never quite finished, in the same style as the lantern of Las Huelgas. It seemed very high, "in auras evexit": it was of stone, with many effigies, erowned with eight pinnacles, carved with skill and delicacy—so much may be perceived through the ill-sorted Latinity. A Bishop,

The first *cimborio*

Bridge over the Porma

who had seen it, writes in a document of "the lantern, which is one of the fairest things on earth," and the chapter thought it sumptuous. In 1535 the piers were giving way: the Master of the Works, true to his type, propped up a little and added eight statues, and collected payment. One Canon still unsatisfied warned, in vain, Juan de Lerma, Arch-dean of Briviesca, and in the early morning of Tuesday, the fourth of March, 1537, the lantern fell. March 4, 1537
S. Thomas of Villanova was canonized partly on having predicted this. Within a few hours the Chapter had met and appointed a committee to attend to the rebuilding: they voted all they could afford, the Dean and a canon who had been absent, made a generous offering on the same day; and the archbishop, the Constable, the people of Burgos, gave magnificently.[20]

He that made it anew was Felipe Vigarny, of the diocese of Langres: the work was done by Juan de Vallejo and Juan de Castañeda, architects of the Cathedral, but the model was executed by one Juan Felipe de Borgoña

Juan de Langres

de Langres, *entallador*, in 1540, for the sum of 12,000 maravedis. The style now is a superb full-blown Plateresque: around the interior, in a frieze of great letters, run the words: *In medio templi tui laudabo te et gloriam tribuam nomini tuo qui facis mirabilia.* If the idea of using letters for a decoration is to be traced back to the Arabs who had lived and worked so long about Burgos, the ambiguous phrasing which verges, in the vain glory of a possible application, on blasphemy, must be referred to the Renaissance. It was finished in 1567. Master Francis had died in 1542.

Felipe Vigarny

In spite of his bye-name, de Borgoña, and his being referable to the diocese of Langres, Felipe de Vigarny had a father in Burgos, and a brother called Gregory. Dr. Martínez y Sans[21] believes, notwithstanding, that he was no Spaniard, though in 1532 he had worked for the chapter thirty-three years already. He put his son Joseph into the cathedral clergy. There is no evidence that the painter Juan de Borgoña, working in New Castile at the

close of the fifteenth century, was related to him. Gil de Siloe had a son Diego, a famous figure of the Renaissance, and married his daughter to another of the profession. Bartolomé and Rodrigo de la Haya occur successively a generation apart. We have seen, in the three generations, *Colonia*, from the place of origin, become a mere family name. The great *chantier* of Burgos bred and trained, as Llaguno testifies, great men, conserving a great tradition, so that the sixteenth century lantern is yet congruous with the thirteenth century church.

family and *chantier*

Sumptuous it is, and the whole church. Consider, for instance, that overlay of pinnacle and balustrade, in the triforium, which so vexed Street. If there is an end to *ascêsis*, there is enhancement of magnificence. The stalls, designed by Vigarny and his pupils, were executed after 1507 and before 1512: that is a short time for so great a work, more's the pity. They do not well stand comparison with any of Toledo, even by those who prefer his style to Berruguete's. The themes are told

by Sr. Amador de los Ríos[22] and so may be spared here; they are picturesque and regional, giving a fair field alike to S. Casilda and to the chickens. Those across the western end were added after that was closed, and accepted in 1608.[23]

Glass

The glass, which was broken by a powder explosion in 1813, had already suffered. In 1542 from the Chapter's chapel were removed various stained windows, and replaced with clear glass, to give more light. On the other hand, the rose of the south transept is still almost intact, where the sun casts on the floor a disc of gorgeous mosaic. There was a complete school of glaziers.

Arnao de Flandes

In Burgos was born the famous Arnao de Flandes,[24] and he married Agnes Vergara, and owned houses there. The contract which conveys these (1512), is witnessed by Diego de Santillana. Nicholas de Vergara was his son, and inherited them, and Juan de Arce, *vidriero* and *vecino de Burgos*, is witness to the document, dated in 1550, and is named in 1551 as the *maestro de vidrieros* there while Nicholas

holds that position at Toledo. Before this family, a Master John, glazier, was living in Burgos from 1427 to 1433; and in 1498 Juan Valdivielso had bound himself for ten years to take charge of the windows, and with him in the contract is associated Diego de Santillana, but certain chapels are excepted, *viz.:* that of the Countess (which we call the Constable's) and those of the Bishops D. Alonso and D. Luis, that is to say, of the Visitation and of the Conception of Our Lady. Thirty years later, the Chapter was buying from Valdivielso three windows for the chapels of S. James and S. John: in 1538 one Francis, perhaps his son, was in the pay of the cathedral and Caspar Collin, Juan de Arce, his son Juan, and his grandson Pedro, were the masters in charge from 1544 to 1590: the office was held by Valentín Ruíz from 1611 to 1631, and under him were fetched from Cuenca, for the windows of the lantern and other windows, seventy-two dozen pieces. With all that, in 1645 Francisco Alonso was making new windows for the lantern. The conclusion of all this is, that the glass

Juan Valdivielso

Juan de Arce

was, a great part of it, fairly late, and may be imagined by recalling other work of the same craftsmen, Juan Valdivielso and Diego de Santillana at Avila, Arnald de Flandes and Nicolas de Vergara at Seville.

Navagero

Navagero found it large and beautiful but dark and cold; to the Venetian, accustomed to coloured marbles and mosaics, and the frescoes of Giorgione, it could not seem other. But the stone of which it is hewn, within and without, is white almost like marble till the centuries have tinged it a deep grey, so that the Constable's Chapel fairly dazzled when it first was reared. It is easy to see why Spanish people prefer this church to all others, with its bossy splendours in the midst and glorious chapels opening back and back, an effect to which the great *rejas* of choir and ambulatory add no little magnificence.

Weighing souls

The figure sculpture is of all the centuries: that of the north transept façade the earliest, with a Christ as Judge in the tympanum between the intercessors, his Mother and the Precursor; the weighing of the souls

below; figures in the archivolts embodying, some of them, local legends, and the twelve Apostles standing in the jambs, across the transept face, and even on the flanking buttress. This arrangement, which will recall the west front of Tarragona, and is due, like that, to a thin wall which affords little space for the niches in successive recesses, may have supplied a suggestion for the curious *Apostolado*, flattened against the façade, imitated from Estella at Olite. The sculpture is heavy and rather dull.

Puerta de los Apóstoles

The north door is usually locked, chiefly because of draughts, and because it offered the cathedral as a short cut, too convenient by far, from the upper to the lower part of the city. Thirty-nine steps lead down into the transept. On the 4th of November, 1519, Diego de Siloe showed his drawing for the staircase to the Bishop and Chapter, and a Frenchman, Master Hilary, made the *reja* or balustrade. Dr. Martínez y Sans, writing in 1866, recalls that the last time the portal was left open, was at service time, to make attendance safe when

The gilded stair

ways were icy and dangerous, during the bitter winter of 1830.[25]

Puerta del Sarmental

The south transept has hitherto enjoyed a picturesque approach, by a winding street and up successive steps, between the cloister and the Bishop's palace. The carving is fresher and more imaginative than that of the north, especially a noble Bishop on the central post, that tradition will have for Bishop Maurice, whom God keep. Above, the Christ of the Apocalypse is enthroned amid the tetramorph, with the Evangelists writing at desks around Him; the twelve Apostles sit below. On the jamb appear Moses and Aaron, who in the freedom of their posed drapery would do credit to Vigarny, SS. Peter and Paul more in the manner of the thirteenth century, and two empty niches. The motive of the evangelists at writing desks may be seen in twelfth-century work on the flanks of S. Benoît-sur-Loire. It goes straight back to Carolingian ivories, but here it is probably copied from the portals of Leon. The intercourse was close between the two capitals, and moreover the first architect

S. Benoît-sur-Loire

of Burgos whom the cathedral archives name, is that Maestro Enrique, who died in 1277, on the tenth of July, and who was master at Leon as well.[26]

The west front

At the time of restoring the west front, four statues were saved and now stand in niches high upon the buttresses, though it took all the Royal Academy of S. Ferdinand to get them back there in 1805. Justi suggests that the figures in the cloister called by the name of Ferdinand and Beatrice of Suabia, were made originally for this portal. If so, they are probably Solomon and Sheba, and the ring that the king holds out is that celebrated in Rabbins' lore and the *Arabian Nights*, and the so-called sons of S. Ferdinand will be the three Kings of Orient and Herod. In any case, they come well along in the thirteenth century. The best argument I know for the historical interpretation, is the ugly and unbecoming but quite German headgear of poor Beatrice of Suabia.

The door which from the south transept gives entrance to the upper cloister, that I

Cloister door

saw last completely hung, wall and window, with priceless tapestries, is later than the wall in which it opens, and is of the fourteenth century. The debased arch of the lintel, diapered, like the jambs, with lions and castles, recalls those of Leon, but the figure sculpture shows no such likeness: it presents in the tympanum the Baptism of Christ, a dove big as a wild swan descending from the peak, and the archivolts contain two rows of statues under canopies. The jamb figures, SS. Mary and Gabriel on the left, King David and Isaiah on the right, have a rich warmth, a humanity not bought at the sacrifice of solemnity, that I find it hard to convey. The gesture, the living quality, in the address of the angel to Mary, is as conscious and as happy as the soft reserve of her face shadowed by the veil, as conscious as the shadow Rubens threw over the face of his niece by marriage, and much more touching. David, bearded, crowned, and trying to read his own scroll, has a gleam of the innate splendour of that David at Dijon of which it is a few years elder only.

The carved doors, given in the fifteenth century by Bishop Louis of Acuña, are in much the same style as the retable in his chapel.

To Ponz[27] the *Puerta de la Pellijería*, for some reason, seemed less meritorious than the rest: so much the better for the taste of good Ponz, born in a dark hour. Nevertheless, overlaid with a web of lace-work of the most exquisite patterning, and rather beautifully planned with column and frieze and that due subordination of parts and that sense for scale, that were as much wanting in the Constable's Chapel as in the Toledan church of S. John of the Kings, it is all but altogether lovely. The feast of S. Mary of Burgos falls in August, when *Maria assumpta est*, but the flowering lily of Lady-Day is the device of the Chapter and figures freely here. Bishop John Fonseca at the top, adoring the Madonna enthroned and supported by SS. Peter and Paul, reliefs of the martyrdom of the two SS. John, and four figures in shell-topped niches, the Baptist with S. James on the left, the Evangelist with S. Andrew on the

right, these are second only to the purely architectural parts of *obra romana*, the best of the portal. The round arched door itself, with little statues under canopies sliding, apparently, in their groove like balls on a wire, and underneath, what was probably conceived as a Renaissance variety of cusping (save the mark!) like the plant forms which supplant the crocketing above, provokes impatience and does a little recall by its ineptitude, though not by its form, the German late-Gothic at Ulm or Augsburg, the old strain showing in the third generation, now, precisely in the operations of the shaping spirit of imagination.

Choir-enclosure

The *tras-sagrario*, the ambulatory face of the choir enclosure, although it occupies only the five bays of the apse proper, is planned like those of Amiens, Paris, and Chartres. Five panels show the Agony in the Garden, the Way to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the Deposition and Resurrection (a singularly unhappy conjunction) and the Ascension. The second of these keeps something of the unity and narrative

power that fifteenth century artists knew how to enforce; castle, armour, and distant landscape are transposed from Gothic forms to Renaissance without perceptible loss. By Vigarny are the central three; the two flanking, by Alonso de los Ríos. The first contract was signed on July 17, 1498, between Gerónimo de Villegas, Prior of Covarrubias and *obrero* (which must mean here general supervisor) of the fabric of the holy church of Burgos, and Felipe Vigarny, Burgundian, of the diocese of Langres, giving him "one arch 12 feet by 12, as shown in the pattern by Master Simon, in which is to be, all of imagery of stone, the history of the going out from Jerusalem: the price to be 200 ducats of good gold the said Felipe not to take his hand from the work, except it were for the journey to Santiago. . . ."[28]

Of early Renaissance work

Strangers and Pilgrims.

Somos peregrinantes,
y al separarnos tristes, bien sabemos
que, aunque seguimos rutas muy distantes,
al fin de la jornada nos veremos.

The journey to Santiago is always there, waiting. Figures pass upon it, coming out of the mist and going into the darkness again. The mother of Bernardo del Carpio, in the old romances, is sometimes Charlemagne's sister gone on the pilgrimage, kidnapped and carried off by the Count of Saldaña. "The story of Roland was chanted at an early date," says the greatest of Spanish critics, "by French jongleurs and devout pilgrims who came, precisely, by Roncesvalles to take the Way of S. James, whose pilgrimage was the principal link between Spain of the Reconquest and the peoples of central Europe, who thus began to communicate to us their ideas and their arts. The influence increased and grew to an actual affranchisement in the court of Alfonso VI and his Burgundian son-in-law": and again he speaks of "the great stream [of pilgrims]

"Restaurador espiritual de España"

which periodically overflowed Spain,"[1] and, he might have added, fertilized the land like Nilus.

The town was entirely lost to history by the beginning of the sixteenth century, but not to commerce. At the last great epoch Navagero was present, and he calls it quaintly:

Navagero again

> a good city . . . it has good houses, the streets are narrow, and in especial one where the merchants live is called the *Cal Tenebroso*, and the rest of the town is scarcely gay, there being few spots which are not melancholy. To the dulness of the city corresponds that of the sky, almost always cloudy; it being rare to see the sun clear. The sun, like other kings, comes to Burgos seldom. A few lords and gentry live there, who have good palaces like the Constable's and that of the Count of Salinas, but the greater part are rich merchants who go their rounds not only through Spain but through all the world, and have here good houses and live very merrily, the men being the best-bred I have seen in Spain, and great fanciers of foreigners,

the women generally handsome and dressed decently.[2]

In the twelfth century Edrisi, the Arab geographer, had written:

Edrisi

> From Medina Carrión to Medina Burgox is two days' journey: Medina Burgox is a large city, divided by a stream, walled and defended on all sides. In the forefront of the city are the Jews, and there is a girdle of inaccessible walls that protect the market, the merchants, the town and its riches; it has a central causeway, fortified; owns a great number of vineyards and under its jurisdiction are villages and inhabited places.[3]

Three visions

Out of the thousand years of Burgos, three pictures swim up:

The first, the Cid at nightfall seeking his own house to find it barred against him. He had seen Bivar that morning, sacked and untenantable:

> The portals standing wide,
> The lockless postern gates, the perches bare,

The missing furs, the mantles stripped away,
The falcons fled, and gone the hawks in mew.[4]

The king's warrant had ridden faster than he, and that night when he reached his house it was bolted fast, when he called his servants none came, when he struck the door with his foot, before he should beat it in, they sent a girl-child, nine years old, to tell him. So he wheeled and rode down hill, and at S. Mary's entered and said a prayer, and outside the gate encamped in the dry river-bed of Arlanzón, where Martín Antolínez brought him bread and wine.

The Cid in Burgos

Enrique Cock, by the way, at the end of the sixteenth century, had but summary knowledge of My Cid Ruy Díaz. "There is also to be seen by the gate which leads to S. Peter's, a very old house that the neighbours say was the house of Cid Ruy Díaz of Vivar, the famous captain in his time, who took the city of Valencia from the Moors."[5]

El Santo Cristo

Every traveller and every pilgrim knew the *Santo Cristo* of Burgos. The crucifix, now in the cathedral, was formerly kept in the convent of S. Augustine, beyond the Puente de Vega, the Meadow Bridge, and shown on Fridays, like that under Ribera's painting in Valencia, with impressive ceremonial. The chapel was hung with thick cloth of gold, and lighted by more than a hundred lamps of gold and silver; besides these, writes Mme. d'Aulnoy, sixty silver candlesticks taller than the biggest man and so heavy that it takes two or three men to move them, stand on each side the altar, and crosses between them set with precious stones. Votive crowns, like those elder of Guerrazar, hang over the altar, adorned with diamonds and flawless pearls. The crucifix, above the altar, almost life-size, is covered with three veils all broidered with pearls and precious stones; when these are raised, which is only after elaborate ceremonies, and for very distinguished persons, several bells ring, everyone is kneeling, and the place and the sight move deep reverence.[6]

Mme. d'Aulnoy

This is in 1679. "The priests," said the secretary of the Knight in 1466, "touch His members with great reverence, singing and ringing all the bells."[7] Tetzel, his companion, spins a long knightly romance of the finding of it. Manier,[8] in 1719, heard a mass there early and then had time to note down all the silver candlesticks and flower pots that filled him with a kind of reverence in themselves, before the candles all were lighted and a priest vested in a chasuble drew aside by a cord, one after another, three curtains: one of black stuff painted with a crucifix, one of red watered silk, and lastly one of gauze, through which the miraculous image showed already. It is still said, to-day, to be covered with human skin, to have real hair, nails, and toe nails, substance elastic under a finger's pressure, and joints so exquisite that members, being lifted, fall naturally. Manier wrote down that it has been known to sweat, that it must be shaven once a week and the nails cut as is done for that at Orense. "We bought," he ends, "little Christs of paper, and silver, Delorme two and I one.

Tetzel

Manier

They had touched the Christ." This sounds like a story out of a letter from some *Pèlerinage nationale* to Lourdes. "Two hundred years ago," wrote the Bohemian, "that Cross and that Body worked in the monastery great miracles, and have brought some dead back to life; but since then it has left off working them."

The chapel at the foot of the cathedral, made out of a bit of old cloister, holds the sacred figure now, and at nightfall is full of veiled women and silent men, that come and go. A son's examination, a daughter's marriage, perhaps are the miracles it still accomplishes: the very air of the place is anodyne.

Churches at nightfall

Every town has these little churches, that stay open after dark for a few veiled, whispering women. They have a special feeling, like the scent of dried leaves, like the taste of night air, like the hushed Friday evening of the return from Calvary in Ribalta's painting. To Spanish women they are very comfortable. The subdued glow of light, the warm smell, the rustling human figures, offer something of the

attraction of the hearth, without the *ennui* of home. The great point is that in church one is never bored; that prayers lull, like the nursery rocking-chair, while a solemn little child, not more than seven years old, goes lighting the candles and ringing the bell with anxious care, pounding in his soft shoes from one end of the church to the other. It will be hard to break women of the habit, at winter nightfall, while men are in the cafés, of going to church.

Navagero passed over the Image with the mere note that there is a crucifix, much revered, that all Burgos visits every Friday, but Navagero, having spent unpleasant days in Burgos, as prisoner of Charles V, does not linger so over his notes as when he describes the gardens and fountains of Granada. For the great scene of that humiliating winter of 1527, when "we stayed in Burgos from the 17 October till the 22 January," as he records, it is possible to go to Valdés, the humanist and courtier, the brother of that John Valdesso whose *Divine Con-*

The Declaration of War

The Emperor's Latin Secretary

siderations Nicholas Ferrar translated and John Inglesant read. He describes,[9] in one of the *Dialogues of Mercury and Charon*, how the ambassadors of the League declared war and departed on that twenty-second of January:

> The next day there came to the palace the King-at-Arms of Francis I who was called Guyenne, and him of Henry VIII who was called Clarencieux, and asked speech of the Emperor. He appointed it to be in public on that very morning, between ten and eleven, sitting with much pomp in the principal hall of his palace, and around him standing many great lords and prelates of all nations, that were in his court. The Kings-at-Arms, who stood at the upper end of the hall, each with his coat-of-arms or herald's tabard hanging over his left arm, went straight to the Emperor and after making three bows to the ground, knelt at the lowest step of the dais. Thence the English King-at-Arms, speaking for both, said:
>
> "According to old laws and customs, we come before Your Majesty to say

some things on the part of the Kings of France and England our masters. We beg you to give us safety while we await our answer, and have us conducted safely to our own lands."

Diálogo de Mercurio y Carón

The Emperor promised. The French King-at-Arms read a Cartel—and truth to tell, I thought he was going to preach from the words he began with.

Then, follow at some length, the mutual grievances and the explanations interchanged, and the King of England's Cartel is rougher:

. . . very haughty and much more shameless, threatening by force of arms to make him do what he would not for love. The Emperor listened and replied with gravity and majesty, smiling sometimes to hear the lies these kings allowed themselves to tell. Then he rose, and calling the French King-at-Arms, explicitly warned him to send back Spanish subjects and to recall his own within forty days—and with a final taunt dismissed them both. And the messengers having put on their tabards, in sign that their per-

sons, as heralds, were sacred, went back to their respective ambassadors.

A German Emperor

So "Messengers, 'tis not your fault," says Bernardo del Carpio, in the Romances, before he threatens the kings. Charles however was no Spaniard in looks or temper. Sitting in the seat of Sancho and Alfonso, he wears their ways, but he is a Teuton. Except for the splendour of the setting, the graceful symbolism of the action, the tone of time that suffuses the scene, the one name might have been William, the others George and Alexander.

X

THE FORDS OF CARRION

Ponenlas por quince dias,
Que no pueden por mas,
non,
Que se vayan á los prados
Que dicen de Carrion.
— Romance.

As in this life things are never finished, I had to leave a bit of the Way untrodden. We shall come back, Jehane and I, and make the pilgrimage with other poor souls, for we have not measured the road from Burgos to Frómista. Twice, early in the year and late, we tried to make the journey from Burgos, but though Aymery Picaud estimated it as one day's stage, the liverymen disagreed, and indeed refused to travel it at all, until near to Castrojeriz. Again, we sent out, in Frómista, to hire a

From Burgos to Frómista

tilbury, or saddle-horses, mules, or any manner of *cavallerias*, but everything was on the threshing-floor and would be there for a fortnight longer. Lastly, I thought to come up by diligence from Villaquirán on the railway, to Castrojeriz, and bisecting thus the road, long after Harvest Home, attempt it successively in both directions. But when packed and booked for the diligence, a telegram summoned, and the business of passports held me in the north, till the time came to sail for home. The irony is, that they are rebuilding the old road, and have pushed already as far as Itero del Río Pisuerga, and by the time this page is printed and read, any man in his motor may go where in three years we could not get, past Rabé de las Calzadas which the Romans called Deobrigula, past Hornillas del Camino where Anseis made his last stand, past the city that pilgrims persistently called Quatre-souris, where Sr. Lampérez[1] mentions a Collegiate church of superb transitional style, with Romanesque carving and a French rose-window, that just possibly he has seen no more than I.

At Hornillos there was a shrine: in 1360 Bishop Juan de las Roelas, being in Avignon with fourteen other bishops, arranged that each should give forty days of indulgence to whomsoever, in each diocese, should visit S. María of Hornillos on certain days.[2] That was a good bishop, kind to his own flock, and thrifty. Hornillos

When the church at Castrojeriz was building, in the last third, perhaps, of the thirteenth century, many miracles marked the progress. Says Alfonso the Wise, in his *Cantigas:* "Many folk come thither to keep their vigils, and gladly give their labour to the works, to help make a tower or a portal: and for that wood was fetched, stone and lime and sand; and in this way they began so great a church that it must soon be finished, and there were many folk but not too many." Castrojeriz

One day when a great crowd was in the church listening to a sermon, a huge timber fell on them from the top of the church, but though the size and the height were both enormous, yet no one was hurt. Then there was a stone-mason, who daily praised

Miracles of Our Lady

the Blessed Virgin, and he was on the top of the rising wall, laying stone in mortar, and fell, and in falling called on her, and caught a hold by two fingers of one hand, no more, and hung there till after awhile people came and got him down. There was another mason who gave his work without pay, for devotion. The poet says:

> When they were making the church that is called of Almazan,[3] at the upper end of the town, many excellent masters worked there for what they gave then [which I take to mean the current rate of wages], but there was one who would take no pay. He was a *maestre de pedra*, and worked well, squaring the stones well, and laying them even, and one day his foot slipped and he fell from the highest point, and in falling called on the Virgin S. Mary, and when his head struck the stones he was not hurt in any way.

The last story is the best of all, in the sense of actual life that it communicates, its reality and modernity. You fairly look on at what happens, with the narrator:

In Castrojeriz this was that I want to tell you, where to make the church that I have already spoken of, men went underground to dig sand: and the hill fell on them, *and as a man shuts a door, they were enclosed.* They were given up for dead: but at last when the hill was dug away they were found safe, praying to the Virgin S. Mary who had kept them.[4]

Castrojeriz already in 1213 had a house of Antonites, the first in Spain established against the plague of S. Anthony's fire.[5]

In Frómista a sirocco was blowing, hot and fierce, that cast the dust into your teeth, blinded, and stifled. The forlorn little deserted town, situated between a small river and the Canal of Castile, with avenues of blasted trees and winding streets of earthen-coloured houses, with a handful of noble desolate churches, and a plentiful lack of cafés, wears the oddest likeness to Palencia, which was always a powerful city, capital and cathedral, — was in short a rich relation. One single youth, D. Domingo by name, united in Frómista

his person the offices of sacristan and organist for all the churches: disinterred from an interior called a café, while shadows on the close-drawn blind clustered and crowded to observe, he sent for a few of the keys and walked on in the direction of S. Martin. For that, isolated in a whirl of dust and pelting gravel, everyone had the same word, "Es bonita, pero restaurada," as who should say: "A fine woman before she had smallpox." The name of the restoring architect nobody remembered (it is D. Manuel Anibal Álvarez); he had done his work thoroughly; swept out, along with plaster and gilding, altars and retables, even to the organs and stalls, to the very holy-water stoups, and set up in the apse a table on five legs; by the entrances, antique cauldrons on little tables; for the sitting, a few benches,—nothing else whatever. The capitals are all re-cut. The building, says Sr. Lampérez,[6] is carefully reconstructed in many of its parts. The altar table, however, is old, saved from a destroyed church at Nogales, and the legs are copied from scraps found with it.[7]

S. Martin

The church lies thus waiting for the seven devils of tourism that walk through wet and dry places, and the sweeping and garnishing are the ultimate desolation of Frómista.

It is a noble church notwithstanding, of that virile Romanesque of the twelfth century that French builders carried with them over mountains, rivers, and seas: a Benedictine foundation of Doña Elvira, the Queen of Sancho *el Mayor*. The reader will remember how at Nájera the lists and stake were made ready for her, and how, for his treachery, she cut off her own son D. García from those parts of Castile which were her heritage: and how "fue entonces la reyna tornada en su honrra primera que oviera, et aun en mayor assicomo dize la estoria," — "so the Queen had her honour again, better than at first, as the story says."[8] But in the end when D. Sancho the king was dead, and D. Ramiro the bastard who defended her, and the kings her three sons all dead, she came back into Castile, and here she enriched the monks whom she had fetched

Doña Mayor of the Romances

with the gift of her vines and cornlands and her abundant flocks in Asturias, and the quarter which lay about the church, and her vassals who were householders therein.[9] This was in 1066. She "founded" the church, says Yepes, in 1076, and built a whole *barrio* or ward, in Frómista, called after S. Martin, and gave it to the monastery; calling herself in the act of donation "ancilla Domini," which is equivalent to *beata* or *monja*,—the phrasing suggests a sort of royal sisterhood like that of the Queens of Aragon at S. Cruz. She passed her life in S. Martin with chaplains, monks and clerks, so that her name drops out of history and Garibay thought she was long dead.

Doña Urraca

Sr. Lampérez does not fail to admit[10] that the date is surprisingly early considering how perfect the architecture and how rich the sculpture: as Doña Urraca in 1118 annexed the monastery to the great abbey of S. Zoyl of Carrión, it is at least plausible to suggest that the building occurred then. This point of chronology should be considered in connection with that of S. Pedro

de las Dueñas, built in 1110 or thereafter: the style there is no later. The richness and perfection of ornament, in abacus, string-course, and corbel, seem to point to the twelfth century: although in this sort of reasoning it is hard not to rely on something else dated in the twelfth century because contemporary in style with these.

Early splendours

With three doors, three apses, three parallel barrel-vaults, a pair of small western towers, strong lofty transepts and a lantern over the crossing, here is the pure Poitevin style: but if the surprising little towers came straight from western France, the octagonal lantern came from further East, brought, like that of Irache, along the road of pilgrimage. It rests on squinches adorned with small reliefs of the four evangelical beasts; and the capitals are partly historied, and partly early leaf forms, and rather oriental interlaces. The handicraft is Spanish. You have the ball in a claw, two lions with but a single head, two rows of lions; you have, also, S. Martin, the Temptation of Adam, the Madonna and Child in Majesty, the

A pilgrim of the East . . .

Lantern

torturing of a saint: monsters, birds, and saintly legends everywhere. An old drawing that Quadrado publishes,[11] shows the lantern a story and a half higher than at present, and flanked by a heavy staircase tower over the north transept, with which, he says, it communicates by a *pasadizo á manera de puente*, a flying staircase. This recalls the arrangement at the Templars' church of Torres. Now the Templars were all about here; just a little south of Frómista, but not, I think, upon the pilgrim road, stands a Templars' church at Tamara. There Quadrado saw[12] a portal like that other to the north, more than half way to Carrión on the highway, at Villalcázar de Sirga, a great *encomienda*.

S. Pablo
S. María

The church of S. Pablo in Frómista is a transitional building with a heavy pillared front; that of S. María del Castillo is late and insignificant Gothic, but it shelters a noble painted retable in twenty-eight panels of the early sixteenth century. It has still two hospitals, one called after S. James and the other dedicated to the Palmers; and it claims by nativity S. Pedro

González Telmo, whom Tuy claims by adoption and sepulture.

In 1456 an honest labourer named Pedro Fernández de Teresa was steward of the hospital of S. Martin; it burned, and he rebuilt it, borrowing the money from a Jew named Matutiel Salomon. When the term came the money was not ready: the Jew got out an excommunication. So Pedro raised the money somehow, and thinking the matter settled, though the day of payment had passed, neglected to go before the judge for his quittance. Shortly afterwards he fell sick, and on S. Catharine's day, November 25th, the *Cura* came with the Sacrament, but the Host stuck to the silver paten. After a long conversation the *Cura* found out about this affair, and absolved him and communicated him with another Host, for this one still stuck. The man died shortly after, probably in a good state, since with so singular a miracle our Lord warned him to absolve his soul of blame.[13]

A miracle of the Host

In a tilbury we got over the ground between Frómista and Carrión, turning

¿ Quién camina sin dolor . . . ?

aside from the present highway to visit Arconada, where Quadrado[14] asserts the old *calzada* ran, where in 1047 the count Gómez Díaz founded a monastery of S. Facundo to take care of pilgrims, and where — though he says the church survives, and another of the Assumption yet elder and more venerable, "mud-built and unvaulted," — we found just nothing at all to admire except luxuriant vines upon adobe walls. The *Señor Cura* was kind and bewildered, sure his church had nothing for us, and we eyed another church quite like it, on a hilltop in a stubblefield, and declined his courteous offer to take us there and show it also if we liked.

A French church

The itinerary runs: Población de Campos, Revenga, Villovieco, Arconada, Villa-Sirga, Carrión: not far from Frómista stands a little French church with admirable buttresses and early pointed windows, all alone by the wayside. Población, though wanting a proper sort of name, is an imposing city piled high on the steep bluff above the river Cieza. There Manier and his companions gleaned in a vineyard till all

four were drunk on the ripe grapes.[15] There Enrique Cock was quartered, the night the king lay at Frómista.[16]

All the two days on either side of Carrión de los Condes, we moved in the green water-meadows of streams and runnels that feed the river Carrión, and strained eyes at the cross-roads to find the ford where Fernán González met King Sancho Ordóñez and flouted him there. They met, says the Romance, "*al vado de Carrion.*"[17] Smiling, the king wheeled his mule; the count, with haughty grace, spurred and checked his steed, and spattered the good king with water and with sand. Then said the good king, with altered gesture: "Count, you are proud! You go too far!" When he passes from rebuke to threat, the count answers rashly: "What you say, good king, is ill-seasoned. You come on a fat mule, I on a light steed; you wear a silken vest, and I a shirt of mail; you bear a scimitar of gold, and I a lance in hand; you bear a kingly wand, and I a steely javelin; your gloves are scented, mine are of bright steel; your cap is for holidays,

The ford of Carrion

mine is a polished casque; you bring a hundred mules, and I three hundred horse." The king went home ill-pleased.

Villalcázar de Sirga.

Lorsqu'ils allaient, au bruit du cor ou des clairons,
Ayant le glaive au poing, le gerfaut ou le sacre,
Vers la plaine ou le bois, Byzance ou S. Jean d'Acre,
Partir pour la croisade ou le vol des hérons.
Aujourd'hui, les seigneurs auprès de châtelaines,
Avec le lévrier à leurs longues poulaines,
S'allongent aux carreaux de marbre blanc et noir;
Ils gisent là sans voix, sans geste et sans ouïe,
Et de leurs yeux de pierre ils regardent sans voir
La rose vitrail toujours épanouie. — Herédia.

The church of Villa-Sirga is, if not precisely *lilium inter spinas*, yet surpassing as a palm tree in an orchard; so pure, so

fine, so French. The Templars were undone so long time since that little remains recorded of their history, and nothing is known about S. María here, except that Archbishop González of Toledo, and after him Campomanes,[1] cite it amongst the *encomiendas* that the Templars possessed in Castile, and Ponz relates that it was said to be the third church they had in Spain.[2] But it was built on French lines, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and fortified, and never finished: a grand tower, reared above the north transept has been pulled down, and the battlements overthrown; and the west end was not completed. The plan recalls churches in the Soissonnais and the diocese of Laon: now the Templars had a house at Laon. The east end is square, the transept has an eastern aisle, the tower and the chapel of S. James add another bay to the strong projection of the cross and give the stepped look: there are three bays at the east, the main apse projecting a trifle, then five, then seven, and the nave, if finished, would have lent due weight to the grand breadth and

Templars' church

like the Soissonnais

O altitudo!

height. The style within, pure to austerity evokes an *O altitudo!* Here are leaf capitals just uncurling, strong shafts and simple mouldings. The eastern windows were framed by the same hand as the little chapel we sighted near Frómista; the transept rose is a wheel of fifteen spokes that carry pointed arches interlacing, two with two, and, where they cross, quatrefoils, and cusping at the heart. The doorways occupy the first bay of the nave, widened for them, and the southern opens on a magnificent porch, high as the nave, that once continued at aisle-height all down the south flank and, according to Ponz, entirely around the nave[3] like the church of *Nuestra Señora del Camino*, just west of Leon. This porch would come out not so unlike in effect to the arrangement at Las Huelgas, also French building and monastic, where the entrance is by a transept porch, and a little cloister runs down the church. Quadrado as already cited once saw the like in Tamara, smaller, with less carving.

Porch

Into this porch opens also the transept

chapel of Santiago by a doorway precisely like the other except for having three shafts in the jambs, and three orders of little figures in the archivolts, instead of five. It belonged to the Order in Leon. Now that chapel, though rebuilt in the fifteenth century, is a part of the original, and contains a tomb precisely like one made, in Aguilar de Campóo, by Antón Pérez de Carrión for someone who died in 1305. The sarcophagus stands on six lions, the effigy lies with falcon on wrist and three dogs at his feet. That points to the date I should like to assign for the porch, the closing years of the thirteenth century or the earliest of the next.

Order of Santiago

The tombs of the Infant D. Felipe and his wife must have been set up in the western part of the nave, at some time shortly after his death in 1274, but this could have been done before the work westward was quite discontinued and the face of the church walled up. A double band of sculptured figures under arcades, which was probably prepared for the western face, will have been built into the

Portal

face of the portal then; being too long for its place, it turns the corner on either hand, with two apostles at each end above, and below, on the left, the servant of the Kings, who has lost his horses. Two foolish faces of the fifteenth century, built into the central group, fix a possible date for the operation. In the upper row Christ is enthroned amid the tetramorph, between the twelve apostles; in the lower row the Madonna, enthroned, holds the Child on her left arm and a flower in her right hand, S. Joseph and the Annunciation fill up the niches on the right, and the three Kings approach on the other side. The figures stand under tabernacles, separated by columns of the purest thirteenth-century work; the capitals, canopies, and statuary of the doorways are fifty years later, issued out of the same school, budded on the same rod, but full-blown. The air of the interior is like spring, that of the *Apostolado*, mid-May; the portals savor of the heart of June, say, Barnaby bright, when is all day and no night.

The prince D. Philip has a romantic history. The fifth son of Ferdinand the Saint, he was reared by the Archbishop D. Roderick in Toledo, and taught by Albertus Magnus in Paris: he was titular abbot of Valladolid and Covarrubias, and archbishop elect of Seville; he should have been the primate of all the Spains: then in a fit of fantastical chivalry, he threw it all up, extricated himself from Holy Orders, flung himself into the world to marry a princess wronged. Christina of Norway had been brought to Spain to marry Alfonso X, but the Wise King decided to keep his old wife, even though childless. It was cruel hard for the young princess, it was intolerable. That the prince D. Philip spoilt his life for her sake, could not avail; she wasted like a snow princess, and, shrunken, faded, she died and was no more than a name. Her very tomb is lost to memory, though once, belike, in Covarrubias, it was glowing. D. Philip took another wife, Leonor Ruíz de Castro, a princess of Portugal, and plunged into politics, but his brother he never forgave.

The Infant Don Philip

Christina of Norway

. . . Son eternas las horas . . .

His life was spoiled; he set the great nobles against the king, and the kingdoms against one another: he carried the torch, and kindled brands, and lighted a great flame, at the court of Navarre and at the court of Portugal: he sought distraction among the knights of the Moorish king of Granada, and courtly dalliance, and far-fetched chivalry like his own: and coming back to the north, he conspired in support of his wife's claims with her brother Ferdinand and her uncle Don Nuño González de Lara. His little son was dead — he lies in the same tomb: of his daughter Beatrice we know nothing, except the name, which had been his mother's. He died at forty-four, worn out and unappeased, and his tomb is covered and crowded with busy figures, long histories and tiresome ceremonies, and his effigy is habited like any fopling's, in the fashion of the court.

. . . eternas las desventuras . . .

Hawk on wrist, with sword drawn, the effigy lies, legs crossed like the English Templars. "His hounds they lie down at his feet": over his head is reared a canopy flanked by towers. The lowest

stage of these is an open arcade of the same *Mudêjar* cusping noted at Torres, and the miniature edifices recall, as well, *Vera Cruz* of Segovia and Eunate, above all, Neuvy-S. Sepulchre. The intention is plain, and the reminiscence of Jerusalem. The *Mudêjar* cusping, and the rosettes which here adorn the pediment of the canopy, were also seen and drawn by Carderera on the sarcophagus of Alfonso *el Batallador*, at Monte-Aragón, and he quotes from Fr. Pedro de Huesca, the privilege of Alfonso II, given in 1174 for the remission of his sins and the repose of the soul of his uncle the King D. Alonso, "et animae regis Adefonsi qui in ecclesia Jesu Nazareni Montis Aragonis requiescit," where already in 1134 Ramiro II had endowed to the same end a lamp and a dole in that chapel.[4] On Templars' churches and Templars' tombs you find the motive.

S. Sepulchres

on Templars' churches and tombs

In the eighteenth century a Bishop violated the sepultures, and found the princely figure still uncorrupted, still fair and smooth, arrayed in the embroidered robe of kings. His epitaph ends: "—jacet

hic in ecclesia B. Mariae de Villasirga cujus omnipotenti Deo anima in Sanctis omnibus commendetur. Dicant omnes Pater noster et ave Maria."[5] He quarters, with the castles, the imperial eagle of Suabia, and the red cross of the Temple.

Our Lady of Villa-Sirga

Here at Villa-Sirga there was a miraculous Virgin, who in the thirteenth century worked many marvellous cures, and especially in desperate cases, where other saints had failed. In a way hers seems to have been like the modern devotion of S. Rita, the advocate of the impossible; in another way, like that of Our Lady of Lourdes deliberately bent to cut out others older and well established. Lourdes has entirely eclipsed *La Salette*, but even when the competition was keenest, Villa-Sirga did no great harm to S. James. It was not for want of energy, nor for lack of novelty; S. James is of the twelfth century, she of the thirteenth; S. James is Romanesque, she is Gothic. But a miracle-working image, and a new cult without roots in the soil, could not divert the stream that from the beginnings of mankind has moved

westward and ever westward under the stars, even unto the end of the world.

The Virgin of Villa-Sirga was apparently a carving, something like, perhaps, that exquisite Princess who flowered on the Stem of Jesse, under the feet of S. James, on Master Matthew's door, for she is called once the Virgin of Jesse.[6] She began working Miracles as suddenly as Her of Or San Michele.[7] "This was in the time that the Virgin began to work miracles whereby she cured many," says the Wise King in a pretty verse with a prettier burthen:

Virgin of Jesse

Esto foi en aquel tempo
Que a Virgen começon
A fazer en Vila-Sirga
Miragres, porque sanon
A muitos d'enfermidades
Et mortos ressociton,
Et porend' as gentes algo
Começavan d'i fazer.
Come sofre muj gran coita
O om' en cego seer,
Assi faz gran piedade
A Virgen en ll' accorrer.[8]

Her Miracles

The fourteen Miracles related in the *Cantigas* will be found in *Appendix III* faithfully rehearsed. On examination it appears that the first time this Virgin is mentioned she is explained as the Virgin of Jesse, at a place two leagues from Carrión called Villa-Sirga; that the first two miracles happened more by accident than by intention; that the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth are quite local; so are the twelfth and fourteenth. The thirteenth is very pretty but it is a commonplace of hagiography, and there is nothing to distinguish this from scores of other sea-faring stories. In the third and the eleventh S. Mary is effectual where S. James had failed; in the ninth and the tenth she supersedes him. The fourteenth borrows from the fifth miracle of S. James: the fourth, which is to reappear further along the road, belongs also to the cycle of the Apostle.

The fifth miracle might supply a *datum* for the building; if one knew what King Alfonso brought up Moors to fight in christen land, one would know when the church was a-building. The last miracle

related, and the most real, straight out of life, which tells what befell a virtuous youth of Mansilla de las Mulas, implies also that the church was still in building, and it falls fairly late in the book. Now we know that some of the poems were written before the middle of the century, others not until 1279. This seems to sort with the architecture of the church as observed.

The Virtuous Youth

Over the portal of the church, below the *Apostolado*, may be seen a shield carved with four fleur-de-lys, and in the midst of them a swan. On the piers of the crossing stand stone figures under canopies, and above the retable, against the eastern wall, a gigantic fifteenth-century Calvary that recalls some of the carved and painted wooden figures of the Sienese *contado*. The painted retable is admirable, the remains of something very splendid, *una verdadera joya*, and another, smaller, stands in the north apse.

Carrión de los Condes.

Ya se parte el rey Alfonso,
de Toledo se partía . . .
á Carrion es llegado
á la vega que ende avia.
—Sepúlveda.

Ibn-Khaldoun

Ibn-Khaldoun the historian says[1] that the Beni-Gomez ruled in the land that stretches from Castile to Zamora, and that their capital was called S. María. That was the city which we call, after them, Carrion of the Counts. In their day, D. Gómez Díaz and his wife Doña Teresa were lords and counts of Carrión, Saldaña and S. Marta, and in 1051 they founded a monastery which they dedicated to S. John Baptist. The Count died, the Countess took the habit there, and in 1093 was buried in the odour of sanctity.[2] The great Countess had borne many things, by others' fault and her own, and God had stood her friend. Doña Teresa had not behaved well, as we say, about a certain lady whose company the Count, her husband, much frequented, and when the poor lady was brought to bed of twins, she cited in

triumph the common mediaeval notion that for two babies there must be two fathers. Not long after the Countess herself bore twins, and in horror, shame, and terror of her husband's imminent application to her own case of the same logic, she rose from her bed and fled for sanctuary to the abbey. At the river no boat was found; so she spread her cloak on the waters and borne upon it she crossed safely with the two innocents, finding in the miracle[3] not only protection but vindication.

A legend of twins

Their son, Fernández Gómez, brought up S. Zoyl with him from Cordova, where he had been serving the Moorish king as a good knight. Their second son, García Gómez, brought monks from Cluny to the abbey now called S. Zoyl. Here endeth the first lesson, after the coming of Cluny.[4]

The first lesson

The beginning of the history is spotted with shame and horror. In the Reconquest, Alfonso the Great took the town, or else built it straight up from the river-meadow, brand-new, and used it for a

Parricide

frontier fortress. Coming back from before Toledo, where he had put the city to ransom, he took Quincialubel, and slaughtered half the town and carried off the other half. Then he came to Carrión, and a servant of his own, called Adam, had conspired his death, and he took the man's sons and had them kill him, there on the spot. So the Silense,[5] quoting from Sampiro. The *Cronica General* wraps up the horror in ambiguous words, to the effect that "the king knew how Damo, a vassal of his, who held the castle of Carpio, went about to make a rising, and hold the castle, and kill the king his lord, if so he might; and the king sent to his vassals to take him."[6]

A flame out of the sea

On a Sunday afternoon in June, in the year 939, a flame came out of the sea and swept over Castile: it burned many towns and cities, and men and beasts, and in the very sea it burned up the masts of ships, and in Zamora burned a whole quarter and very many houses, and in Carrión and in Castrojeriz, and in Burgos a hundred houses, and in Briviesca and in Calzada

and in Pancorbo and in Belorado and many other towns: the annalist of Burgos notes it in these words,[7] and that of Compostella and that of Cardeña.

Farther down on the same page, over against the year 1072, the last named writes: "The Leonese were routed and the king D. Sancho took the king D. Alfonso his brother, after Golpejares, in S. Mary of Carrión: and in that same year the king D. Sancho was killed in Zamora." Golpejares is a green meadow, by the waters of Carrión, and in a green meadow by the walls of Zamora, Vellido Dolfus came upon D. Sancho: so fast walks fate with soundless feet. When the battle was lost, and the town, D. Alfonso had barricaded the church; when he was a prisoner, and chained, he put on the black habit at Sahagún: when the new year came, he rewarded town and convent richly. In due time Alfonso *el Batallador* held Carrión against Doña Urraca, and named as Count his cousin Bertrand de Risnel, who was the son-in-law of Urraca's old lover Count Pedro de Lara, and brought him over to the

Meadow of Golpejares

king's party: a situation ironic perhaps, but probably satisfactory to all involved.

Councils and Courts

Other great days the city was to know: an ecclesiastical Council, sitting under the great Bernard of Toledo, in 1102, and another under the greater Gelmírez of Santiago, in 1130; a splendid Cortes in 1137, to which came as a guest Ramón Berenguer, Count of Catalonia and King of Aragon, with his spouse the heiress Petronilla: and another in 1188 when the tragic Alfonso IX of Leon was knighted and did homage to his cousin of Castile. The dearest privilege, given by S. Ferdinand and his mother, *viz.*, that the place should be never alienated or given over by the crown, Henry of Trastamara violated, giving the lordship to one of Du Guesclin's men, Hugh Carbolayo, but after Nájera Carbolayo was out of the way.

He of the good name

To Carrión belongs the Rabbi Don Sem Tob, he of the good name, who offered to the King Dompeter a sheaf of moral maxims, sententious and courtly, delicate and dry, like a wreath of immortelles.[8] The Count of Benavente seized and fortified

the town in 1472, and when the princes Ferdinand and Isabel recovered it, two years later, they had the air of merely assisting it. The fortress they pulled down, though they mended the ancient walls; and with their passing the second lesson is ended. Thereafter came quiet:

The second lesson

Quiet of old men dropping to the worm.

The city was burned through an unlucky accident, in 1811, and the archives perished. On the steep clay bank the crumbling houses cling, the toppling churches drowse. Every decade the gullies are washed deeper; every year the outskirts trail further into the dust. The very church of *S. María del Camino*, that gave a name to the town, and took a name from the Way — as who should say, S. Mary Roadside — languishes in a distant straggling street that dies away among threshing fields into the provincial turnpike. The bridge that was built in the eleventh century yet spans dry shingle and the green memory of a spring torrent; but the palace of the Counts is gone, and

S. María del Camino

all but gone the *Hospital de la Herrada*, that Gonzalo Ruíz Girón built in the thirteenth century.

Santiago

Gone too is the greater part of the church of S. James, and rebuilt in 1849, but the three parallel Romanesque apses yet survive at one end, and at the other the original façade. Next door to this, a pointed archway gives access to a lane, and two good Romanesque capitals are built into the front of the adjoining house. The façade of the church, a low rectangle, has just room above for the glorified Christ and his apostles; below, for a round-arched door, and a space of blank wall on either hand. The base of the tower is masked by this.

Arch-figures

Over the door is no tympanum, but a semicircle of twenty-four small figures is set between the outer and the inner order, on the radius of the circle, as at Soria and Toro, and at Santiago. These are some of them making music, one harper intoxicated with his own melody; others at labour, of the smith and potter for instance: two men fight with bucklers and clubs and one woman tears her cheeks in grief. The

style is not precisely like that at Soria; more, but not entirely, like that of Compostella; it is rich and savoursome, humorous without loss of dignity. It goes back possibly to the same source as S. Juan de la Peña and Estella. The more it is studied, the more it appears to share the sound humanity of Giotto's Jabal and Tubal-Cain.

In the jamb on each side stands a single shaft, worked with chevron and flower, and carved in the upper quarter with the figure of an angel in low relief: these angels, though their faces have wasted and gone, belong by their draperies to the school of Toulouse. These are slimmer and subtler than the little creatures above, and were carved earlier, when the art of the place was still a little exotic and the small *chantier* had not ripened and mellowed. The capitals represent, on the north, Dives tormented and Lazarus, above, looking on; on the south, Lazarus licked over by gigantic dogs and a Jew in a conical cap burying him in a sepulchre. The obvious moral was brought to bear on the

Dives and Lazarus

town, in the interest of the pilgrims. A bit of carving above the capital of Lazarus is curiously like the wreathen marble pillars in the *Gloria* of Santiago: that was finished at the end of the twelfth century.

Apostolado

The mighty frieze above is Romanesque of the opening thirteenth century. Sister of the Apocalypses of Vézelay and Moissac, the group is far less mannered: and while the apostles belong plainly to the school of Toulouse, the rich sappy life that runs through them draws from the soil. The Christ has the serenity and the amenity of the Christ of Amiens, but a positive likeness of feature to the S. James of Santiago and his Lord above. The ample mantle falls apart upon his breast, to show a tunic woven or embroidered thick with cockle-shells. The columns and the cusped arches and tabernacle work that they sustain show a strong likeness to that tomb at Zamora which Street drew in *La Magdalena*, and assigned to the thirteenth century. Though the frieze as a whole was long in making and different hands are apparent, the unity of the *chantier* imposes itself on

cockle-shells

the mingled elements, Benedictine, Toulousan, Compostellan, and Castilian (as in the likeness to Zamora) and that of La Peña. The monks of S. Zoyl in the twelfth century had craftsmen always occupied: their wealth, with the stream of pilgrims, forced into flowering something very exquisite.

Monks of S. Zoyl

Another such Apocalypse as this, Ponz saw at Benevívere, which might have been carved any time after 1161. A day's journey to the north, at Moarbes, the frieze was copied in the thirteenth century: there the capitals of the shafts are of fine early Gothic: the arcades are cusped in a *Mudéjar* form, with five divisions, and crowned with tabernacles identical with those in the dome-windows at Torres.[9] The same scheme of decoration was very ill-wrought at S. María del Camino. Lastly, there is that already discussed at Villa-Sirga. All these examples lie within a very small compass: parallels to them may be found in the *Apostolado* at Estella and the upper part of the portal at Sangüesa. It is customary[10] to look also to the topmost band of sculpture on the

Other instances

façade at Ripoll; but that explains *ignotum per ignotius;* in it the arcade is wanting entirely, the figures are massed and treated as in continuous action, and when all is said, it remains the top row of a huge architectonic whole.

French motives

In these *Apostolados*, of which the earliest surviving was probably that of Carrión, two French motives are united: the tympanum, Apocalyptic, found at Moissac, Vézelay, Conques, Autun, Perse, Cahors: and the band of statues under the arcade found at Pons, Poitiers, Angoulême, Ruffec. This last has already been seen imitated at Sangüesa. The motive is all French; the style on the other hand goes

Spanish style

back to that which, at S. Juan de la Peña, seemed to have come from Italy: it also is carried on to Santiago, where the three currents meet to mingle: this, and that of Toulouse, and that of Chartres. Both the French motives are strung along the *Chemin de S. Jacques*. The particular combination at Carrión may well have been one man's idea, for the mark of personality is as deeply cut there as on the *Gloria* of

Santiago: and the piece at Villa-Sirga has the air of depending on it, and not on the original French source. Sangüesa, on the other hand, looks to France: lies, indeed, nearer to France.

A different arrangement obtains within reach of Estella, and, whereas the former keeps to the last Romanesque and transitional elements, this Navarrese one is for the most part developed Gothic. A row of apostles was prepared at S. Miguel, before a French master took hold, and the one at S. Sepulcro was put under the eaves by someone, possibly, who had stopped in Carrión: then a set was placed at Olite, and the arcades were framed but the statues never carved at Artajona, and it is probable that their position was determined in some measure by the peculiar circumstances of the north transept at Burgos, and the portal at Sasamón copied from it, where the apostles prepared to stand in jamb-recesses, after the French manner, have not room enough, because the walls are thin, and are returned against the wall, flat. At Tarragona the same difficulty is met differently.

Navarrese type

Back-wash in France

Lastly, at a shrine on the road of the returning pilgrims, in France at Candes, near Saumur, where S. Martin died, appears in the late thirteenth century an *Apostolado* (or row of Saints, perhaps) imitated probably in part from these, in part from that of Tuy, and Bordeaux which is derived from Tuy. Street saw and drew this half a century ago,[11] but he was not familiar with the churches on the Road.

S. María del Camino

While Santiago of Carrión was always a small and a pilgrim's church, S. María was worthy to be a *Colegiata*. The nave of four bays opens on a high transept, and of the three parallel apses the central one is rebuilt, those on the sides consist of a bay of barrel-vault and a semidome. The small one on the south is unspoilt, and the northern is perfect, though pierced to give admission to a seventeenth-century chapel. The crossing has a strong quadripartite vault, very domical, like the transept: all the wall-ribs are present. The only capitals now visible are in the crossing and transepts: the piers elsewhere show simply

the abacus. Those on the great piers eastward recall the transitional forms at Sahagún and S. Pedro de las Dueñas; one, however, is a semi-oriental motive, of rich coiled leaves, that appears also in the arcade of Santiago in the town. Above the clerestory of the nave is plaster of the seventeenth century, but it is quite possible that the original vault survives underneath. The north aisle has a round barrel-vault much depressed; the south aisle a pointed barrel-vault, and it leans outward, thus explaining, as at the convent of the Sar, the existence of the magnificent south porch on quadrant arches that serve for buttresses. The nave arcade, rather low, of two orders, sharply pointed on the south, less acute on the north, has no capitals, but a Romanesque flower in the string course. Below the aisle windows runs a billet-moulding.

Romanesque under plaster

Eastward of the north apse lies the chapel of the Licenciate D. Antonio Pastor, who died in Seville in 1625; a very charming Madonna and child, like a Duccio repainted, ends with a half-length of the donor, like Pedro Campaña's fig-

ures. A chapel of the early sixteenth century opens out of the south transept, and a sacristy, east of that, corresponds. The presbytery, under a Churrigueresque dome, and the main apse, are all rebuilt; two sixteenth-century tombs being set up in the wall of the choir and looking uncommonly well there.

The western door, now walled up, cannot be earlier than the thirteenth century. The sculptures are gone, but there were never many: the capitals bear a lion and a harpy. The plain west door and splendid south door recur in conjunction at S. María de Estibaliz, on the Road near Vitoria. The south portal here is almost pointed in the inmost order, and adorned only with the billet and a noble torus. A pair of calves' heads, on either side, project at the top of the jambs: one capital bears lions and griffins in *entrelacs*, and the other Abraham and the Angels, in a degraded Toulousan style. The row of figures in the archivolt is degraded too, or simply crude, and goes a long way toward recalling the monstrous

Wayfaring themes

forms on the door at Aulnay. In the spandrels above, figure S. Martin, and Samson dominating the lion: the former for his charity to others, the latter for his mastery of natural brutality. Under the cornice, so close that the corbel figures, very like those of Frómista, strike down into the composition, is a frieze of the Epiphany, Herod, and the Massacre of the Innocents, much attention being given to the horse-back riding. This was returned against the buttresses when the porch was built, and the doorway strengthened: the *artesonado* roof is a fine thing; and the front of the porch is later than the rest.

South portal

The building here is about contemporary with the church of S. James and the portal is copied, but the city could not command the same workmen, and between the two is a world of difference. The frieze, however, though not subtle, nor exotic, nor an unexpected apparition of personal genius, like a sort of falling star, is full of movement, vigour, and masculinity, and not wholly unrelated to the little archivolt figures of the other.

Magister Ignotus

Yes, surely as Carrión was once a stronghold of kings, so surely there worked and thence went out a strong and lovely genius, that touched men to finer issues for a century or twain. The lamp is shattered, but the light in the dust is not dead; his name, his birthplace we know not, only his immortal part. Yet with a few more centuries of sun and storm, or a few months or hours, if Spain should go to war—and what thereafter? "Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander turneth into dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make loam." It provokes the ancient retaliation: "Did these bones cost no more i' the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?"

Benevívere.

Vita bonis brevis est, sed prodiga vita malignis,
Plus durat gratis spina nociva rosis.
—Becerro de Benevívere.

The abbey of Benevívere lies a league west of Carrión, on the right hand of the way, in a fair land, well watered, apt for

garden and flax fields, so that it might be one of the leafiest parts of Castile; fertile for herds and flocks, not wanting the other gifts of life in game, fish, birds, etc.: so D. Antonio.[1] The Carrión divides and reunites, a score of times, its clear and strong-running waters, and there the traveller now splashes through a glittering ford, and again sets the hollow bridge to echoing with hoofs and wheels. The wet green stuff smells fresh in passing. Then a scent of rosemary blows over the pasture land, and the tangled garden crackles under foot and yields sweet odours to the sun. The founder was D. Diego Martínez, lord of the houses of Villamayor and Salvadores, a great Master of the Order of Santiago, who had stood close in the confidence of Alfonso the Emperor, Sancho the Long-Desired, and Alfonso VIII after him, who made over his palace and *alcázar* to the monastery and hospital of Benevívere and retired thither, about 1161, and died a monk. His entire history is told in a Latin poem of the twelfth century preserved at the *Archivo Nacional*, and called *Vida de el*

Ponz testifies

Señor Dego Martinez Salvador fundador de Benevivere llamado el Santo.[2] Free-handed, truth-telling, straight-speaking, religious-minded, well-conducted—such is his character with which begins the poem, curious, indeed in its crabbed affectations, in its reiterations and alliterations, but in abstract or summary intolerable, the dullest conceivable.

Founder's tomb

His tomb stood in the chapel of S. Michael, and was magnificent for that age, says the cultured Ponz, and the epitaph is explicit: "Hic jacet Venerabilis memoriae Didacus Martinez, Domus Beneviverensis aedificator, Patronus ejusdem Domus, cujus anima requiescat in pace. Obiit era MCXIIII, non. Novembr." By which it appears that he had fifteen years to tell his beads in the sun and watch the walls rising. The last church, again testifies Ponz,[3] happy enough to have seen it, looked too modern for the twelfth century, and might have been built at the charge of a descendant, D. Diego Gómez Sarmiento, c. 1382.[4] The noble family, housed like kings, after death, in a crypt beneath the high altar, kept the pat-

Benevívere

ronage to itself: plenty of later building might be seen in church and monastery both, but the retable was ancient, and duly accommodated with *trasparentes* for its appreciation, though that came but seldom. Seldom, it seems, came to Benevívere "a connoisseur who understood art, both the rules, and the laws of its growth." Over the door of the church stood the *Apostolado*, which must have belonged to D. Diego's edifice, and in the midst the Car of Ezekiel, in which went the Saviour of the world drawn by the animals of the Apocalypse. To the ordinary reader this would express something identical with the engraving of Titian and the window in the church of Brou, but the notes of 1787 are trustworthy; where one makes a record, another can read it. The Chariot of Aminadab, in Canticles vi, 12, was identified by the Middle Age with the Car of Ezekiel, and the four-headed beasts about that with the four Apocalyptic beasts[5]: it so figured in Bede's *Commentary*[6] and Honorius of Autun.[7] M. Emile Mâle publishes such a car from a window of Suger's at S. Denis.[8] In his

Apostolado and Car of Ezekiel

day Carderera sketched the portal, showing statues under arcades flanking the doors; and a porch apparently of the time of the Catholic Kings, for the mouldings of the debased arches are adorned with balls.[9]

A pretty wilderness

The church that the traveller will find to-day is only a convent chapel in the Churrigueresque style, with a shocking gilt altar-structure at the east end, but one rather pretty and Plateresque at the side. The doorway is good pointed work; the gate to the farmyard is crowned by the cross of S. James, and the shields quarter castles and lions with thirteen counters. In the deserted garden poplar and willow, hawthorn and acacia have overgrown their bounds: a stone water-tank lies warm in the sun, a latticed summerhouse broods cool above a stone table; leafage rustles and lisps everywhere, among fresh runnels in the wide and dusty plain.

Hereabouts the traveller should find shivering and trembling under the inquiet airs, that wood of lances that burgeoned in token of coming martyrdom, which Turpin tells of:

"And also some of the Crysten men, the day tofore the battayle, did do amend and array their harneys, and set their tents nigh a river named Ceye [Cea], and pight there their spears, even in the place whereas the bodies of S. Facond and S. Primitif rested, where after was made a church devoutly founded, and also a strong city by the moyen of the said Charles, and in the place where the spears were pight, our Lord showed great miracle. For of them that should die there and be glorified martyrs of God and crowned in heaven, their spears on the morn were founden all green, flouresshed and leaved which was a precedent sign that they which should die should have the joy in heaven. Each man took his own and cut off the boughs and leaves with which the leaves were planted and under-rooted, whereof in a little while after grew a great wood, which standeth there yet."[10]

So Caxton

XI

SAHAGÚN

Un matinet, quant fu l'aube esclarchie
S'exunt li rois o sa bacelerie
A Saint Fagon est li os repairie
La sejorna et prinst herbregerie. — Anseis of Carthage.

So we came to Sahagún. On the abbey that once held more than royal power, the word is written: *Pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.* The Benedictines there owed obedience to Cluny, but none to Bishop or King, hardly even to the Pope, and, says Sandoval, "as the monastery of S. Peter of Cluny gave name to that religion, so this house gave name to its religious, calling them 'of the order of Sahagún.' I saw among papers at Toledo," he adds,[1] "a do-

nation that the King D. Alfonso VI gave, Era 1136, and one of the witnesses, 'Didacus Abbas religionis Sancti Facundi.'" Now of the great church remains not a tower, not an aisle; hardly a capital clings to the crumbling brickwork.

The sin of Babel

No stone was ever quarried out of this land of reddish clay-bank and yellowish dust, and the carriage from afar was very costly, so men built as in the plain of Shinar: they used brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. It bakes and cakes in the tireless sun like a river-bed in drought, and when it rains, you would say that all the town is rotting back into primeval slime.

Bernard of Toledo

This was the place of pride, the seat of wrong; it supplied dictators to thrones, and priests to the Primacy of the Spains. Here the mighty Bernard of Toledo organized his forces, before he proceeded to the reconquered capital of the Visigothic monarchy; hence came that Archbishop D. Roderick who fought by S. Ferdinand's side and wrote out his life, though he did not live to enter Seville in the triumph. Hence came María de Padilla, to whom so

much is forgiven because she was much loved. The Vega of Sahagún, once compared to that of Granada for beauty and fruitfulness *omnibus fertilitatibus affluens*, still lies, bounded as of old by two rushing streams, whose swift divisions and gurgling rivulets lap and gush and trickle, from the girth and strength of a mill-race to a glittering thread in the dust. I had been—not sitting, indeed, in the ruins, for not a stone lay anywhere to sit upon, but prowling like the hyaena or the jackal, striving to realize where once were aisles and courts, apses and galleries and Gothic cloisters: and coming home along the sordid alleys and across the sorry squares, I had met a friendly girl whose pride in that *huerta*, the watered garden-land, was a living thing. She took me walking through the dusty green ways, beside the turbid waters, while the sunset burned still and red along the hot plain. I cannot tell what grew so silvery green in those few poor acres, nor what boskage bent and rustled above the paths, dipped and swayed with the murmuring waters, only that it was green in a

Ezekiel, xix, 10–14

barren dry land. Then she fetched me back past vacant places on the outskirts, where under a long cattle-shed gypsies had lighted red fires and were cooking by the uncertain flare. It was the desolation of the owl and the hedgehog.

The Pelican and the Porcupine

I have tasted the finest hospitality in a shepherd's hut on the cloud-wrapped mountain-side, and in the vale of the Miño found the townsfolk, though curious, gentle as softly crowding sheep; but the slow corruption of Sahagún has corrupted nearly all the race, and the children are ready to spit upon or to stone a stranger as they would a strayed dog; and the prosperous women's hospitality does not reach to sharing a seat in a church. When at S. Pedro de las Dueñas next day I asked leave to step inside a courtyard to photograph the tower, the good wife cursed me. God knows what she said, and may He forgive her, for the neighbour who stood by paled at the words. The inn at Sahagún, however, offered a friendly hostess, and a clean bed in a room high up, overlooking the poor mean square; a little

daughter was fair and caressing; the landlord, under some pressure, accepted his duty of hospitality and himself acted as escort to keep off the mocking crowd of children. The *Cura* of S. Lorenzo, too, took a genial interest in the photographing, and by acquiescence, assisted. Yes, there are Christians yet in Sahagún.

Santos Domnos

The history of the sanctuary of SS. Facundus and Primitivus goes back to the Decian persecution, and the humble shrine of the martyrs was already a place of pilgrimage when for the abbot Alfonso, flying from Andalusia, King Alfonso the Great bought the little church by the river Cea, on the Roman road called Strata or Calcinata. A new church was probably built for him: this was in 874. It is mentioned in the charter by which Ramiro II gave to the monks S. Andrés in Araduey in 934:

> Ambiguum esse non potest, quod plerisque cognitum manet, quoniam dum esset olim illo in loco villa et ecclesia parrocitana, motus misericordia avus

meus serenissimus Princeps Adefonsus, emsit ea á propriis dominis et dedit eum sub manus abbati Adefonso qui cum sociis de Spania advenerant huic regioni habitantes ad construendum ibidem monasterium sanctimonialem, sicuti est usque et fecit testamentum."[2]

In 883 this was destroyed by Abohalid, governor of the King of Cordova; burned, says the Chronicle of Albelda, to its foundations. "Sed per castrum Cojancam ad Cejam iterum reversi sunt, domumque sanctorum Facundi et Primitivi usque ad fundamenta diruerunt."[3] Nothing could be more explicit. Alfonso says in a privilege[4] dated 11th November, era 943 (*i. e.*, A.D. 905) that he and his wife Ximena will restore and enlarge and dower it.

In the tenth century it was rich and frequented by pilgrims. Ramiro II loved the monks well, and in his writings was always publishing and praising their virtues of recollection, continuation in the service of God and in divine worship, perseverance in prayer, charity to the poor

Pilgrims

The Twins

and to pilgrims, civility and goodness also in hospitality to the principal lords.[5] In 951 the King Ramiro, wanting to win SS. Facundus and Primitivus, offered to the Abbot Vincent, for the sustenance of his monks, and guests and pilgrims who should be at Sahagún, a monastery dedicated to S. Lawrence at Queza between the river Arafoy and the castle of Saldaña, the patrimony of Bernardo del Carpio, with two cities called Pedrosa and Quintana, with all their confines and possessions. In 975 King Ramiro confirms and declares the donation of a servant of the royal palace called Ansur, a great servant of God and of much charity toward poor pilgrims and captives. Ansur, we happen to know, also put his sons there, as much for learning as piety.[6]

Here, for a brief while, Alfonso IV sojourned, having laid aside sovereignty, and longed for it again, and died at last in prison; so the monkish chronicler quietly points his moral.[7]

Then Almanzor came. The *Becerro Gotica* of Sahagún records, under date of

28 November, 988: "Campaign of Almanzor this year, how he destroyed the city of Leon and the monasteries that lay in his path." Eslonza and Sahagún were completely destroyed, either that year or in the raid of 996. "Domum Sanctorum Facundi et Primitivi subvertit," says Abbot Ordoño of Eslonza, and Luke of Tuy and Roderick of Toledo say the same.[8]

Ferdinand the Great

Ferdinand the Great is said to have rested himself, in visits, from his splendour and state, sharing in the choir offices, putting on the black habit and eating at the silent table; once, when he had carelessly, reaching out a hand, knocked off his glass and broken it, he replaced it with a golden cup set with precious stones.[9]

In the eleventh century it was very rich, perhaps the greatest power in Spain; the centre and source of French influence, the agent and the sign, at once, of the triumph of Roman domination. It ruled ninety monasteries. Gregory VII gives to it in 1083 all the prerogatives and qualifications of Cluny in France. On May 10th, 1079, Alfonso VI had refounded Sahagún in a char-

Customs of Cluny

ter confirmed by Bishops Pelayo of Leon, Bernard of Palencia, Simeon of Burgos and Eremo or Eredon of Orense, and many counts and knights, with the rule of S. Benedict, conformable to the customs of the monks of S. Peter of Cluny. None should have power in that monastery but the King as such and as protector of the monks, and the abbot as father and prelate and director of the same. On the petition of the King, Pope Gregory sent Cardinal Richard to Leon to change the ancient office of these provinces to the Roman use. During the Legate's stay was elected Abbot of Sahagún, in 1080, the Frenchman Bernard, later Archbishop of Toledo.[10]

The anonymous and entertaining chronicler whom the good father Escalona has printed,[11] says that in the eleventh year of his reign (*i. e.*, in 1076) Alfonso got a bull from Gregory, and in the fifteenth year (*i. e.*, in 1080) he got from Hugh of Cluny monks: first Robert came, then Marcellinus, both were unacceptable: lastly Bernard came. Alfonso took Toledo and made Bernard archbishop there, and Diego was abbot:

under this abbot, Diego (1088–1110), the house was at its height. In 1092 the Queen Doña Costanza died and there was buried. Seven years later the king married Berta of Lombardy and consecrated the church, with the assistance of Bishops, Abbots, knights and nobles of Spain, and Bernard. The next year Berta died and she too lies buried there. He founded a city where had been merely dependents of the monastery and a few rare houses of some noble men and matrons who came, as one should say, to make a retreat, in fasting seasons, such as Lent and Advent. They were wont to come to hear the divine office, and made disturbance and annoyance for the monks. The new city was made up of Gascons, Bretons, Germans, English, Burgundians, Provençals, Lombards, and many other merchants and men of strange tongues, and thus they peopled and created no small city.

Abbot Diego

The new city

This chronicle plays the same part, at Sahagún, as the *Compostellana* at Santiago, and like that presents the figure of a great churchman in his habit as he lived.

The two are precisely contemporary. Elsewhere the good monk draws a picture like Lorenzetti's, of the City under Good Government:

So in Siena

> In the time of King Alfonso no city nor village had need to be fortified with ramparts, for everyone kept peace and rejoiced in security, for the old sat each under his fig-tree discoursing of peace which then burned brightly; the lads and maids wove long dances in the cross-ways, taking great solace and plucking the sweet flower of youth; and the very earth was glad of the labourers as they enjoyed the same earth.

Thus in the twelfth century, half in imitation of Scripture, half in imitation of the Latin authors as he knew them, writes the Benedictine of his own lifetime, praising the King his benefactor.

Alfonso VI

It is well that he should compel the remembrance that Alfonso VI was something else than the mere heartless and perjured tyrant who purged himself in S. Gadea from the charge of fratricide

and bore My Cid Ruy Diaz a grudge thereafter, afraid but longanimous. He was, it is well to recall, the strong knight and scrupulous for his royal promise, who took Toledo and left their chief mosque to the Moors: and who thereafter, when Doña Costanza and Bernard the prelate, in his absence, seized that mosque and baptized it for a church, and word was brought to him thereof in camp, rode back swearing to burn Queen and Bishop together in the market-place, for they had broken a King's word. Sahagún had sheltered him when disinherited and in danger, had lent him the black habit for a while, and was even, for his protection, to do yet more, if there be truth in the legend that Sandoval records of Peter's vision, the monk of Nájera: "Now the monks of Cluny had fetched the soul of the King D. Alfonso out of the pains and trouble in which with others he lay, and lifted him to eternal rest."[12]

él que ganó Toledo

Peter of Nájera

One word more. There were not Christians enough in Spain to accomplish the Reconquest. Alfonso could not have taken

and French Crusaders

Toledo without French crusaders, and of these the best were Burgundians, and in Burgundy the house of Cluny rounded them up and despatched them to the promised advantages spiritual and temporal. The song of Roland in their ears, these knights of S. James rolled back the Moslem power —and afterwards? Did Job serve God for nought? Between the Kings of Spain and the house of Cluny there was a business arrangement, and the Kings, being what they were, paid right kingly.

The feudal system was never strong in Spain: outside of the domain of the Kings of Aragon it was hardly known, and feudal rights, being unfamiliar, galled the more. After the establishment of this city, troubles with the townsfolk were incessant, and the chronicler records at tiresome length the quarrels and offences. One time in winter, for instance, the insubmissive vassals, having caught two or three monks, amused themselves by alternately freezing them in the snow and thawing them at the stake. A folk which was entirely Spanish would not accept kindly the French privi-

leges that Alfonso tolerated and imposed. Says La Fuente,[13] who is, after all, a representative clerical: "Bernard, accustomed to feudalism and the tyrannical laws of France, made Alfonso VI sign a *Fuero de poblaciones*, so different from the sort that Castilian towns had generally, that instead of giving franchises and liberties to the people, it laid on them many hindrances and vexations for the sake of the convent, so that they could not buy or sell except by will of abbot and monks. Even the barbarous and unchristian custom of the duel was sanctioned," *i. e.*, the ordeal of battle, with fees to be paid for field, arms, and palisade. "The penalties are so grotesque and disproportionate that while a homicide costs only 100 sueldos, one adversary's knocking down another costs 70, and the same for breaking a tooth, knocking out an eye, or cutting off a limb." We have lived to hear the same complaint charged against judicial awards in railway injuries. "How much more religious, equitable, and sensible are the *fueros* that Ferdinand I gave to our celebrated Benedictine monastery of Car-

Cluny was paid in privileges

deña. Instead of making exorbitant impositions, the charges on the townsfolk are moderate and proportionate, and instead of imprudent exemptions, not even the beneficed clergy of the villages were exempt from the Ordinary." Then he quotes, pungently, the proverb that Chaucer had recalled, about a monk out of cloister and a fish out of water.

Not worth an oyster

Elsewhere he takes up again the arraignment of the monks of Cluny:[14]

So La Fuente

We have seen that the advantages of their coming into Spain, were problematic: for if they reformed one monastery, on the other hand they disturbed others and the benefits were very fugitive. Avid of exemptions, contemners of Spanish men, things and traditions, monopolizers of tithes, froward with the Bishops, meddling in politics, and going on some points so far as to be forgers and swindlers, they eclipsed with their defects and abuses the high deeds and undeniable virtues of others, whose name should be respected as their memory is grateful. The influence of Cluny which began

with D. Sancho *el Mayor* early in the eleventh century was greatest from 1070 to 1120; and by that time it fell into decline.

Doing Rome's work

In Spain, as in France, Cluny was doing Rome's work for what could be made out of it. Not always, however, were these strong-hearted Frenchmen enough bitted and bridled. "S. Gregory [*i. e.*, Gregory VII] once called the monk Robert, the favourite of Alfonso VI and his wife, *maladito* and wrote to Abbot Hugh to fetch him home along with the other monks going about in Spain." The offense was that Robert had opposed the abolition of the Mozarabic rite; and more serious trouble lay with his successor, the legate Richard, who did indeed enforce the Roman use, but wanted to take everything for his own abbey of Marseilles.[15]

So the French wife of D. Alfonso laid her own hand to the building at Sahagún. "The most noble queen Doña Costanza," says Sandoval,[16] "of the royal house of France, a king's daughter, seeing that

nothing is so sure as death and that her tomb was to be in this sanctuary, built a great lodging for herself next to the chapel of S. Mancio. After her death the King gave it to this house (1093) with the church of the Magdalen that stood within the same palace, and baths near the palace which had been the queen's and some mills, desiring that the palace should be for guests and pilgrims." Fray Prudencio Sandoval himself knew old monks who had heard from others who had seen, that it had most lovely halls, and the timber work of the roof gilded costily, like a royal work, in fine. The account suggests a Mozarab-Romanesque anticipation of the palace of the Duques del Infantado, now asylum, in Guadalajara, for orphans of the soldiers who have died in wars in the Peninsula or oversea. For the meek shall inherit the earth.

A stately pleasure-house

Little more of the history is of interest. Alfonso VI fostered the abbey in every way. During the twenty-four years of his reign, every bishopric that fell in, he gave to this house: he was buried there, with his

wives and sisters. Alfonso *el Batallador*, when in 1112 he was ruling in Leon and his wife Doña Urraca had retired to Galicia, put in his brother Ramiro as Abbot there. A heavy hand had Ramiro *el Rey Monje*, he of the Bell of Huesca, and though he left a convent in the Narbonnais to serve his brother's need in that on the Cea, and went back to it again when he could, yet Leonese monks would ill brook an abbot of Aragon, nor was Narbonne less far from Burgundy. Finally, after two years, the rightful abbot came back and was sworn and enthroned afresh. From this same Doña Urraca, her son, Alfonso VII, took refuge later there and was well received by the Abbot and monks, but he seized their gold and silver and burned their privileges, then in 1129 restored them all.[17]

The Bell of Huesca

The great translation took place in 1213. "Translata sunt de veteri ecclesia ad novam V. Idus Junii [it should be Januarii] era MCCLI, regnante Adefonso Rege Castellae, abbate Guillelmo in isto monasterio presidente."[18] This is at the end of

the reign of Alfonso VIII *él de las Navas*, the husband of English Leonor.

A Dowager's estate

The power of Cluny fell as fast as it rose. By the middle of the thirteenth century only twenty-two monasteries were subject. Sahagún sank into the rich provincial life of a handsome dowager, supplanted on the steps of thrones by the daughter-house of Citeaux.

Chapel

The chapel of S. Mancio, say the guidebooks, still survives. Nothing corresponding to the description can be discovered there. It was built all of stone, very fair and proportionate, says Escalona, with three almost equal aisles, fifty feet by thirty in all; cross-vaulted; you see in the walls of it many columns of stone, small and delicate and full of carvings which show great antiquity. There were Byzantine capitals apparently. Maestro Pérez thought (this is Escalona's theory) that this might be the parish church which Alfonso III bought, and in which were the bodies of the holy Martyrs. Maestro Pérez seems to have thought wrong. Certainly no record exists of its foundation, but

another almost as good, that in 1153 the head of S. Mancio was brought to Sahagún. An altar stone records the consecration of an altar to S. Benedict, April 13, 1183, by the Bishops Ferdinand of Astorga, Peter of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Alfonso of Orense. It is possible, however, that the chapel was a part of the building of Queen Constance.

The Abbey Church

The abbey church claimed nine hundred years, in Escalona's time: only Cordova, even among cathedrals, could call itself elder. It had three aisles, the central twice as high and much broader. The stone vaults of the nave were rebuilt in brick in 1766: the aisles remade, eight feet lower. The walls of Alfonso III remained intact: they were of "hormigón," small stones set in mortar; and under Alfonso VI the abbot Diego, because years and waters had made gaps in them and they were coming down, cased them in cut stone outside and in, leaving, within, the ancient fabric. This work, because of the exorbitant price of stone, took a long time, from 1110 to 1300. That is the tradition. The transept was very large and fair, a church in itself; the

dome and transepts

two quires

half-orange of the dome was made in 1766 under the direction of Pedro Pontones when the vaults were altered and the ceilings painted: but there must have been a lantern before. There were five altars in the transept alone (this seems to mean opening on it), the High Altar being dedicated to S. Benedict and carved by Gregorio Hernández. The *Coro* or quire in the nave had walnut-wood stalls of 1441, and seven altars around the outside, with gilded retables and two more that were farther west. This arrangement, or something very like, may still be seen in the cathedral ot Palencia. At the foot of the church was the door to the chapel of S. Mancio; and another quire, with another organ and walnut-wood stalls very simple but select, stood above it. After the earthquake of 1756, the vaults of the chapel sagged and had to be supported by a wall which left it disfigured and useless.

The Dormitories had been burned in 1692 and rebuilt with four courts and an infinity of cloisters, balconies and passageways; burned again in 1769 and again built

up. The Novitiate, finished in 1776, was entirely self-contained, even to a bakery, and quite cut off from the rest. The novices came out only for Acts of the Community. The Gothic cloister seems to have survived; "muy distante de la grandeza y hermosura correspondiente á las demás obras." Church and refectory stood on a lower level than the later buildings: to them one went down eleven steps. The monks' cells comprised, each, *sala*, *estudio*, and *alcoba*, rather more than in the great Charterhouses. The rest of the walls, says Escalona, were of brick or earth encased in brick, which explains the entirety of the ruin. There were fires in 1812, rebuilding in 1829, fire again in 1835.[19]

The Monastery

three-roomed cells

It is well to recapitulate. In the last quarter of the ninth century the Cordobese built a church, which we may call for our purposes the first, and consider finished, say, at the opening of the tenth, destroyed by Almanzor at the end of that century. Another church, the second, replaced that, and the real question is whether that which Abbot Diego spent his stone upon, and to

Recapitulation First church

Second church

which the relics were not translated till Abbot William's time, is this second church, or a third. Rubble, if easily destroyed, is patched easily, and the sense of continuity under repairs is peculiarly strong.

It seems that that early church, whether built about 880 or after 905, would have three aisles and three apses, possibly of horseshoe form, timber roofs, marble columns and capitals like those which make a holy-water stoup in S. Lorenzo. Some capitals are preserved also in the Museum at Leon. The style of these is what Spaniards call Latin-Byzantine, and indeed is more Latin than that of the cloister at *S. Miguel de Escalada*, or the sanctuary of Santiago de Peñalva. They seem to be earlier precisely as they are less oriental.

Asturian type

There is no sound reason to identify this Abbot Alfonso, first abbot of the Santos Domnos, with one of the same name who escaped from Cordova and in 913 built or rebuilt *S. Miguel de Escalada*, though Sr. Díaz Jiménez will have it so. Many Christians came north, for they had to come.

The immigration in the tenth century included not only monks but workmen of various sorts, and among them a number of *Mozârifes*, brickmakers, who, according to a document of 915, peopled the town of Quintana that Ramiro II gave in 951 to Sahagún. In Val de Soz in 1024 were weavers of *tiraz*, a rich silken stuff that was made in the Caliph's palace at Cordova. They are called in a lawsuit *Muzarabes tiraceros*. There were Mozarabic workmen in plenty through all this region, and they set their mark upon it.[20] We may securely picture the first church after the model of Escalada.

Mozarabic work

As I said in an article published elsewhere,[21] it is not only easy but necessary to arrange the group of Leonese capitals in chronological order, Sahagún, Escalada, Peñalva, but you do not date them thereby. They might belong, at Sahagún, to the church ruined in 883 or to that ruined in 996; at Escalada, to the building consecrated in 914 or to the alterations reconsecrated in 1050; at Peñalva, with the church of S. Genadio of 937, or with the consecra-

Dates

tion-stone of 1105; that problem, thus posed, may be left awhile.

As at Tournus

Sr. Lampérez says,[22] on the authority of Sr. Soler, that at the end of the ninth century, *i. e.*, after Abohalid's raid, the roof was vaulted, with a barrel vault in the nave and a quadrant in the aisles, and of this remains one "bóveda cn botarel," or transverse quadrant vault. It is inside the only remains of the ruins, a chapel at the east end of the north aisle, now used to store shovels, baskets, etc. That surely would have to come from France and might better be placed after Almanzor's raid. By that time pilgrims would be passing, and one might, so to speak, bring it.

The Great Church

Just two hundred years after the establishment of the first church, Alfonso VI and Abbot Diego began the great church contemporary with Cluny and Vézelay. Still with three aisles and three apses, it took from Cluny the wide transept, the central tower and spire, yet put that not over the crossing but, for safety, in the brick building, over the straight bay, cross-vaulted, that preceded the apse. There you

find the like, through all this region. It seems possible that the transept had two apses diminishing in size, on each side of the central one. The compound piers were planned not to carry ribs, but for a barrel-vault or a groined *voute d'arêtes*. A few capitals which remain show the transitional form of a leaf-bud just cracked out of its casing, or a ball in a claw. A later development of the same form is found at the daughter-house of *S. Pedro de las Dueñas*. Another form resembles somewhat, except for greater richness of detail, the triforium capitals at Laon in northern France, leaves laid flat against the bell of a capital that swells out softly but strongly in a concave curve. The abacus has a lower, moulded portion, and an upper carved with lozenge or flower, star or leaf with everything except the dogtooth, which seems not early enough.

Capitals

One who had information about the church as it stood before 1835, Sr. Soler, says[23] the *capilla mayor* had, as often in Spain, niches in the plain sides of it, reaching neither to pavement nor to vault, but

on the south side one did extend to the vault and was of double depth. This is most intelligible if understood of some tentative toward the plan of *S. Pedro la Rua* at Estella and Souillac in France, niches not yet developed into proper apsidioles and derived possibly from a Roman model, the niches hollowed out of the wall in a hemicycle being common enough. The apses were very shallow. The piers, he says, were like those of Vézelay, the vaulting compartments square and without a wall-rib, the windows small: all that is true of much building that reaches westward hence even to the Atlantic. He thinks that King Alfonso and Abbot Diego certainly rebuilt the apses, transept, and four bays of the nave, and vaulted at least the chapels and the ends of the transepts. He denies a tower, and on that rests a general denial that the source was French. Towers being a feudal privilege, the abbot would have added them at the east end and the gates, if he had had an architect competent. If the architect were by chance an Englishman he could not. French monks of Cluny

Like Ba'albek

The question of Towers

did not always build towers in Spain, nor are all Spanish towers of French origin. In France, even, they were not invariable. Cluny, indeed, and S. Martial had towers, but not Vézelay. Nowhere in Spain have we such towers as the French. On the other hand, the noble series of S. Isidro, Zamora, Las Huelgas, *la Antigua* at Valladolid, are all detached *campanili* and imply the passage of Lombard builders. French and Lombard

The late Sr. Velásquez once told Sr. Lampérez that he had seen and sketched a stone which said that the author, *i.e.*, architect, of the work, was William the Englishman.[24] In respect of the plan, this, if true, would account for the want of an ambulatory, but leaves one still expecting two transepts or a square eastern chapel or something less indigenous on the whole to the Leonese Mark. The brick building at Sahagún is proper to the land.

That William sticks in one's head. After all, Walter Courland, an Englishman, built S. Hilary of Poitiers in 1049 and then settled near Civray.[25] Alfonso VIII had indeed an English wife, but her relations

William the Englishman

and riches lay for the most part on the continent. In her time was built the cathedral of Cuenca, with lancet windows and other characteristics curiously insular; then also was constructed the church of Las Huelgas in the purest Angevine style. Say that she gave a style to Cuenca yet no architect's name has come down; it would be curious that she should have given, along with the architect, to Sahagún, so little not Peninsular. To whatever date that stone may have belonged,—and down to the seventeenth century we have no evidence of such thorough restoration as should entitle a man to call himself author of the work,—whether it commemorated indeed the work of the Great Church, or some later benefaction, chapel or chantry, the form of the name suggests at least the wayfarer, the outlander who passes. Whether he came as a pilgrim and stopped for seven years like one in a fairy tale, or for twenty like one in a romance, to do what was needed, and then took up his sack of tools in some green spring twilight and finished out his vow to S. James, or whether he was fetched

express for a particular piece, he was a *romero:* like the unknown workmen at S. Mary's of Sangüesa and S. Michael's of Estella, he belonged on the road. a *romero*

Of the parish churches,[26] S. Tirso is probably the earliest. In 1078, on March 1st, the King, being in the monastery with his sisters Urraca and Elvira, D. Pelayo, Bishop of Leon, Bernard of Palencia, Peter of Astorga, counts and knights unnumbered, released the vassals and goods of this monastery that they need not pay *pecho* nor any other tribute, and moreover gave to it the church of S. Tirso that, he said, stands next to those of the Holy Bodies,—as you see to-day that between them goes only a narrow street: so Sandoval.[27] The church has three bays and a transept, three aisles and two apses, the north-east corner being now square; the side aisles open into the transept by horseshoe arches, but the central is pointed. One capital, the only one distinguishable under thick yellow wash, is fluted, *goudronné*. A splendid timber roof recalls some at Toledo. The oblong tower over the eastern bay is pierced S. Tirso

with windows, that once had grouped marble shafts under a trapezoidal block: these, like the tall blunt arcades that adorn the apse, are plain, round arches, not quite fully semicircular. The apse of S. Lorenzo is elaborated with pointed horse-shoe arches under others plain and round, or in square panels, recalling *Mudéjar* work at Toledo, and in the tower it is hard to distinguish the blocked windows from possible blind arcades. A long cloister runs down the south side of this, as down the north side of S. Tirso, giving on the square in each case, and though the present fabric of these is not discoverably ancient, it must represent a part of the original church, for it repeats that of S. Miguel de Escalada.

Side cloister

Inside, S. Lorenzo has three aisles and apses, and no transepts; three bays of nave on pointed arches, without a capital or a column in the building; it had once wooden roofs throughout, the central vault being of the seventeenth century; the apses put a pointed barrel-vault before a *cul-de-four*, two bays of it in the central one: the church belongs to the last years

S. Lorenzo

of the twelfth century or later. La Fuente supplies a founder, Walabonso, 834, but the name is suspect, and the date too early. The pair of beautiful capitals that serve for a holy-water stoup, are too fine to have been made for any but the titular church of a neighbourhood, in those times.

Santiago

In the ruined church of Santiago pointed arches of marble, down the nave, are moulded, rest on marble shafts, and rise almost to the roof, but the three apses on the outside divided into rectangular panels, use only the round-headed arch in decoration, plain horse-shoe, outer and inner orders both of horse-shoe form, in the lowest range. The tower is a mere stump at the west.

Trinidad

The church of the Trinity, on the other hand has a fine tower, but is otherwise quite rebuilt.

Uphill from the river bottom where the town crumbles away, lies the church of S. Francis, called *La Peregrina* after the image on the altar. This absurdly pretty Virgin wears real black hair and flowered brocade, with pilgrim's cape and staff and gourd. When she goes in procession

La Peregrina

through the streets, she puts on, in addition, a blue velvet coat of eighteenth-century cut and a broad-brimmed hat turned up with a cockle shell. A seventeenth-century painting in the sacristy shows her wearing such a hat over a white kerchief, and a coat all sewn over with such shells. In hanging sleeves and a full-bodied gown, she cured a sick baby in 1718. The church, spacious and well whitewashed, is all of the seventeenth century within; outside, the transepts reveal little coupled windows and some panelling of cusped arches on the north flank and above the door. The apse has a single row of pointed arches slightly horse-shoe in form. The sacristy is said to hide a fretted roof under the present ceiling.

The upshot of all this is that for very nearly a thousand years church building went on upon this clay-bank. The Roman legionaries and the Visigoths had made bricks: Mozarabic workmen from Cordova brought their skill and their forms; the northern architect, whether Burgundian monk or wandering Englishman, though he imposed his own structure, in plan and

in decoration conformed perforce; the *Mudéjar* style of reconquered Toledo, transplanted easily in a genial soil.

Mudéjar work

In a sense, the reign of the Catholic kings, or, say, the year 1500, is the close of strong regional activity in Spain, sets an end to grand building and individual life. After that, "under the King, nothing." In another sense, 1835 is a date to mark: it is the beginning of the Dissolution in which we now live. Sahagún was burned in that year, like Poblet, and like Ripoll, where the good old canon died of grief for the lost MSS.

Sepultados.

Tres años despues de muerto la tierra me preguntó que si le había olvidado, y yo le dije que no.

Sepultados or *hacheras*, are racks, something between a *prie-dieu* and an umbrella stand, that hold usually three tapers, thick as one's ankle, lighted in Mass-time and thereafter carefully extinguished and locked

up in the box which constitutes the base. Sometimes this bears the name and date of a dead person, but one rack can do for a whole family. The machine is broad enough to accommodate the devotions of two persons abreast.

Likewise in Covarrubias

The nave of such churches as I found in action on Sunday morning was completely blocked by these, an abuse not much more tolerable than our grandfather's cushioned and curtained pews. The poor and the stranger had to hear their Mass from the floor of the aisle or a bench under the western gallery. These good women of Sahagún in black cashmere, with their maids in black cotton, knelt there behind three candles tall as a child, that burned, while the women minded their prayers. This custom is not purely Leonese I believe: observances very like it are described as existing in the Asturias, and the popular explanation, when one exists, is something syncopated, like a magical formula reduced to a jargon: that when burial was still permitted in churches every family was accustomed to kneel on its own ancestral

At Madrigal de las Altas Torres the priests pray there

slab: the three tapers, which are sometimes two or even one, but never more, stand easily for all the dead of the family, however many.

Pain des trépassés

Guillaume Manier, being somewhere in this region, gives an account of what he calls *pain des trépassés*. All about in this country, he says, in the villages, they make small loaves of about a pound weight, that they call the bread of the dead. They carry these on Sunday to church, with a twist of candle that they burn alongside — at least, the women. The priest comes and blesses all the loaves, and then the women carry them home and give them as alms to the poor.[1] This practice, early in the eighteenth century, is a yet more primitive use: the lights and food for the departed souls made ready, faithfully, by those who still love. It is more than possible that the woman setting down the loaf and the lighted candle by her side in church, was setting them upon the very grave. At

Monreal

Monreal, east of Pampeluna, we found the baskets and the candles, set away in corners of the empty church, but not, of

course, the bread; and the clean old woman who stood knitting in a doorway to watch us, would not admit that it was used. "In other villages, yes," said she, "but not here."

The English physician Andrew Boorde, in the *Introduction to Knowledge*, which he dedicated to Mary Tudor in 1542, throws out a good deal of quaint lore, like words thrown at dogs. The chapter on Castile contains the following passage:

Keening

> In all these countries [of Spain] if any men or woman or child do die, at their burying. and many other times after that they be buried, they will make an exclamation, saying: "Why didst thou die? Hadst thou not good friends? Mightest thou not have had gold and silver and riches and good clothing? For why didst thou die?" crying and chattering many such foolish words; and commonly every day they will bring to church a cloth, or a pillow carpet, and cast over the grave, and set over it bread and candle-light, and then they will pray, and make such a foolish ex-

Prayer-carpets also at Madrigal

clamation, that all the church shall ring. This will they do although their friends died seven years before; and this foolish use is used in Biscay, Castile, Spain, Aragon, and Navarre."[2]

The little lights

It is interesting that though he went to Compostella and lived there for many months, he did not notice the use of lights in the province of Galicia. The keening, however, if it may be called such, is a famous Gallegan custom: Sr. Murguía quotes the cry of a bereaved mother who was a fishwife in Santiago: "Strong castle, who overthrew thee? How did death come near?"[3]

Tetzel, the garrulous secretary of the Knight of Rozmital who wrote his account in the vernacular, observed in the Biscayan land, very splendid and costly tombstones that were cared for with strewn herbs, flowers, and burning lights.[4] The graves are outside the churches, he says, which contradicts the testimony of other travellers, and the women kneel and sit by them always, whether in Mass-time or

. . . para las tumbitas

not, so they are little in church. In 1852 a French traveller watched at Tolosa women kneeling on a black carpet between two candles, who asked for prayers for the dead: "entre deux flambeaux demandaient des prières pour leurs pauvres morts." [5]

In 1908 the Paris paper *Le Gaulois*, published, in the guise of an article on the painter D. Ignacio Zuloaga, an interview with him, perhaps not imaginary, in the church of S. Jean de Luz. The men are in the high side gallery characteristic of the Basque churches, looking down into the nave, where, upon a pall spread out on the church pavement, in the midst of the crowded congregation, burned a large wax taper in a silver candlestick. "And behind the symbolic candle, separated from the rest of the faithful, veiled in crape, wrapped from head to feet in the ample and sombre mantle of mourners, melancholy, the Widows knelt." The painter pointed and whispered: "In our villages of Navarre and Guipuzcoa, each of them must bring to Mass on Sunday a basket containing a loaf of bread, and this offering of the un-

A Pilgrim in Black Letter

comforted is afterwards given to the poor, that they may pray God for those who are no more." [6]

for the *alma peregrina*

In the dim church of Sahagún, among the black and shrouded figures, the little lights glimmered like a sort of perpetual All-Souls' Eve. It was as if the souls came back, parent, child, or spouse, for the brief while that on the altar God, too, is manifested, and were visible in the form of the little flame, like those that so often flicker in deserted churchyards, or above forgotten battlefields. The souls of the living are the delight of the world: the souls of the dead, lonely, not unfriendly, might well yearn toward those of their own race, and be indeed invoked by them for comforting or fortitude. Women that have to bear children, women that are aged and childless, in especial seek their communion. Yet all men, indeed, under stress, invoke the memories of their house, and call up the figures of their fathers, to resist and endure, in the certainty that what the dead would not do, the living shall not. Like the wronged Empress of so long ago,

The souls of the dead

Confucius: the Shi-King

we are great in their strength and our virtue is their honour—"I think of the men of old and find brave thoughts possess me."

S. Pedro de las Dueñas.

Alla arriba suena, rítmica
y sonora,
esa voz de oro,
y sin que lo impidan sus
graves hermanas
que rezan en coro,
la campana del reloj
suena, suena, suena, ahora,
y dice que ella marcó,
con vibración sonora,
de los olvidos la hora.
—J. A. Silva.

Once over the ancient bridge, on the pale plain the road runs straight, and the pale poplars of the river seem to follow the road southward toward Palencia. Above walls and trees the earthen-coloured tower rises afar and the clustering village is no more than the grange of a luxurious abbey, farmyards, stables, and dwellings for teamsters, labourers, artizans. The *Dueñas*, the ladies, are there still; one

hears their invisible voices crying and wavering in the piteous plainsong of the morning Office, inside a close grate and a crape curtain. A cloister and chapter-house of the twelfth century lie behind that *clausura:* the *Cura* showed through what walled door in his sacristy he would pass to carry the viaticum if one of them came to die suddenly and without warning. A good soul, this *Cura,* friendly and rather animal, he invited me with a sort of personal cordiality that was touching, to stop and hear my Mass that morning there; but he could not help me to sight of the conventual buildings, nor could his kindness sweeten the disappointment. Later, by kindness of the Bishop of Leon and the Nuncio himself, I was able to carry a letter of admission to the Abbess. Unluckily, the ladies had just commenced making a Retreat and the chaplain had seized the moment to take a vacation, and the convent threshold was not to be crossed.

Plainsong

The Romanesque of the church is fairly late in its complete and ripe fruition of a

Classical survivals

type, and is chiefly remarkable for the precision with which the capitals observe the old classic division into upper and lower parts, the volutes on the corners and the projection on the centre of each face, some having even rudimentary *cauliculi* here. Some of them show lions shaved like poodles, one the Apocalyptic beasts, one a curious array of little figures which might be the *Dueñas*, and others that form of ball under a claw or beak which has been cited at S. Benito. A bold abacus is usually billet-moulded. The piers are rectangular with two semi-columns attached. The church proper consists of a nave and a south aisle of two bays only, both with very deep apses, the former covered like its apse with a star vault of the sixteenth century, which replaces, probably, some sort of dome or lantern in the eastern bay, and in the western just such a noble barrel-vault, comparable with S. Martin of Frómista and S. Peter of Huesca, as still covers the aisle, sustained on strong transverse arches.

The original north aisle and a north

cloister walk, of the familiar Leonese-Castilian type, were at a date undetermined converted into a parish church of two aisles and one apse, by breaking down the north wall of the church, and running up partitions between the outer piers of the cloister, and between those of the north side of the original nave. The roof of this is lower than it once was, the space above it, in the north nave wall, being filled in with late bad stuff, and so, at present, is most of the length where once the north aisle wall existed and then was broken down; communication between the two aisles of this odd little church being secured now by a timber-roofed section at the west, contiguous to the nun's quire though cut off by solid walls.

Side cloister once

As the lower part of the whole church was built of stone, the tower rises not over the sanctuary as at Sahagún but over the high nave vault, and the aisle vault adjoining is high, as for a transept. Outside, the apse has an arcade, and the tower one range of windows opening by horse-shoe arches and another above, with round-

headed *ajimez* windows; the capitals are of marble, transitional or early Gothic. It should be of the thirteenth century.

The King's Butler

In Spain, as in Germany, existed monasteries which received only the great of this world. S. Pedro was of these.[1] The abbey was founded by Ansur, 973, and given to Abbot Felix and the abbey of Sahagún, refounded 1080 and made up of nuns from Sahagún and from S. María de Priesca in the mountains of Liebana. The first abbess was Doña Urraca in the time of Abbot Diego. His epitaph says that he built it: "Monasterium Sancti Petri de Dominabus construxit; et Moniales ibidem instituit": but the epitaph belongs to the fourteenth century.[2] Sr. Lampérez points out that this, construed literally, would make the building in 1109–1110, Doña Urraca having come in the first year, and D. Diego died in the second. He is willing to accept that conclusion, but for my part I sometimes doubt if the church was commenced so early, chiefly because of its size, certainty of execution and perfection of detail, but if there were no other reason,

there remains still that, given the costliness of stone, it could hardly have been begun on so great a scale when the abbey of the Santos Domnos had just commenced building. Compare, however, the date offered for S. Martin of Frómista. S. Pedro may possibly be transferred to the end of the twelfth century and called regional and belated.

on page 79

The Pilgrim turns aside to S. Miguel de Escalada.

Depuis longtemps leurs voix sont mortes
Depuis longtemps, au coin des seuils,
Leurs mémoires, au coin des portes,
Dorment fanées avec des feuilles.—Camille Mauclair.

The Esla was crossed at Mansilla de las Mulas, and the Porma, or rather its affluent the Curueño, at Puente de Villarente. A hospice was there, for in 1726 Manier stopped in it.[1]

Pictured on p. 45

The Roman road from Sasamón, through

Roman roads

Carrión, to Mansilla and Leon, can hardly have passed through either Sahagún in its river-bed, or S. Miguel on its clay-seamed hillside, but Father Fita says that such a road passed by Escalada and that the great Way of Sancho *el Mayor* was built on Roman foundations, if not all the distance between Burgos and Leon yet at any rate beyond Carrión. It was along the last section of this that to visit an ancient priory I struck back from Leon, between rows of mighty poplars, and crossing the Esla at Villarente, a colourless village that rose up out of the soil only when you were hard upon it and disappeared again when you were past, thence I struck into another highway following the river north-east.

Mansilla de las Mulas

At Mansilla the river was green and wide, under crumbling wall, pyramidal-topped. The town was dry and decent as its own ancients, brown as a hare, clean as a kitchen floor; and behind the town hung purple cloud, under which the houses burned incandescent as at the Last Day. It was a youth of this town who gave to S.

Mary of Villa-Sirga a block of stone for the fabric when he was there on a pilgrimage: the song says that he bought it and I suppose it took all the money he had. The story is not quite credible at the close, but it is entirely convincing and life-like. Virtuous youth has a hard rôle at the best, but this lad is romantic and rather charming.

Virtuous youth

A young man of Mansilla — it is *el Rey Sabio* who tells the story — was persecuted by a girl in the town who loved him with inordinate fury. He had no care for her because he was set on another and a better. He vowed a pilgrimage to Villa-Sirga and she pestered him to take her with him; he refused. She went, all the same. As they crossed a mountain she urged him again to comply with her, and he answered, "Not if you died for it: most especially not on the way to the Glorious," and this time she was a little ashamed. At Villa-Sirga he slept in the church, and bought a stone for the works, and offered it and his prayers, and went away joyful. On the way home the girl said, "Why won't you marry me?"

And he said: "Because I am keeping myself utterly for the Virgin Mary. Now I pray you put your thought on some other thing, since I have shown you my heart in this matter." But she meant he should die for it. As they came into the town she disordered her dress and scratched her face and screamed, alleging that he had ravished her by force and cruelty on the road in a lonely place on a mountain. Her parents went to the Magistrates, and none would believe him, and they hanged him. He reminded S. Mary of his gift bought with his money, and she came bringing the block of stone. So he stood on it. So supported, the rope could not strangle him. And anon his parents came, and others, and they saw and heard him, and all praised Her who makes our sorrows to be glad and to be repaid.[2]

Who makes all sorrows cease

An Eastern proverb says that for him who wears shoes, the whole earth is covered with leather. For an American, not used in his own country to such road-making, all foreign roads not bye-paths are equal to the King's Highway, they seem so good.

Because Ford, and after him other writers, have said that the trip to Escalada demands two days, I have to state that I left Leon in the crystalline early light, in a bob-tailed omnibus behind a pair of ordinary horses, saw all there was, rested and fed the beasts and myself, and was at home for leisurely tea and a twilight hour in the cathedral before dinner. To visit, as well, Eslonza, Sandoval, and Gradefes would, indeed, require two days or even more, as the roads are said to be in parts impassable for wheels. Ford went, apparently, by a road on the other side of the river, but he can hardly have travelled more miles. It would be absurd to assert that a woman alone, unused to the saddle, should be a stouter traveller than the great Englishman, but I may perhaps say modestly that with light saddle-bags I have often outrun his estimate by virtue of much resolution and urgent haste, and I have never yet been compelled to market for myself, or in his phrase, *attend to the provend*, simply because I was content to share what those about me ate. I should, indeed, as

Ford confuted

soon think of buying, like Beckford the author of *Vathek*, for a journey into Spain, rugs and carpets.

An omnibus built to hold three on a side instead of nine, with only one occupant, is unrestful: it affords no support for the feet, no prop for the back, and not even the length in which to go to sleep The driver, by the way, slept well, on the front seat, all the return journey, while the horses took care of him. I watched the tawny stubble burning in the blue and golden midsummer, and on meeting a couple of the *Guardia civil* plucked the driver by the coat through the front, and tumbled out the back door to photograph them. They accepted the attention civilly but surprised; good creatures, it added another item to all I owe to their unobtrusive good will. At last we turned off to the river side, where at a great house, half farm half residence, we left the horses. The yard proper was inside of walls and gates, long verandahs flanking it and the bake-oven projecting through one of the walls into the meadow, with a little shelter outside all of its own.

Civil Guards

We were to see, that day, all the Arcadian life: harvesters in a level meadow threshing by driving warm dark oxen yoked to a sledge, round and round upon the outspread sheaves, and girls raking the grain into hillocks. In Italy every grange and every village has its builden threshing floor, of noble masonry often, but I think in Spain I have never seen more than a communal patch of trodden clay. We sat on a hummock of dry grass, waiting for a brace of fishers to put us over the river: they were handling a net held by wands in rectangular form, rigged with two bows on a bending rod. It seemed impossible to empty without spilling, but the fishers spilled only into the boat, a short, deep scow, nearly square, and I crossed among the silvery death-throes of trout and perch. On the sweet grass of the runnels and the rosemary and thyme of the dry river-bed, fed soft brown sheep, kept by a wise white dog and a darker puppy that joined us and would have served for guide, wanting a better, among the little channels, to take us by

Et ego in Arcadia

S. Miguel de Escalada

foot to the further bank. The shepherds wore fawn-coloured shaggy sheepskins, one for a sort of apron, the other for warmth across the shoulders. With their help we passed across, beyond grass and sparkling poplar growth, to the washed red hillside against which the church was fairly invisible. The woman who had the keys was cooking her husband's dinner in the village by the shore and, as I waited, I climbed over the gate and occupied myself with the exterior of the church, spelled out inscriptions, pondered the forms of carving built into a door-head, the capitals, uniform and curious, of the long south cloister, the exquisite *ajimez* window in its west wall. After the guardian had come, and I had been measuring and photographing for a while, I mentioned to my driver that as the day was cool, we should start back at two o'clock. This he did not fancy, counting on a proper nap after his luncheon, but I would not be gainsaid. The horses, he urged, were indeed fed as ordered, but not watered and could not travel after drinking. Then let him re-

turn, water them, lunch and have them harnessed against my coming. At this point he sincerely pressed the impossibility of my walking a mile alone in the country, back to the farm. Reassured of my courage (propriety was lost beyond recovery), he went at last, and when I had quite done I walked down, the good woman carrying the paper satchel of lunch, with wine and water, to a fence-corner under a big tree already marked on the ascent. She was a good woman, and though not unmindful of her husband still waiting, she offered to stay for company. "It is quite safe here?" I asked again, and I wish I might convey with what vivid contempt for the natives in lift of eyebrow and shrug of shoulder she gave me to understand that in that part of the country one was entirely safe.

Like a figure of Mr. Hewlett's

With Ford still in mind, I will say with what the hotel had sent me out: *Imprimis*, a cold omelette; *item*, two rolls (no butter, of course); *item*, some cold chicken; *item*, a packet of little sweet-cakes; plums aplenty and a bottle of wine and water

mixed, rather too strong, but that was the liberality, and the wine is lighter in Leon than in the Rioja. A thrush sang all the while I ate, and I left one roll, neatly wrapped in paper, on a stone by the way, hoping some person or creature, passing by, would eat the good white bread. The puppy was waiting where a fence had to be climbed, the fishers were apprized and watching to ferry over the river, the harvesters paused to gaze and wave, and at the farm while I waited for the horses that were not harnessed, a wonderful old lady who climbed upon the rear step to talk through the door, wore a very wonderful old ring. That is the sort of day one often had; the adventures were all intellectual.

Yet still made with wheat—

XII

PULCHRA LEONINA

En argen Leon contemplo,
Fuerte, purpureo, triunfal,
De veinte santos ejemplo;
Donde está el rico templo
Real y sacerdotal.

Tuvo veinte y quatro reyes
Antes que Castilla leyes,
Hizo el fuero sin querellas:
Libertó las cien doncellas
De las infernales greyes.

Coming from Galicia, the traveller in Leon is immensely struck by the beauty of the physical types. Brown, not olive, the women have a long face, very nobly modelled. The beauty of the bony structure imposes itself, indeed, with men and women both, and not those only of the lower class. But also, from Orense eastward, emerges a fair type with blue eyes

and wheaten hair that may be reckoned as the Visigothic, the *sangre azul*. The landscape is pale gold, stubble and straw-stack, threshing floor and upland, that changes only into tawny gold and then into gold embrowned, where the ploughing has begun already. Here lies the lion's fell, flung down in the sun. Miles upon miles, hours upon hours, you see the same, till you recall the old-fashioned jewels of women, earrings and ouches, fashioned of rose-gold and green gold and pale yellow gold of the rock-vein, and orange yellow gold of the river sand: so here the golden green of poplars along the water-courses, dark gold of raw tillage, pinkish gold of earthy waysides. The tawny upland is dotted with brown church towers all just alike: you look up after an hour and think you are come back in a circle. All along, the road on a summer morning is brave with chicory and a few poppies, like angels of Fra Giovanni, the sky as blue as glass, as clear as water, as pale as the children's eyes.

The lion's fell

Coming from strong Castile, you feel

an unguessed grace, a charm, a spell of the exquisite, the quintessential, in the lovely venerable land which has lived past all but pure beauty, and built the honeycomb in the lion's mouth, as over the pale golden plain you see, above the winding poplars of the Esla, the spires of Leon.

Except that it lies low, Leon will remind you of Chartres, not merely in the virginal loveliness of S. Mary's church, nor yet in possession of a secondary church enough in itself to dignify a town, and others yet, noble and venerable, in crowded out-of-the-way quarters and lonely suburbs: but in the way that the great cathedral rises out of the town from afar, spires and transept gables and flying buttresses. Only here you miss the steep roof, of blue slate as at Rouen, or of green copper as at Chartres: here a low covering above the vaults is negligible, leaving pinnacles and gable-roses traced against the air. Just the French effect of the little houses and the great church, of the hundred roofs and the lovely grand uplifted creature, is hard to convey, but those know it who

Chartres

have watched for Amiens across the bright Picard plain, or come upon Chartres in the tawny rolling land of La Beauce. It is like that favourite banner-figure of the fifteenth century, the tall Madonna of Mercy, whose cloak the angels hold out and hold up to shelter underneath so many tiny human creatures.

A long story

Leon, which had, says a stanza of the sixteenth century, four and twenty kings before Castile had laws, was fated always to be a provincial capital. When *Legio VII Gemina* was quartered there, it had less importance than Tarragona or Merida; during the Reconquest, Oviedo, as a safer residence, was preferred; after Seville was taken the kings were seldom here. The town could not but live, like all the rest of Spain, in health and wealth through the Renaissance and after, and enjoy some fine town houses, of Guzmán and Luna, Villarente and Gutiérrez, just as it preserves Roman tombstones and altars. It can afford a sixteenth-century palace for the Ayuntamiento and one of the eighteenth century, with balconies and pyramids, for

the *Casa Consistorial*. On the other side of the city, the removal of a sixteenth-century façade from the house of Luna revealed one of the thirteenth century. Where the Romans raised them, the walls still stand: whence the great lords went forth, their descendants, perhaps, starve and shiver, in the narrow streets a straitened and declining life goes on. You may walk for half an hour, in some quarters of Leon and for that time in the winding street visible ahead not a figure moves, though Quadrado says that there are today *familias antiguas y hidalgas*, surviving in the modest condition of labourers.

Legio VII Gemina

For the Romans, Leon was a frontier post, a garrison town. *Legio VII Gemina* was recruited in the Cantabrian hills, and was for the most part quartered here. During the summer of 68, when Galba rose against Nero and was proclaimed in Clunia, the legion was raised in Iberia amongst Iberians, and some of them were odd lads.[1] When Galba took the legion to Rome his chief officer was a Spaniard from Tolosa, Antoninus Primus. Then it was sent to

garrison Pannonia, and stayed there long enough to leave traces: in the war against Vitellius it was brigaded with some Mysian troops. The Senate gave to the Legion the title of Felix, which was inscribed on the column at the bridge of Cháves. In 70, they came home, and Leon was founded, and the wall the Romans builded lasted until the coming of Almanzor.[2] Dedications to the Serveri have been found built into it, an altar to Diana and another inscription with a monstrous bear-skin, set up by keen sportsmen among the officers, and a dedication to the nymphs of the springs, the Xanas who still appear in Asturian folk-lore.[3] Only in the last century a Roman Mosaic was found in these parts, that represented Hylas and the Nymphs. There must have been very many stones turned up or turned over in the Middle Age, and puzzled out, letter by letter, before they were used again. Luke of Tuy commences the history of Leon with the martyrdom of a centurion and his wife and their twelve sons, whom I have a great desire to classify as the Sun, the

Altar to Diana

Moon, and the Twelve signs of the Zodiac, since that sort of interpretation is fashionable: and still I believe that the names are all words that were deciphered painfully, now a word on one stone, now one on another, and all the stones, to the finders as to the donors, were consecrate, were sepulchral, were sainted. So the good folk worshipped the images they evoked of young knightly soldiers too early dead, where the Romans had set up a devotion to half-deified Emperors, and Empresses the patronesses of armies, and there was small difference. Luke names, then, as martyrs of Christ the centurion Marcellus and his wife the blessed Nona, and their sons Claudius, Lupercus, Victoricus, Facundis and Primitivus (worshipped at Sahagún and claimed at Orense also), Emeterius and Celadonius (worshipped at Calahorra and all along up and down the Ebro), Servandus, Germanus, Faustus, Januarius, and Martialis,—this or another Martial was servant of the Apostles and buried at Limoges, as he admits elsewhere.[4]

Sun, Moon and Twelve Signs

Twin Brethren

Second century steles

The most curious among the remains are the funeral steles, carved with crescent, rosette and helix, Syrian emblems all, and likewise with horse-shoe arches.[5] Most of these are in Leon museum still, some at Madrid. Dr. Holland[6] suggests that the carvings of the steles have talismanic value and a Mithraic allusion; something very like, but without the horse-shoe curves, appears manifestly on Coptic tombstones of a later age at Cairo.[7] Certainly they represent a stream of oriental thought and feeling, perhaps of practice and worship, that flowed into Spain, probably from Syria.

Delphi, Oms, Jerusalem, and Mecca

Legio VII Gemina, like Crusaders, brought back from service abroad tags of Eastern lore, older superstitions and newer divinities. So, we learned that the Holy Sepulchre enshrined such another Black Stone as Emessa and Mecca, which pilgrims, worshipping, touched through the interstices of such a net as covered the Omphalos at Delphi. What happens, Kipling describes, and his testimony is good because he is not explaining antiquity but, like

antiquity, bent on business of the empire.

And man on man got talking
Religion and the rest,
And every man comparing
Of the gods he knew the best . . .
Till we'd all ride home to bed
With Mohammed, God and Shiva
Changing pickets in our head.[8]

Syrian cults

This question of the infiltration of Syrian and other cults from Asia Minor and the lands east of the Mediterranean, the amount and the kind, is as important as that of the architecture, though not identical. It will reappear further along the Way; meanwhile a note may be added that one possible remnant of the worship of Mithras survived at Leon in a very ancient use. "Mithras was always the god invoked as the guarantor of faith and protector of the inviolability of contracts," says Cumont.[9] Now Quadrado mentions[10] that upon the ark or shrine of S. Isidore oaths were taken in both civil and criminal causes, in full assurance that the perjurer would die within the year, and accepted by the courts, until the Catholic Kings stopped

Mithras

this, like all other local usages, by a *cédula* dated 1498. The custom possibly was ancient as the city.

"Inde Legio urbs regalis et curialis, cunctisque felicitatibus plena," according to Aymery of Parthenay. Guillaume Manier adds a curious circumstance: the pilgrims west-bound stopped at S. Marcos, on the Way, but in returning they stopped at S. Anton in the city. He adds: "Ils n'ont point de chaises dans toute l'Espagne. L'on s'accroupit ou l'on se tient droit. Les bourgeois ont des tabourets de bois." This is confirmed by the Knight of Rozmital, and by Purchas's Pilgrim.[11]

Custom of the country

It was at Leon on the return journey that he and his companion went looking for work, being tailors both, and discussed matters with one there, but did not fancy working on women's clothes as well, according to Spanish custom. They made the excuse of looking up the third fellow, who gave himself out for a cobbler, and so got away "and we have not yet been back" he ends

with a blunt jest. The German traveller Sebastian Ilsung, too, keeps a record of corals and other beads bought there,[12] which implies a fair or booths of such trumpery stuff as pilgrims and tourists buy dear, finding it portable, indifferent that it is far-fetched, for agates do not grow in these mountains and Leon controls no coral seas.

It was a regular stop on the crowded road which had grown more important than any other road. Where the Bishop D. Pedro left that money for altar lights, pilgrims and the poor were not forgotten, for the tithes of four cities were appointed for the succour of their necessities; finally, after other provision, the cathedral laundress got a tithe of S. Adrián de Vega.[13] Speaking from the tourist's point of view, the town has two hotels, and whichever one you go to, you wish you had tried the other. Neither can lawfully be blamed, except by the tourist, if one runs a *café chantant* under the best bedrooms, and the other, asking a price that would be dear in Madrid, stands at the noisiest and narrowest

The two inns

part of a street that recalls the famous epigram levelled against Perugia, where the *piazza* is no more than the fag end of a *stradoccio*. This hotel, however, is a palace, literally, and the other sets a good table. Being once in Leon at a feast time, when there was no room in any inn, nor house, not a bed in the town, I found the cleanest and quietest of lodgings close to the railway station, in charge of the restaurant people.

S. Isidore.

Quand nous fûmes dedans Léon
De la vieille Castille,
Nous chantâmes cette chanson
Au beau milieu de la ville;
Les hommes, femmes et filles
De toutes parts nous suivoient,
Pour entendre la mélodie
De ces bons pèlerins françois.
—Chanson.

Coming to *S. Isidoro* from *S. Miguel*, you pass from an indigenous art to an imported. Noble as is the strong Roman-

esque building, with its bold transepts and parallel apses, its high clerestory and superb barrel vault, the sidelong view, in coming up on it across the square where once a palace was, suggests the great churches of the south-west of France.

A nun's church stood here already in the tenth century (916) dedicated to the Baptist: Alfonso V, in the eleventh rebuilt or more probably repaired it in *ladrillo y lodo* which if not wattle and daub, is certainly brick and mud; just such a one perhaps as *S. Miguel*. He is said to have made the sepulchres for his ancestors in the *Panteón* or royal burial-place at the west end, like S. Louis in S. Denis, but that was only a beginning. They were again reconstructed, for it is evident, even deducting the Latin verses that Morales copied and I omit, that the epitaphs were put there long after the burials. His own epitaph says:

A nun's church

Hic jacet rex Adefonsus qui populavit
Legionem post destructionem Almanzor,

et dedit ei bonos foros, et fecit ecclesiam hanc de luto et latere . . . obiit era MLXV[1] (1027) . . .

Within a half century Ferdinand the Great and Queen Sancha rebuilt in the French style, as already said, dedicated the new church to S. Isidore, December 21, 1063; and in 1065 were able to add relics from Avila of S. Vincent and his sisters Sabina and Cristeta. There too is buried the Infanta Urraca, she who was good friend to the Cid, and whom her brothers robbed, in the days of the *Almenas de Toro*, and her epitaph is this:

Queen of Zamora

> Hic requiescit donna Urraca regina de Zamora, filia regis magni Ferdinandi. Haec ampliavit ecclesiam istam et multis muneribus ditavit, et quia beatum Isidorum super omnia diligebat, ejus servitio se subjugavit. Obiit era MCXXXVIIII (1101).[2]

The honour of the design belongs to Ferdinand perhaps, but he could not have

lived to see much of it, dying in 1065, and the work must have been in the hands of his daughter conjoined with him in this enlarging. Of the church that was built and the burial chapel beyond, the transepts are probably now in place, with the *Puerta del Perdón* and the two side apses, possibly also a part of the *Panteón*.

Transept portal

The transept face, for all the difference in splendour and delicacy, is planned like those of which Aulnay is a lovely though late example. As capitals, string-courses and corbels are identical here and in the apses, they must have been built together. Doña Urraca, dying in 1101, had for sisters-in-law a fair number of the French wives of Alfonso VI, and could command her style: the figures at right and left above the door, SS. Peter and Paul, are of the school of Toulouse. So are the others built in above the larger south portal, SS. Vincent and Sabina in the spandrels, above them figures from a Zodiac, music-making angels, two of these half-lengths in a roundel like Renaissance ornament.

South-flank door

Zodiacal Figures

The Zodiacal figures were drawn nearly fifty years ago by Sr. Velásquez Bosco for a study in the *Museo Español de Antigüedades:*[3] he saw them less ruinous than we, and his testimony has peculiar value, because, though he was mightily interested in the Dragon and the Serpent,[4] his thoughts turned rather to the Midgard snake. It appears on inspection that various of them are involved with great serpents after the manner of certain Mithraic reliefs, and it is fair perhaps to invoke for comparison the statue at Arles.[5] Leo is killing a Serpent, Sagittarius is caught in the coils, Capricorn goes off at the tail into a long snake. The Twins are a charming pair of young saints, their arms over each other's shoulders, holding between them a reliquary; they are certainly intended either, as Rada y Delgado pointed out, for the *Santos Domnos* of Sahagún or the soldiers of Calahorra and La Calzada, or else for greater manifestations of the Twin Brethren in which S. James played a part.

On the other hand, the marble tympanum of the *Puerta del Perdón* is com-

posed of three pieces all adapted from ivories: in the centre the Deposition, on the left the Ascension in which the Christ has wings and even with these must need the two Apostles to push Him up, and on the right the three Maries at the tomb with an angel whose long beautiful wings are folded above the whole composition. Comparing this with the silver-gilt book-cover in the Louvre or the similar ivory in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, comparing the figures of Apostles in the Ascension with Rhenish adaptations of Byzantine motives, and the central group with the later Carolingian ivories, the precise nature and extent of the debt becomes manifest. Provincial work this is, bending to its own use material at hand, with deliberate modifications apart from the consequence of its imperfections.

Carolingian ivories

The tympanum of the south door is more confused: it is supposed to represent the sacrifice of Abraham. If so, most of that chief's army is looking on, and trains of servants, the drapery of the central figures being Toulousan again. But the upper

part is filled by the *Agnus Dei* in a small roundel held by two flying angels and to right and left of them are two more side-long figures half recumbent, in positions no more impossible than the archivolt figures at Saintes and Bordeaux. M. Bertaux points out[6] that this tympanum (and, he thinks, the other) was cut down to fit the place. There was a little cutting at the centre, but I should like to lay stress on what Street had seen already[7]; that you have here the remains of that rare thing, a rising lintel, such as occurs elsewhere on the Way at Conques in Aveyron and at Barbedelo and *S. María del Sar* in Galicia.

The antique Roman

Besides the ivories and the French churches, one other source for this work must not be overlooked: the antique Roman. The magnificent rams' heads which sustain this lintel, and bulls' heads under the statues of SS. Vincent and Sabina, are copied from Roman altars. The roundel which holds the *Agnus Dei*, and its pair of sustaining winged genii, are taken from a Roman sarcophagus, and the figure of Abraham's servant who stoops to relace

his sandal, is inspired by the antique. Tuscany in the fourteenth century would more befit such items as these than this far-off land and the twelfth: it is perhaps the strongest evidence of the power of Toulousan influence that the Renaissance which breathed and brought to flower there could waft spring airs so far, and wake such buds of promise.

The Toulousan Renaissance

This south door belongs to the reconstruction of Alfonso VII the Emperor, assisted by his sons and by his sister Sancha, in 1149, which was due to the apparition of S. Isidore on horseback in the Christian ranks, at the battle of Baeza.[8]

This is Doña Sancha's epitaph:

> Hic requiescit regina domina Sancia soror imperatoris Adefonsi, filia Urrace regine et Raymundi. Hec statuit ordinem regularium canonicorum in ecclesia ista; et quia dicebat beatum Isidorum sponsum suum, virgo obiit era MCLXXXXVII (1159) pridie kal. martii.[9]

Competition

The truth is that, as Alfonso VII could never handle Galicia, he took up and pushed hard the effort made by his forbears a century and two centuries before, and tried here to set up a rival to S. James, as Villa-Sirga was to attempt it a century later, and with no more success. The quiet *Doctor Egregius* was disinterred and translated, tricked out as Matamoros, but it would not do. The great S. James still ruled the ascendant, and the pilgrims that revered the Hispalensis on their journey, still pushed on till they came to the haven where they would be.

It is more than possible that the building since the death of Ferdinand had never really stopped, and that when this door and anything else was rebuilt, the idea of a reconstruction was less necessary than magnificent. Doña Sancha had recently transferred thither the Canons Regular of the cathedral, exiled to Carvajal or superseded on account of the changes introduced by Bishop Diego, 1144. You can trust a pious woman to bring to nought the reforms most needed. The venerable memorial stone says:

Sub era MCLXXXVII [A.D. 1149] et quodum, pridie nonas marcii ✠ facta est ecclesie Sti. Isidori consecratio per manus Raymundi Toletane sedis archiepiscopi et Johannis Legionensis episcopi et Martini Ovetensis episcopi et Raymundi Pacensis episcopi, is et aliis quoadjutoribus Petro Compostellane sedis archiepiscopo, et Pelagio Minduniensi episcopo, et Guidone Lucensi episcopo, et Arnoldo Asturicensi episcopo, et Bernardo Saguntino episcopo, et Bernardo Semorensi episcopo, et Pedro Avilensi episcopo, cum aliis octo abbatibus benedictis, presente excellentissimo imperatore Adefonso, et infanta domina Sancia, et rege Sancio et rege Fredenando, et infanta Constancia, domno Petro conventus Sti. Isidori priore.[10]

Consecration

In brief, three kings were there and about all of the bishops of Spain, but Raymond of Toledo consecrated.

The architect was Petrus de Deo, more than half a saint, as his epitaph shows, — I follow Risco's text[11]:

Petrus de Deo

Hic requiescit Petrus de Deo qui superedificavit ecclesiam hanc. Iste fundavit pontem, qui dicitur de Deus tamben; et quia erat vir mirae abstinentiae et multis florebat miraculis, omnes eum laudibus praedicabant. Sepultus est hic ab Imperatore Adefonso et Sancia Regina.

Perhaps if he had been Leonese, the stone would have said so. He was bridge-builder, like S. Bénézet, and Master Matthew, and Peter the Pilgrim. Now that he is dust, and his bridge is broken, the very place of it unknown, "only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom."

He had a great invention, as the nave shows, admitted to be his work, with the storied capitals, Jacob wrestling with a devil, Christ in Majesty between angels, Daniel taming a lion while two more look on, angels taking up a little soul in a mandorla, monsters and goblins, birds pecking quietly at leaves. Long ago Street pointed out the evidence of some sort of change in the plan before the vaults were built: the

easternmost of the aisle-shafts comes down past a window. If the church were planned and begun all at once, from east to west, and slowly built upward (this was the process at S. Sernin of Toulouse[12]) or if there were a later destruction and re-edification of the vaults, either would explain the great richness of the capitals and cornices of the south apse. It makes more probable the suggestion that the building went on steadily from Ferdinand's commencement, and that the consecration at the middle of the twelfth century marks merely the finishing of what was begun after the middle of the eleventh.

Built at full length?

The plan and description of the interior with its six bays, barrel-vaulted in the nave, groined in the aisles, its western gallery, and main apse rebuilt after 1513, is familiar, or should be, from Street's account. There is no lantern, nor any lifting of the vault, at the crossing, but the barrel-vault continues straight. Into the transepts, of two bays, likewise barrel-vaulted, the arches which open are fringed with cusping, and the western door is not

Moulded bases

only cusped, likewise, but is of horse-shoe form. The bases of the columns are curious for being ornamented with cable or ball or some other moulding around the bottom of the shaft. The same practice obtains at S. Miguel de Lino, above Oviedo, and at S. Estéban de Ribas de Sil in Galicia. Some of the plinths are circular, worked with a billet, some square, and afford good seats.

Panteón

The *Capilla de S. Catalina* or *Panteón* is perhaps, except the tower, the earliest part of the building. Cylindrical columns hold up a groined vault, of which six bays are painted (two deep, three broad): westward of that, it runs into a dark cloister walk, and to the north, by open arches filled with iron screens, gives upon the cloister that flanks all the church. The capitals are more massive but also earlier than any in the church, and some motives are nearer to the East: two griffins drinking from a cup (this occurs at Montierneuf in Poitiers), two doves, serpents, Daniel with the lions, the rhinoceros delivered of her young by the mouth;

some saintly legends; Christ raising Lazarus and healing the lame. In some of these capitals are traces of the style of Auvergne. Here too, very finely stylized, are the pine cones that to the latter Empire symbolized immortality. The carvings of the abaci are pretty much in one style, full twelfth-century and give unity to the whole.

Pine cone

The paintings I should wish to date at the end of the twelfth century: not earlier by reason of their great beauty, not later by their archaism. They have been referred back to France. This I cannot feel. The choice and treatment of themes, the details, the symbolism, all point to Constantinople, and most of all the style. French mural decoration of the Middle Age was not monumental, but narrative. The Apostles at Cahors are like patronal figures in a window; the Scripture histories at S. Savin are like successive pages of miniatures; the apse decorations at S. Aventin are like a story-book. Some of these compartments are like, indeed, the solemn frontispiece of an antiphonary; more are

Paintings

Byzance

like a mosaic; one is an adorable pastoral that may preserve the faded flush, the lost fragrance, of the palace walls that were burned by Count Baldwin.

On the eastern wall was the Crucifixion, now quite perished and gone, and the Nativity, just discernible above an altar; on the south the Annunciation and Visitation, and the Flight into Egypt, with maids spinning in the low corners of the lunette.

The soffits of the arches by which the bays are divided are covered usually by patterns, diaper or scroll, but one shows the Hand of God blessing between Enoch and Elijah; elsewhere below, with explanatory lettering, "S. Martin said: Go, Satan!" S. Gregory writes to the elders; SS. Marcial and Pucerna are here. One reviews the labours of the months, a French motive in sculpture that passed into miniatures. In the north-east bay, the theme is taken from the Apocalypse, Christ seated among the seven candlesticks, and S. John prostrate before the angel essaying the same oriental and well tucked-up posture as George of Antioch before the Virgin in the

mosaic at *la Martorana* and the donor in the great eleventh-century mosaic, of Eastern make, at S. Paul Without the Walls. The middle bay shows Christ in a mandorla seated on the rainbow, with the book, and the four evangelists have the heads of the Apocalyptic beasts, as in some of the frontals at Vich and in Barcelona, and in the dome sculptures at Armentia. The colouring here, as in the Last Supper, is very rich, with much deep red and blue besides the ochres, the brown and yellow earths, usual in Romanesque painting. The south-east vault is given over to the Annouincement to the Shepherds, treated as a pure pastoral. The angel hardly counts. The shepherds have a rustic grace. Besides the sheep and grazing cows, young goats butt frolicsomely, as in a tag of Horace, a dog drinks from the cup a shepherd holds for him. The whole is deliciously designed, and enclosed in a few sinuous lines of foliage and water.

or Alexandria

The north-west vault is occupied with four scenes: The Betrayal: Pilate wash-

ing his hands: S. Peter denying to the servant, the cock being set off by himself: Simon with the Cross, S. Peter weeping. Here is a bit of suggestion new to me, but probably taken from some mystical treatise. At the other end, in the south-west, the Massacre of the Innocents is more like French treatment and more like the thirteenth century, than any of the others. But the great central composition is in the grand Romanesque manner, twelfth-century and Byzantine, with a gigantic Christ and Apostles gloriously grouped. In the corners the cock appears again, and two saints, S. Thaddeus bringing a fish and S. Marcial wine: S. Matthias (Macias) is present also.

S. Martial of Limoges

Now the great abbey of S. Martial at Limoges lay on the pilgrim route, otherwise I hardly see how this disciple of S. Peter's could have got here. In the upper chamber he had held the towel at the washing of the feet.[13] It is quite impossible to think that this should be the portrait of a donor who was a steward, as M. Bertaux believes[14]: but M. Bertaux believes many impossible things, even that

Turpin's Chronicle was composed in French.

This painting is very beautiful: it will have been the last loveliness added to the church when Petrus de Deo was long dead, and the Emperor his patron, and the Queen Sancha, who called herself the spouse of Isidore. This Pantheon seems to me neither the original church of Alfonso V, as Street[15] would have it, nor a narthex after the kind of S. Benoît-sur-Loire, as M. Enlart deems,[16] but precisely what its name declares, a burial place: vaulted, but opening on two sides into a cloister. The Spanish Kings have always needed this, counting from the Chapels Royal of Granada and Palma back to the apartment which at S. Juan de la Peña, whatever its original form, still enshrines the dust of the earliest Kings of Aragon. Ferdinand I was not called the Great for nothing: he meant to leave a great race and dealt out Spain among them, and he made, it is conceivable, provision for them not only when on earth, but when in earth.

A burial-place of kings

In this low chapel of six bays the Kings

Epitaphs

of Leon were buried and their women folk and their good men. One Ramiro is "vir fortis," and something more, "et benignus" the clause ends. Another epitaph reads: "Hic requiescit domnus Garsea miles strenuus comitis Ranimiri."[17] Of the restless Urraca who was by her marriages Countess in Burgundy and Queen in Aragon, and by her lovers the mother of some good knights, "Hic requiescit domna Urraca regina et mater imperatoris Adefonsi."[18] She had, besides the powers, all the sins of a strong man; she had, besides the waywardness, all the charm of an unscrupulous woman. What came when she and Diego Gelmírez of Compostella fell out, silken petticoat against serge cassock, we shall see at Santiago, but always, whatever the outrage, it would seem she had only to come and to listen, then to speak a little, and anon all went her way. "She was of gracious speech and eloquence," says the *Anónimo* of Sahagún.

Alfonso IX is absent, the husband of Berenguela and father of Ferdinand the

The Church at Orbigo

Saint, *Piisimus rex* as he is called in the epitaph of his daughter Leonor[19]; a tragic figure in his youth, a sorry figure in his age. Two good women were his wives, and the Pope took away each, and at the last, when Kings mustered for battle in the valley of Tolosa, Alfonso of Castile and Alfonso of Portugal, Sancho of Navarre, Peter of Aragon, then Alfonso of Leon was absent. There is a belief in the city that on the night before the battle, a steady, heavy sound was heard in the streets, as of an army marching, and a great knocking at the door of S. Isidro. A clerk watching in the church asked, "Who calls?" and the answer came that the count Fernán González, and Ruy Diaz the Cid, were come for Ferdinand to fight along with them in the next day's battle. All of Spain is in the story.

A Folk-Tradition

Requiescit, say these epitaphs, preserved by Morales and others while still one could decipher the worn stones, but indeed the poor bones have never been sure of rest: for when Veremund fled to the mountains before Almanzor, we read that

he carried with him, with a touching and manly piety, the bones of saints and the ashes of kings; and only a century ago the French soldiers are believed to have broken open the sepulchres and flung upon a dust-heap the remnants of royalty, as they had done at S. Denis.

. . . under the drums and tramplings . . .

It is said that the stones before the high altar of the church sweated three days, and then came news that Alfonso VI was dead. Luke of Tuy has a long story about him, but the best passage in the chronicle of that ardent historian and able bishop, sometime clerk of S. Isidro, is the account of the last days of the great Ferdinand. Doubtless Lucas had the record of his passing, hour by hour, from a contemporary record cherished by the canons:

> When all the cities and castles of the Celtiberian land had surrendered, the sweet Doctor Isidore appeared to him and apprized him that the day of his going was near, and in this langour of body, having come to Leon in the month

Passing of King Ferdinand

of December, he prayed an abiding place in the house of S. Isidro. He entered the city IX Kal. Januarii on the Sabbath day, and after his custom adoring the body of the saint on bended knees, he prayed that because he saw the terrible hour of death coming upon him, yet by the intercession of the choir angelic his soul should be free from the powers of darkness and should stand before the throne of Christ his Redeemer.

On the night of the Nativity of our Lord, as the clerks were singing the Christmas matins, the King was suddenly among them, and with what strength he had took his part till the last Psalm for matins. It befell that his verse — for at that time we sang, after the Toledan use, verse and verse about — that his verse was; 'Be wise all ye that are judges of the earth,' which to the great king Ferdinand fell not ill-suited. Because while he yet lived he governed the kingdom in Catholic wise, and ruled himself humbly and strongly. Then when the dear Son of God was making bright the universe, and as our lord the King felt his members

fail him, he desired Mass to be sung, that by receiving the body and blood of Christ sustenance should be given him, and so went to bed. On the morrow, by the true light's coming, he perceived what was to be, and he called to himself Bishops and Abbots and certain religious men, that they might confirm his end, and with them he was carried to the church, adorned with royal ornaments and a gold crown on his head. Then on his knees before the altar of S. John Baptist and the bodies of S. Isidore the Confessor and S. Vincent the Martyr, with clear voice he said to the Lord: 'Thine is the power and Thine the Kingdom, Thou art above all kings, to Thy Empire are subdued all Kingdoms in heaven and in earth. Now, the Kingdom that I received from Thee and that I ruled by Thy free will a while, behold, I give it back to Thee, likewise my soul, taken out of this greedy world, that in peace Thou receive it, I pray.' Saying this he took off the royal mantle that he wore about him, and laid down the jewelled crown that bound his brow, and alone and prostrate, in tears, for

Tuum enim est regnum et potestas

mercy he entreated the Lord. Then from the Bishops he took the sacraments of penance and extreme unction, and put on a hair shirt for the royal habit, and scattered ashes on his head for the golden diadem. And in this penitence he abode before the said altar for the two days that God gave him to live. When there came another day, the third, at the sixth hour of the day in which the feast of S. John the Evangelist is celebrated, from the hands of the pontiff his soul, as we believe, passed to heaven. Thus in good age, full of days, he went away in peace. Era MCIII."[20] 1165

So died one not lightly called Great, a mighty figure: one to be invoked when Spain's hour came.

Nowhere is history so poignant as here in Leon, where on the very altar-stone monks graved the epitaph of that gallant young count of Castile, who came to a bloody wedding:

Hic requiescit dominus Garcia qui venit in Legionem ut acciperet regnum, et interfectus est á filiis Velo comitis.[21]

The Bloody Wedding

The romance of the Infant D. García is something more than epical, like that of the Cid or Bernardo del Carpio. It is the sort of grand tragedy, linked at a thousand points with the history of the land and the lordship, that the Greeks knew how to employ, mingling pity and terror, the elements of irony and foreboding. Everything unites as in a great art: the slaughtered knights in the midst of the marriage feast; the love at first sight, too sudden and strong to come to good end; the sacrilegious treason of the murder; the tender flower of the Count's own youth; and at the last, vengeance terrible and patient as that of Electra and that of Gudrun.

King Veremund's sister, Doña Sancha, is especially marked, at the outset, for her lovely ways, tall and fair "y de muy buenas costumbres" and Count García of Castile will marry her. He comes to the wedding in Leon with the King of Navarre at his back to act as a sort of official parent or sponsor, but when he pushed on impatiently with forty knights to see his bride, the King stayed encamped in the

meadow by the waterside, at Barrio de Trabajo. Then there met the count the three counts of Vela, landless men, Ruy Vela, Diego Vela, and Íñigo Vela, and they kissed his hand after the Spanish fashion and asked for their lands again which his father had taken away: and he gave them back their lands and they kissed his hand again and did homage as his men. The Bishop D. Pelayo comes in procession, and they all hear Mass in S. María la Regla, and then only is he free to look for his bride. He saw her, "and talked with her after his desire, and when they had talked a good part of the day, so greatly were they pleased one with the other, and they loved each other so well, that they could not part nor do without each other." But the Princess is troubled: "Infant, you did ill not to wear your arms, for you knew not who wishes you well or ill." He answered and said to her: "Doña Sancha, I did never ill nor wrong to any man in the world and I know not who could wish to slay or do me other ill." Then Doña Sancha answered that she knew there were men ill

"These violent delights have violent ends . . ."

disposed in the land, and when the Infant D. García heard her, his heart grew right heavy. And the traitors went out and took counsel to slay him and made fast the gates of the city that none might enter or depart.

According to Luke of Tuy and D. Roderick, they slew him before the door of S. John the Baptist, none of his own people knowing it, and the blow was given by Count Ruy Vela, his godfather, who had held him at the font. But the poem says that they set up lists in the street, and

At the lance-playing

when the Castilian knights were at sport there with them, they slew them all. And the Infant being in the palace in converse with his bride, knowing nothing of his death prepared, when he heard a noise and a calling for arms in great confusion, he hastened out into the street to see what it was. And when he saw his knights dead, his heart was right heavy and he wept full bitterly. The counts came round about him with their lances to kill him, and Ruy Vela his godfather laid hands on him, and the Infant when he saw himself thus beset began to ask them not to kill him, and

promised to give them great lands and goods in his country. So the Count Rodrigo was willing to do this, but Íñigo Vela waxed wroth and said: "Don Rodrigo, before we killed the knights this might have been, but now is no time for such talk." Landless men

The Infanta Doña Sancha, when she knew that Count García was taken, came out as fast as might be and when she saw him she cried and said: "Counts, kill not the Infant, for he is your lord, and I pray you that you kill me first, before him." Ferrand Llaynez struck her in the face. And when he saw that, with the great pain he had being held there, D. García began to speak them ill, and call them dogs and traitors. So they gave him great wounds with the lances that they held, and slew him. Then the princess for the great grief she had, flung herself upon him, and Ferrand Llaynez took her by the hair and threw her down a flight of steps.

So King Sancho comes too late, and the murderers escape to Monzón and are caught and burned alive all except the traitor Llaynez who deserted them and *Oyen doblar las campanas . . .*

got away in disguise. They caught him finally. Doña Sancha had been married meanwhile to Ferdinand, the King's son of Navarre, "for hers in peace or strife was a queen's life," but she had made the person of the traitor the price of her acquiescence, and she killed him, slowly and horribly, herself: carted him about and made a show of him, "in all the cities and market-towns in Castile, and in the land of Leon where the treason was done."[22]

Doctor Egregius.

When the Chapter was ended I was sitting as guest-master in the porch of the guest-house, and I was amazed and revolved in my mind that which I had seen and heard. And I began to think subtly for what reason and for what special merits, such a man deserved to be promoted to so great a position. — Jocelin of Brakelond.

Isidore of Seville, *Doctor Egregius*, was immensely learned, hence his name: he

wrote, among other things, a history of the Gothic kings which is still the ultimate authority, and in the *Etymologies* a compendium of all human knowledge which is still cited as evidence in matters relating to the seventh century. In succession to his brother S. Leandro, he ruled the See of that city from 599 to 636; he trained S. Braulio of Saragossa and S. Ildefonso of Toledo, and later corresponded with them; he argued with a Syrian bishop on a point of orthodoxy and convinced him; he presided at the fourth Council of Toledo; he composed a Rule for the monastic life which was later dispossessed by the Augustinian from Italy and the Cluniac from France. He is held to have arranged also the Mozarabic Office, to which Spain clung so stubbornly for so long, and which is still the daily Use in one chapel of the Metropolitan church of Toledo. He died in April of 636 and was buried: his epitaph might have been, *Honour to Religion, Glory of Spain.* Then the Moors came.

Etymologies

Mozarabic office

Still he was remembered and cited, like S. Braulio and S. Ildefonso, S. Toribio and

S. Julian, on points of discipline, dogma or science. The Silense,[2] writing at the close of the twelfth century, cites the Venerable Leander on the case of Hermengild, and anon the Blessed Isidore on the exploits of King Wamba.

Witnesses: 1. The Silense

This same chronicler, who was a monk of Silos in Castile, and possibly thereafter bishop in Leon, wrote out, some pages further along, the story of the translation of S. Isidore's relics from Seville to Leon. The king Ferdinand the Great sent thither for the body of S. Justa, Virgin and Martyr, and the body could not be found. The Moorish king, Benabeth, was sorry, as he explained to the commissioners, Bishop Alvito of Leon, Bishop Ordoño of Astorga, and Count Muño with an escort of knights, but what could he do? Then to Bishop Alvito appeared in sleep a venerable old man, and recommended his body as a substitute, that they should not return empty-handed: "Ego sum Hispaniarum Doctor, hujuscemodi urbis Antistites Isidorus."[3] Then he vanished. As the Bishop hesitated, he reappeared again, and then a

third time, striking with his staff on the ground to show where he lay. So they dug and found the bones, and the great fragrance shed abroad perfumed the hair and beards of all like a cloud of nectar and a dew of balsam. The Paynim king gave them a magnificent pall to cover the sarcophagus, and they took it back to Leon. But Bishop Alvitus, who had seen the Apparition, had died in Seville within the week; and they carried him also home for burial. On reaching Leon (this part is not in the Silense) they put the bodies each on a beast of burden, and the creatures took them diverse ways, S. Alvito to the cathedral, S. Isidoro to the convent.[4]

2. Bishop Pelayo

Bishop Pelayo of Oviedo, writing his Chronicle about 1119, is briefer, but indeed he is everywhere succinct: under the title of Ferdinand I he says:

> He brought up the body of S. Isidore the bishop from Seville the Metropolis, to Leon, by the hands of Bishops Alvito of Leon and Ordoño of Astorga, Era

Relics

MLXVI. He made the translation of the holy martyrs Vincent, Sabina and Cristeta from Avila: Vincent to Leon, Sabina to Palencia, Cristeta to S. Pedro de Arlanza. He lived in peace, reigned twenty-eight years, and died, and was buried in the city of Leon with his favourite sister Sancha the Queen, Era MCIII.[5]

Cluny

In Oviedo, then, less than a century later, it was not known that Bishop Alvito had died in the south, though Alvito, says Flórez,[6] was a Spaniard of Galicia. He was a monk of Samos and not of Sahagún as some have held, and had, belike, no relation with Cluny. But a monk of Cluny wrote the story of the Translation, as Flórez says,[7] confirming the Bollandists, and told of the death of Alvito; and the church of S. John Baptist in Leon was hurriedly consecrated on December twenty-third by a bishop as hurriedly appointed;[8] and later that was the abbey of S. Isidore and the monks of Cluny there held sway. Now I should not wish for an instant to

insist that the bones in the ark under the splendid Saracenic textile given by Abenhamet were Bishop Alvito's: but I must point out how convenient it was for everybody that the one person who had seen the Apparition should be dead. Two women, one of whom was named Mélanie and the other Bernadette, saw Apparitions, and did not die, and their lives were not pleasant: they ended, the one in exile, and the other in confinement.

Alvito, Mélanie and Bernadette

This was not the first attempt to get a good thaumaturge for Leon. In 932, according to the *Coronica general*,[9] the King D. Sancho of Leon, with the counsel of his wife Doña Teresa and his sister the Infanta Doña Elvira, sent D. Velasco bishop of Leon with a party of knights to Abderraman, King of Cordova, to confirm the peace already made and to have him send up the body of S. Pelayo that he martyred. Pelayo, who was a princely and a virgin martyr, died shortly after 921, and his relics were enshrined in Oviedo by another King Sancho in 1067.[10]

S. Pelayo

The reason why King Ferdinand espe-

S. Justa and the Syrian Goddess

cially wanted S. Justa I do not know, nor anything about her except that she and Rufina, for refusing to assist in the rites of the Syrian Goddess, were killed in the third century.[11]

Civitas curialis et regalis

So Ferdinand the Great took what he could get: the scholar's bones; and his grandson Alfonso VI was a good friend of Cluny and a great builder of churches, and the abbey flourished. To this Alfonso, *él que ganó Toledo* and established Archbishop Bernard there, is due probably the privilege mentioned by Luke of Tuy,[12] that Leon had no Archbishop nor Primate, but was a royal and a priestly city: "Legio civitas Sacerdotalis et regia . . . et nulli unquam subdantur Archiepiscopo vel Primati": Aymery already had heard the boast. To him succeeded, at one time or another, his grandson Alfonso VII, whose mother Queen Urraca was holding Galicia as she might have held a fierce dog by the collar, dangerous possibly to her but always to an assailant. With the great Archbishop Gelmírez, who had protected him as a child and crowned him as a boy,

trained him and fought for him, D. Alfonso was never on good terms. The stream of pilgrims that tramped through Leon westward bound or straggled back on the way home, spent money and said prayers there, to be sure, but they saved their best for S. James. There was every reason, political, economic, and commercial, at Leon, why a good *concurrence*, a healthy competition, to S. James, would, as we say, *pay*. This was tried, as we have seen, at Villa-Sirga: there it sprang up even as the fire among thorns, and died away as quickly. Earlier kings had tried importing relics and endowing churches, without much effect: the only chance lay in creating (as for certain processes of black magic) a sort of double of S. James.

Competitor of Santiago

Hitherto Isidore had been the quiet Doctor still. Luke of Tuy has a story, somewhere, that has been elsewhere recited, of how the great Doctor S. Isidore her Spouse appeared to Queen Sancha showing her the couch[13] prepared for her in heaven, if she would only wait for it. It seems D. Alfonso, when his mother

The Book of the Miracles of S. Isidore

died in 1126, was crowned there in state, and at his crowning he seated Doña Sancha beside him, called her Queen, and made her partaker of his crown and throne, a little too much in the manner of the Ptolemies.[14] Isidore had good reason for his warning about perfect virginity of body and soul, though the address is entirely in the manner of the early church, and the Priscillian practice. But shortly before 1149, when the king was lying before Baeza and had news that the Moors were coming to relieve the city, S. Isidore appeared in the night, heartening him, precisely as S. James had appeared to D. Ramiro in the Rioja, and saying that he would be his helper against the Moors next day.

Successor of S. James, said Juan de Robles

Now mark how legends are formed. The Archbishop D. Rodrigo, who rarely writes expansively except from personal knowledge, states briefly the fact that I have given, and adds that for the miracle which he recognized he made the church of S. Isidore in Leon, of Canons Regular.[15] Luke of Tuy relates that the Blessed Isidore "se datum esse *domine* illi, et suo generi de-

fensorum": that when the king had conquered and had come back to Leon with the loot and with great glory, he decreed a confraternity to be formed in that city in memory of so great a miracle and in honour of S. Isidore the Confessor. Then, richly dowering the church, he consecrated it *Domino*,[16] which means to the Lord Isidore, as appears from the sentence just quoted, and these titles of *Dominus* and *Defensor* are usurped from *Santiago Matamoros*, Patron of Spain. The Canons, whom he put in with perpetual right, as we have seen, Doña Sancha had at heart. So much the history; but in the *Book of the Miracles of S. Isidore*, that he composed for Queen Berenguela, there is more. When S. Isidore appeared, as a Venerable Pontiff, shining like the sun, near him could be seen a shining right hand with a fiery sword, and to the King's question, "Who are you?" he answered: "I am Isidore, Doctor of Spain and successor by grace and preaching of the Apostle S. James, whose is the right hand that you see going with me for your defense."

3. Archbishop Roderick

4. Luke of Tuy

Moreover, in the battle he was seen on a white horse, holding in one hand the sword and in the other a cross, and above, the right hand of S. James with a sword. This Apparition is, of course, the duplicate of that at Simancas, where the other figure was again the local saint, S. Emilianus, and the description by Gonzalo de Berceo has been quoted already: here the intention of getting rid of S. James is unmistakeable and the method is identical with the departure of the Cheshire Cat. The reason it took this form will be shown shortly. In the *Coronica general* it is said[17] that the Emperor saw Isidore in the forefront of the battle heartening himself and all of his, and the discourse is as simple as an old nurse's to a child sick or frightened: but the foundation of the church and the establishment of Canons Regular is all at Baeza, for the *Coronica general* belongs to the south. The pity is that Lucas, Bishop of Tuy and sometime clerk of S. Isidore, who can tell a straight story and a credible when composing history for men, should stoop to the absurdities of current lore

5. *Coronica general*

when he deals with a woman, though she be a queen.

The Apparition at Ciudad Rodrigo shows the same evolution: the Archbishop relates that when the rebel Ferrand Rodríguez with a host of Moors was marching on the city, S. Isidore appeared to a sacristan who slept as a guardian in the church of S. Isidore outside of town, telling him the Moors were coming and bidding him send for King Ferdinand II of Leon, who arrived in time.[18] In the *History* of the Tudense, the Blessed Isidore appeared to a Canon and Treasurer of a monastery of his, named Isidore (this is what we call the lie with circumstance), sending the message and adding that he and S. James would be in the battle. Unluckily I have not at hand the version of the Miracles, but as a later writer testified[19] that a white dove came down and sat on the king's helmet, it is fair to conjecture that something occurred on the battlefield. Luke was, after all, as Bishop of Tuy, virtually suffragan of Santiago, and in later life gathered up a good bit of lore and converted a fair

Ciudad Rodrigo

(It but confirms this)

measure of allegiance, for the benefit of the Apostle, there in the Land of S. James, at the world's end.

Merida

Another story goes much the same as the last: how after the taking of Merida Alfonso IX of Leon was there with a handful of men, and how the Moors came up in multitudes under a great leader (Abenfuth, Luke calls him) who had expelled the Almohades from Spain. *Fuit Dominus cum Rege Adefonso*, and the heathen were overthrown, and their king gravely wounded; Badajoz was taken, and Elva and other castles, and D. Alfonso came back praising God and S. James. For in this war visibly appeared S. James, with a multitude of shining soldiers — again the "white horsemen who ride on white horses, the Knights of God." For the Blessed Isidore, so the next sentence goes on, appeared to certain in Zamora, before Merida was taken or the war undertaken, and said to them that he was coming to help King Alfonso with an army of Saints, and that he himself would hand over the said city and give victory over the Saracens in

the field. Here the two cults are set one over against the other; the reader may choose: the reader must remember also how S. James was seen going to Coimbra with the keys of the city, as Luke indeed related.[20] But, he continues, for his vow's sake the King set out for S. James's in Galicia, and he died on the Way, and was buried at last in Santiago beside his father.[21]

In the light of all this, it would appear that the knocking on the door of the church on the night before the battle of Las Navas will have been to rouse the Blessed Isidore and summon him, as S. James arose and went to Coimbra. There is a possibility that this saint took the form of the Shepherd who showed the kings the way across the hills, for Luke is mysterious on the subject, and calls him *divinitus quidam quasi pastor ovium.*[22] But the *Coronica general* accepts him for a simple mountaineer, that knew the paths because he had kept cattle among them and taken rabbits and hares: for the great *Chronicle* is content to see the hand of God everywhere equally plain, in that gathering

The Shepherd of Las Navas

as for a kind of Armageddon, for the battle of *the host of the Lord God.*[23]

Scattered stories exist of vows, one of Ferdinand III before he went to take Cordova,[24] and an apparition to Bishop Cyprian of Leon, warning Alfonso VI not to raise the siege of Toledo[25]: but apparently the cult was not a complete success. The confraternity that Alfonso VII founded had a banner; it hung, I fancy, with a multitude of others in the *Capilla de Santiago*, like the tattered and dusty flags at S. George's chapel at Windsor, and the faded row that swings in Henry VII's above the indifference of herded tourists. Morales[26] saw it still preserved: "a great square of sendal, something like taffety, which Alfonso the Emperor, Doña Urraca's son, had broidered with all the manner in which S. Isidore appeared to him before Baeza and made him gain the battle." It is embroidered on both sides alike, a fine piece of work; the Saint is on horseback, pontifically vested, in a cope, with a cross in his hand and a sword raised in the other, and above, an arm coming down

Confraternity of S. Isidore

out of the sky, also with a drawn sword. The theory that legends derive at times from images, finds matter here. In 1170 the knightly Order of Santiago was founded, for which this banner would serve admirably; in 1255 the Confraternity of Santiago was flourishing in Leon, and buying houses.[27] S. James was stronger than his competitor, and absorbed him.

Indistinguishable from Santiago

Still, S. Isidore had to have a legend; and that of the Cerratense,[28] taken partly from Bishop Lucas but augmented by a good deal of his own, has a value for us as indicating what functions were expected of this *doppelgänger* of the Apostle. It belongs strictly to the Leonese cult and enumerates marvels and miracles, on any other explanation surprising in irrelevance and incredibility, gathered up anywhere out of folk-lore:

Legend of Martin of Cerrato

I. The Saint as an infant was taken by his nurse into the garden and there left among the olives and forgotten: a few days after, his father was sitting in view of the garden grieving, and saw

and heard a swarming of bees, an immense murmuring, and on going thither found the babe lying there, and the bees going in and out of his mouth, and others on his face, others all about him. The father snatched up his baby with a cry and with tears, and the bees flew up and disappeared. This is uncommonly like the Cretan Zeus, whom the bees nourished with honey on the Idaean Mount.[29]

Bees

II. When he was a young man and very expert in science, having heard the fame of Gregory the Great, on Christmas Eve he read the first lesson at the Cathedral and, walking out of the church, anon he was in Rome for Matins: Gregory recognized and embraced him, and after the lesson which follows the Gospel he came back to Seville where the Clerks were singing Lauds. The theme of the adventure is a commonplace of story-telling, the finest instance I know of a variant being that by D. Juan Manuel, the eleventh Ensample of *Count Lucanor*, where it is told of a Dean of Santiago; but this very story, *mutatis mutandis*, belongs to the Arch-

Like Apollonius of Tyana

bishop of Santiago D. Pedro Muñoz, who filled the See, 1205–1222, in the days of Alfonso IX.

III. There was a great drought in Gaul and Spain, so that crops failed, trees and grass were burnt up, and many fell sick: and as he came home from a journey to Rome, in divers cities the folk came out to meet him with crosses and lamps, that he should entreat God for them, in especial the people of Narbonne. He raised his hands and prayed, and where the sky had been clear and the sun burning, a storm came up, abundance of rain fell, the season was bettered, health restored, the harvest was abundant. That he was a rain-maker still in Leon, the story of Doña Sancha attests. Rain-maker

IV. On approaching Seville he learned of a great dragon vomiting flame that had laid waste many suburbs: the dragon was called Mahound, to whom the Old Enemy appeared and warned him to quit Spain and go into Africa to a great people that should be, teaching them the precepts of Satan, for the iniquities of Spain were not yet full. So Dragon-killer

when the messengers of Isidore came to Cordova they could not find Mahound, and they followed him to the sea, and some were captured and the rest went home. The dragon of the Cerratense seems quite as real as that of Queen Lupa on the hillside above Padrón, whose earlier habitat had been at Guadix near Granada: it is hard to say here if we have allegory turning into myth, or folk tale about to be euhemerized.

Seville, Padrón, or Guadix

V. In the place which is called S. Eulalia he met a hugeous monster that bellowed and breathed flame; at his approach the beast bent its head and waited and the saint dismissed it into a place where it could hurt no creature. As S. Eulalia was the original dedication of the church at Iria: this monster, called also a dragon and a serpent, is manifestly a doublet of the foregoing with some suggestions of the bulls.

S. Eulalia

The two remaining miracles have nothing notable, nor yet the account of S. Isidore's death, except for the sweet fragrance of all spices that his grave shed abroad. But in the account of the Passing

of S. Isidore, *De Transitu*, written by the clerk Redempto,[30] edited by S. Braulio of Saragossa, the story of his death is copied after the death of Ferdinand the Great at Leon, as Luke of Tuy has preserved it for us, and as it was doubtless recorded in the abbey there. The interminable action drags out its weary length in the church of S. Vincent. I am uncertain whether there was any early church of S. Vincent in Seville, apart from the Legend of S. Isidore, the more as Vincent of Saragossa, the reputed Deacon and loyal companion of S. Valerius, seems to have been an heretical bishop, but the relics of S. Vincent of Avila were laid up in Leon.

The passing of S. Isidore

One thing more must be observed, that the feasts of S. Isidore were solstitial: though he died in April, they were kept July 25 and December 30. The complaint of Dreves[31] that there were no hymns preserved at Leon except a magnificent printed Toledan Breviary of 1483, suggests that S. Isidore was never, in the literal sense, a popular saint. On the other hand, as rain-maker and patron of

A faded Sun-god

S. Isidore the Ploughman

husbandry, S. Isidore the Ploughman, as soon as he was split off in the thirteenth century and developed a separate identity, had an immense success. His life was written by John the Deacon, whom Fr. Fita will have to be Fray Juan Gil of Zamora, though Dreves argues that Juan Gil was not good enough to have written the hymns that adorn the life.[32] One sure thing we know, that the gentle ploughman, who could find springs and whose wife could raise the thunder, is the same ploughman in whose honour D. Ramiro taxed every yoke of oxen from the Pisuerga to the sea. You may see him yet on the coins turned up at Saragossa,[33] alongside such horsemen as those, Celtiberian beyond question, that are found at Calahorra, at Cascante and in the whole region of the Ebro basin. This is the other great seat of devotion to S. James, the light of whose presence shines over Saragossa.

on Celtiberian coins

Galicia was hard to hold at the best of times, and the Pilgrimage must have been a great trial to the central states. Very

A Little Town in Leon

early we find traces of alliances, first between Galicia and Astorga, in the Priscillian persecutions, then between Compostella and Oviedo, between Leon and Toledo. In the later Reconquest the Alfonsos, sixth and seventh, and Ferdinand the second, were very Toledan; Cluny stood behind Bernard, and Galicia was claiming the Primacy, which would have been intolerable. It was quite bad enough that she should be Apostolic. The unhappy Alfonso IX loved Santiago and was buried there; Luke of Tuy loved him, and belike if most of the histories had not been written in Castile, we should see him differently. In his time, S. James begins to reassert his primal place and power: in the time of S. Ferdinand, the centre of interest is shifted to the south, never to come back into Leon. It is pleasant to remember that the *Doctor Egregius*, however fraudulent, was not ungrateful: he appeared to Ferdinand I and insisted on a proper tomb for S. Alvito.[34]

How Leon felt

Leon the fair.

Esta en Sotileza

Spanish Cathedrals

S. María la Regla is the most purely French of any of the Spanish cathedrals, and the most entirely of a piece. Burgos, enjoying much later work, German or Burgundian, and all florid, planned from the start heavier and more massive, and then over-laid, century after century, with ornamentation, strikes travellers as just what they were prepared for. Toledo with the five aisles and chapels beyond, wanting visible transepts, with the slow curve of the double ambulatory and further accretion of sacristies, chapter-rooms, and pantheons, treasuries and vestuaries, is like nothing else perhaps in the world except some slow-moving, slow-smiling Sultana, jewelled and veiled and elephant-gaited; but Leon is a Church as we of the north conceive it, is a daughter, simply, of the Isle of France. *Lyon d'Espagne*, they say in France and the phrase means little, but you cannot hear, in Spanish, *León de Francia* without a vision of the pure pale

church that crowned the curving hill of Laon, "chaste as the icicle that's curded by the frost," and withal a perception of its kinship to this.

Pure is this, pure as Salisbury and perhaps a little for the same reason of restoration, but more, I think, because so long ago the life flowed away from the land of Leon, counts, prelates and cardinals preferring first Toledo and Seville, and then Valladolid and Madrid. No one was really interested to build here churrigueresque chapels and Greco-Roman ciboria.

French traits

Part of the lovely ascetic look, however, for ourselves, is owing to the architectural forms, to the length of the sanctuary, the strong projection of the transepts, the vigorous pentagons of the eastern chapels, the loftiness and the light. Steeples flank the nave at north and south and leave the six bays of it looking very lofty and slender. The last or easternmost of these is really a west transept aisle, the similar aisle on the east being built up into a pair of large chapels dedicated, on the south, to the Nativity (founded by Bishop

Transept aisles

Cabeza de Vaca, 1446–1459): on the north to *Nuestra Señora del Dado*. Here, in the old Spanish plan, would have lain a pair of minor apses, parallel with the main, and such formerly did exist in the earlier cathedral. The choir, then, consists of two bays, the presbytery of another bay and an open chevet of five, the altar standing about half way back in that. Out of the ambulatory open five chapels, most of which shelter early paintings, and on the wall which encloses the sanctuary, the *tras-sagrario*, are the tomb of Ordoño II and some early paintings. The south transept opened over against the bishop's palace, as at Rheims and Sens, but the north gives into a sort of porch or passage to the cloister portal; the south portal at

like Bayonne

Bayonne has somewhat the same arrangement but there the vaulted space is used for sacristy. The vaulting in this passage-way is late, but the arrangement must have been original. Through it is reached the chapel of S. James, lying eastward of the cloister planned, like Henry VII's at Westminster and S. George's at

and Westminster

Windsor, for the stalls of a knightly order. Around the wide cloister lay once the canonical buildings, for the chapter lived under monastic discipline, and a favourite motive of decoration shows a canon offering a church to Our Lady of the Rule.

S. María de la Regla

Because this has so the excellence of a French church you grudge the likeness, and you may want to slight the windows, remembering the grand tale that, commencing at Chartres, counted Rheims and Bourges, and Le Mans, Lyons, and on to such small ones, and so out of the way, as Auxerre and Clermont. But they are nevertheless, and in spite of much modern stuff, the finest in Spain, perhaps the only complete set. Leon is the only church in Spain where you move as in the heart of a jewel. Tall ranges of saints fill the clerestory with ruby and amethyst, most of all with sapphire. From the porch you go down a few broad steps and drink their gaze like wine. The apse burns blue with the fervid glory of Vega. Only at its supreme point here in Leon, though much

Glass

at times also in Burgos, Seville, Toledo, and even in the great Romanesque and transitional churches which are the peculiar glory of Spain, does one get that mounting ecstasy — as though the spark which trembles on the apex of the soul were suffused into one's whole being. To bring that to pass, by colour and form, is the property only of pure Gothic.

Mary Tudor

The clerestory windows are mainly of the thirteenth century, the northernmost of the nave being devoted to Spanish saints, among them SS. Leander and Isidore, and being perhaps the gift of Mary Tudor before her marriage, in 1547. Of the same radiant thirteenth century is the western rose, and probably the northern. The southern was replaced, late in the fifteenth century, by a pair of pointed windows, and when these were shot to pieces in civil war, it was restored again, by copying from the northern, in 1849.[1] The four great windows of each transept are chiefly of the fourteenth century, also the western window of the triforium; the rest of the triforium having been blocked up for safety, until

half a century ago. The six of the sanctuary and five of the chevet are also fourteenth century work, restored throughout in the sixteenth century. Those of the apsidal chapels are chiefly of the sixteenth.

For the benefit of three superb windows in the Chapel of Santiago, Bishop Juan de Villalón (1419–1424) made lavish loans on the rents of the fabric. In 1424 Maestre Joan de Aragón received 5000 maravedis due to him on their account: also the chapter paid in that year 10,000 maravedis to Lope de Alemana, merchant of Valladolid, in payment for glass, lead and tin used for them. In 1419 a contract was closed with a merchant of Burgos for glass to be fetched thence; it came to 20,000 maravedis. Master Balduin (probably French) in 1442 drew his salary as glazier. In 1520 glass was again bought: in 1551 the chapter voted 35,000 maravedis a year to Rodrigo de Ferrara for making new windows and restoring the old. The list of cathedral glaziers in the seventeenth century is known but holds little of interest.[2] Glaziers

The little old church, made out of the

Eleventh-century church

Σοτερ

S. Salvador

baths and palace in the reign of Ordoño II (914–923) of which the architecture was three-aisled, however, was restored by Pelayo, hardly the Bishop of D. García's time. His will,[3] dated November 10, 1073, recites, after an account of his education and studies in Santiago of Galicia, and the cruel destruction wrought at Leon by Almanzor and Abdelmelic, how he raised anew the three ancient altars of the Virgin, the Saviour, and the Baptist with S. Cyprian. Spain offers an astonishing number of very ancient dedications to the Saviour. He made refectory, houses and cloisters around the cathedral, where the canons lived as regulars; enriched with new books the library already large, and fitted out new vestments at great expense, adding rich altar furniture, and, amongst other things, with the help of the Princess Urraca, an admirable cross; and finally purified and consecrated anew the profaned temple on the day of the date annually celebrated thereafter. The King Alfonso and his sisters Urraca and Elvira were present, eight Bishops, and various

Abbots, Counts, Knights and Countesses, who, all of means, offered an abundance of jewels and fat lands. This sounds as though, in the raid of Almanzor the church had been merely burned out, the vaults and windows perhaps falling in, but the walls remaining. It can hardly however have been the original tenth-century church that Alfonso VI saw at the outset of his reign, thus re-established, nor would it have lasted on, unaltered, through another century.

Bishop Manrique

Luke of Tuy says that the founder of the present church was Bishop Manrique, 1181–1205: "Tunc reverendus episcopus Legionensis Manricus ejusdem Sedis ecclesiam fundavit opere magno, sed eam ad perfectionem non duxit."[4] He can hardly have seen the stones laid. We know of an architect Pedro Cebrián, who in 1175 was master of the works of the cathedral,[5] and a book of obits of the cathedral preserves the following: "Eodem die VII idus Julii sub era MCCCXV obiit Henricus magister operis."[6] This date does not coincide with Maestre Enrique's death-

Peter Cebrián

Master Henry

day as kept at Burgos, but the learned Dr. Martínez y Sans[7] suggests that as his wife and daughter Isabel continued to dwell in Burgos and for the latter an anniversary was kept, his residence was probably there and the Burgos date July 10 is the right one and 1277. That year is too late to touch the life of any architect who commenced before 1205, "for though men be so strong that they come to four score years, yet is their strength then but labour and vanity, so soon passeth it away and it is gone."

A convocation of all the Bishops in Madrid in 1258 sent out letters urging the faithful to assist, and conceding indulgences for alms-giving[8]: Alfonso X in 1259 made a great gift of money "in nova fabrica ecclesiae construendis"[9] and in 1277 he exempted from taxation twenty stone cutters, a glazier and a smith. When the council of Leon met in 1273 the clergy found the church well under way, and sent out a missive offering indulgences to those who should help with their goods toward the finishing, for, because it was a

very sumptuous work, it could not be finished without their help. In 1303 the Bishop D. Gonzalo Osorio (1301–1313) restores to the chapter a percentage levied on property at Saldaña, which had been devoted to the work of the church, because the work is now in a good state, thanks be to God.[10]

The vaults were not closed until the fourteenth century. Under the Bishop Fray Alfonso de Cusenza, who followed Juan de Villalón and ruled till after 1435, one Guillen de Rohan was master of the works. So says his epitaph in his lovely Gothic chapel in Tordesillas: William of Rouen

> "A qui yace maestre Guillen de Rohan, maestro de la iglesia de Leon et aparecia-dor de esta capilla que Dios perdone; et fino a VII dias de Diciembre año de mil et CCCC et XXX et un años."[11]

His name is entirely French. Ponz,[12] by the way, says that a French master worked upon the trascoro; in the end of the fifteenth century perhaps, or even earlier. For the Tourney at the Bridge of Orbigo

French Masters—Nicholas

a marble figure of a herald was made by Nicolás *Francés*, master of the works of S. María de Regla: that famous Passage of Arms befell in 1433.[13] The stalls of the quire were made under Bishop Antonio

Frederic

Jacopo de Veneris (1460–1470) by Fadrique (possibly Ponz's Frenchman), John of Malines, and Copin of Holland: some of them, possibly by Rodrigo Aleman, whose work we know at Plasensia and Toledo.[14] In 1481 a contract was made with Maestre Teodorito to build and set up the stalls in the choir — *i. e.*, the sanctuary.

Theodore

In 1503 a mass was established "for Benito Valenciano, for the work he did and the cloister he made, in which he spent 3000 maravedis. Item, resolved to admit an obit and mass for Pedro de Medina or abate it, according to precedent for workmen."[15] In 1513, "three memorials for Alonso Valenciano for certain buildings that he made." Juan de Badajoz[16] was master of the works from 1513, when he altered S. Isidore, at least till 1537, when he went to work on S. Zoyl of Carrion, leaving behind him the design

for S. Marcos that Guillermo Doncel was to carry out in part, 1537–1543. The rest of the façade of S. Marcos was left for the eighteenth century. and others

Spanish ecclesiologists, indeed, have made out a good case for the commencement of frustrated works in the interval of peace which marked the too brief marriage of Alfonso IX with Doña Berenguela. The French workmen, then, when they came at last, found trained assistants, quick to learn but sure in the end to modify and mitigate and transmute the alien quality: from Cebrián to Juan de Badajoz the succession is hardly interrupted. There were restorations before 1852 and after 1860; the last restorer was Sr. Demetrio de los Ríos, 1880–1901. The cloister is at present disembowelled. The statues are many of them quite out of place. Quadrado saw,[17] in the left-hand door of the south transept, the Virgin and child, with the Magi, and S. Joseph with two angels: no statues except S. Froilan being about the central portal there. These have been since redistributed, and possibly restored. Restorers

Street speaks

Leaving these master builders and coming back to the dates of building, it is to be remembered that Street says positively: "It will be impossible to admit that any part of the existing church was built much before A.D. 1250. . . . The churches which are nearest in style to Leon are, I think, the cathedrals at Amiens and Rheims, and perhaps the later part of S. Denis. Of these, Amiens was in building from A.D. 1220 to A.D. 1269, and Rheims from A.D. 1211 to A.D. 1241. But both are slightly earlier in their character than Leon. In all three the chapels of the apse are planned in the same way, that is to say they are polygonal and not circular in their outlines, and the sections of the columns, the plans of the bases and capitals, and the detail of the arches and groining ribs are as nearly as may be the same; and in all these points the resemblance between them and Leon cathedral is close and remarkable . . . I venture to assume therefore that the scheme of Leon cathedral was first made *circa* 1230–1240." [18]

Bishop Truxillo came to the same conclusion, though writing at the last moment when you would expect it, for he died in 1592.

Bishop Truxillo in 1592

So subtle and delicate is the design of that edifice, he cries with a fine rapture, that those most cultured in the arts marvel and affirm it the phoenix sole and unique; for there is none like it in Spain nor Italy. Nor is the source known. But notwithstanding that this and the *Duomo* (as they call the principal church of Milan) resemble each other in finish and perfection, yet that is broader than long, and less proportionate, and less beautiful. So may be seen how the artificer who made this was unique in his art, *neither Spanish nor Italian*, for if he were he had built in the manner of those provinces. It is overpowering to see in this such singularity of wit and of hardihood. He knew how to form in his understanding and phantasy an idea of such perfection as here is seen in execution, and dared to put into execution such a work that the present age is afraid, and marvels that it should stand and be sustained.

And that is a good account of Gothic, whoever wrote it, or whenever he saw it.[19]

There is no getting back of Street's conclusions, based on study and comparison of the tell-tale forms. Bishop Manrique must pass into the dim backward, along with Bishop Pelayo, but Master Henry comes forward again. If he died in 1277, he was a young man of genius, whom cathedrals competed to honour, not half a century before. Among the list of bishops there is one Bishop Arnaldo, who ruled in 1235, French by name and belike race.[20] Unluckily, he ruled only one year and then for four the see was vacant, but he comes precisely where a Frenchman was wanted to make a commencement, and he follows hard upon the accession of S. Ferdinand.

Bishop Arnaud

Ferdinand III, the son of Doña Berenguela, was nephew to that Blanche of Castile who set her own name with her son's, S. Louis (1226–1270), to much church building in France. The great north rose of Chartres is called after her the Rose of Castile. She could, and more than likely she did, send workmen to Leon formed in the

great school of the Royal Domain, and it is noteworthy that with the points of comparison for the figure-sculpture, in France, she had direct connection. The western porch is liker to the transept porches at Chartres than they are to anything else, and these she had a hand in building: the sculptures, moreover, of the tympanum have been with propriety compared with those at Bourges, and Blanche had estates of her own in Berry.

Blanche of Castile

We have seen, however, that the cathedral would have had its own *chantier* where building was constantly going on. The abbot's church of the tenth century, that Almanzor destroyed, had to be somehow replaced, and in the great last third of the eleventh century, the age of Cluny and Sahagún and Vézelay, of S. Martial of Limoges and S. Sernin of Toulouse and Santiago of Compostella, Pelayo had doubtless got to work before Archbishop Diego Gelmírez of Santiago. Peter Cebrián, just a century later, was in charge of the *chantier* before the election of Bishop Manrique de Lara.

The only remains of the earlier fabric

Early statues in the cloister

are sculptural. Of three small statues, built up under an arch in the south cloister, two at least belong to Pelayo's work: S. Paul (or a prophet) with sword and scroll, and the Saviour, seated, with a book. The third, a queen, stands under a horse-shoe arch. To Peter Cebrián's work, perhaps, or to the commencement of Bishop Manrique's, belong two rather small and very precious figures of marble in the Museum of S. Marcos: the Madonna and the Saviour, both crowned with a mere brow-band set with gems. Rather shorter in their proportions, the forms are very much simplified in the figure of Christ, with better definition in the Madonna's, and the drapery treated with freedom and delicacy. She holds the Child on her left arm and He plays with the end of her veil, a motive Duccio loved though he treated it very differently. The Saviour stands in a long and narrow mandorla, about the tips of which cluster the Evangelical beasts: His tunic is edged around the throat and down the front with a rather simple pattern, and His book is bound pre-

in the Museum

cisely like those of S. Peter and S. James on the north transepts. This mandorla may have been influenced by the figure at Lugo, c. 1177. A little pair of figures standing among other scraps in the cathedral cloister, is contemporary with these: they belong all to the very dawn of the thirteenth century or the end of the twelfth and show a conscious and perfect art, exquisite in its sensibility and reticence, *en sotileza*.

South portal

The south portal is fairest. In the tympanum above the central door Christ sits enthroned amid the four creatures and beyond them the Evangelists write at desks. It is, I need hardly say, a sign that work is provincial, and workmen borrowing an idea, that the Evangelists should figure thus twice over in a single composition. There is a curious reminiscence of Conques in the bending angels above.

The Way

The lintel proper is carved all over with leafage like that in the main door at the west. This lovely though late-seeming motive occurs I believe at Noyon, and on the Way into Spain at Bordeaux in the side portal of S. Seurin, dated 1260, and at

Las Huelgas about the doors of the cloister called for S. Ferdinand. It may be seen again at Tudela in Navarre on the doorway of S. María, and at Olite. In other words, the seed of these delicate leaves may have come with the architects summoned from the Isle of France, or with one wandering along the Pilgrim Way, and S. Ferdinand, liking the motive, used it twice at least, and the workmen of Navarre copied.

In the archivolts are a row of angels with candles and another of angels making music, the other bays occupied with leafage. On the mid-post stands S. Froilán, with a gesture not so much of benediction as of *accueil* and an ardent face, almost too expressive, already quite Spanish in feature. This will be about contemporary, I should say, with the south porch figures at Chartres, the S. George and S. Theodore perhaps: later than the confessors there, anticipating in a way the bishops of Bertrand de Goth at Bordeaux. The statues in the jambs are of the purest thirteenth-century type but belong to the latter half

French parallels

of the century: — the Virgin Annunciate, the Virgin in Presentation and Simeon, and a King and Queen. The Angel Gabriel is missing and a fine prophet, perceptibly smaller in scale, from the west front, occupies one niche. The Virgin recalls the older statues of Rheims, for instance, Eve caressing the Serpent, in her forehead, slightly *bombé*, and her smile over-subtle and over-wise. The king and queen are smiling more frankly: she, with a delicate shrinking gesture, cannot be meant for poor Beatrice of Suabia, but perhaps for that young Joan of Ponthiers whom King Ferdinand loved from the first sight of her; so D. Roderick says.[21] On the south-western transept door where Quadrado saw this statue in 1850, Street noted fleur-de-lys also figuring in the diaper. That would suggest either a positive French gift or memorial, which is the less likely, seeing that good Queen Blanche who had set her own castles into the window at Chartres died in 1253, or else that the image figured indeed the Infant of France and niece of S. Louis. Though the other Virgin is

from Rheims

Madonne Reine

the *Madonne Reine*, a crowned Queen almost as cold as that of Laon, though she has not the human quality of Pierre de Chelles's at Paris, or the nobility of Viollet-le-Duc's at S. Denis, she stands alien, aloof, as in a pale halo of the moon: notwithstanding, her pose, turn of head and gesture, with that of the child, show that one of these statues belongs with another, this with Simeon, both with the Annunciation.

At S. Seurin of Bordeaux, in the side porch, as already noted, the use of leafage on the lintel and in the archivolts recalls this, and there the canopies above the statues, are much like those on the north portal here. Expressly excepting the figure-sculpture, for the statues themselves are quite unlike the Spanish, it might be suggested that the upper part of this portal at Bordeaux in the architectural sculpture, is influenced by the work at Leon: that a returning pilgrim who had seen at least the transept portals building, and possibly lent a hand thereto, brought home and used the memory of them.

The north transept portal of Leon is a little the earlier, the forms are more archaic. Here the western aisle-doorway is walled up, while the eastern never existed, and altars are set against the walls. As travellers will remember, the transept portal which opens on the cloister at Bayonne, employs two doorways in much the same fashion. The lions and castles on the base of the door-jamb mark a date when the two crowns were united in one person and make impossible, in any case, one earlier than 1230.

North transept

Over the central door Christ blesses from a mandorla and the angels hold it up. In the jambs belong an Annunciation, and four Apostles:—SS. Peter and Paul, Philip, and a most curious S. James in the place of honour, with the face of a Chinese sage, wearing a high conical cap decorated like his wallet with a cockle-shell and carrying his staff and *bourdon* and the book of the Epistle that all Spain has popularly attributed to him.[22] It is the author of the Epistle, S. James Minor, who should by rights be coupled with S. Philip, their

of Serapis or Dioscuri?

Twins and other brethren

feast being celebrated conjointly on May-Day. Indeed, the whole relation of these two cousins, that were both named James and were grandsons of S. Anna, seems to have been confused in the Middle Age. S. Philip figures in a retable just inside this door, along with SS. Peter and Paul, *de rigueur* on such occasions, and SS. Thomas, Andrew, John, Bartholomew and James, all, be it noted, buried in the East. Luke of Tuy says[23] S. Philip was buried with his daughters in Heliopolis of Asia; Simon Cleophas, who is either Jude or bracketted with him, was Bishop of Jerusalem after James. Painters of the fifteenth century treated the family motive exhaustively, but the possibility was prepared in the thirteenth.

These figures, of the thirteenth century, are of a technique quite different from that of the south door, and much less nearly French: the head of S. Peter, though more developed, reminds one of work done at Estella, it seems a part of the art that began at S. Juan de la Peña. The Madonna on the central post is that called *del Dado*, removed in 1655 to the chapel

of her invocation just inside, and restored only of late. A ruined gambler threw his dice at her in a rage, and the blow drew blood: a seventeenth century miracle, of small edification. She fits well into her own setting here, wearing the floriated crown of the latter thirteenth century, and holding a rose in her right hand, and the Child, who blesses, enthroned on her other arm. Of all the Virgins at Leon, she has most of the human and queenly aspect, like those, also on a north transept, at Paris and S. Denis, already invoked for comparison: a right royal lady, sister to those wise and strong and wholly splendid, Blanche and Berengaria of Castile.

Virgen del Dado

The west front of the church, Spanish architects believe, was finished like Laon or Amiens, and afterwards the porch was added. Certainly the sculptures range in date from the thirteenth century, in the tympanum and archivolts, to the fifteenth in the figures of the *Salvator Mundi* and the Baptist. Two objections there are to the hypothesis: one that the porch does

West front

The Golden Gate

not look like an afterthought, and the other, that without it the west front would be no more glorious than the transepts, and this, I think, never happens. The Golden Gate of the Temple, the Gate called Beautiful, is always the western in France. There are ugly and awkward things about this façade, the deep cleft between nave and towers, for instance, bridged by flying buttresses that only make it worse; though they were admired and copied at Astorga and reproduced at Westminster; and again, the heavy projection and abrupt horizontal termination of this porch. But Leon appears, in the inevitable comparison with France, provincial, and these are precisely the imperfections of those a long way off the centre.

Northern

Another sign of inadequacy is the presentation of heaven on the lintel of the north-west door, out of its place, possibly too reminiscent of the delicious Paradise at the centre. The whole tympanum here is a little confused, indifferent to the sequence of events, so long as the dogmatic importance is enforced. The centre of the

lower register is occupied by the Nativity of our Lord, which takes place in a bed, with women in attendance, but the Byzantine tradition reasserts itself with the tiny altar on which the child is laid up for ox and ass to adore, and the laver for washing it equipped with a good Spanish water-pot. At the left-hand end remains room for a poetic and tender sculpture of the Visitation, and on the right for the Angels' messages to Joseph and to the shepherds. Above, the Madonna enthroned in the centre receives two of the three Kings, one being still engaged with Herod: the flight into Egypt finishes this row. In the peak is depicted the Massacre of the Innocents. In all the forms here the noble simplicity of the thirteenth century is just touched in the minor parts with a dawning tinge of the fourteenth century expressiveness and conscious charm and quaintness: the central figure is still hieratic and austere. The archivolts show a scheme entirely French, and a treatment bent on telling the whole story since there is to be a story. In the innermost row

tympanum

archivolts

you have Jesse and the seven kings, his descendants, making music: in the next the history of the Baptist: in the outermost local *Numina*, three confessors and three bishops, and then the story of S. Froilán. In the jambs stand S. John Baptist and David and Solomon, S. Froilán and a young king, these last two being as characteristic as portraits. The sixth image is that of Justice, her scales in equipoise, her clear eyes wide, her sword erect. She comes from a niche between the portals, where of old right was done and wrong was punished. In smaller intermediate recesses, on either side the central door, the twelve apostles belong, and they are mostly there: S. James in a soft broad-brimmed "wide-awake" hat, S. John with a tub or tun for his boiling oil, etc. Those on the south side have a sort of conventional dignity which may signify imitation of a foreign model, like that of Peter Vischer's bronze apostles.

Open-eyed justice

At the centre the lintel is covered with leaves. The scenes of heaven and hell in the lowest row of the tympanum are known

To a green thought in a green shade

by Street's description. They were determined in part by the pilgrim's preoccupation with the Paradise of Souls: and the rest is given over to a Christ in Judgement, His Mother and His well-beloved interceding in the corners. *Nuestra Señora la Blanca* on the central post comes perilously near to the beauty of a *maja* but she remains a great lady, and the paint on her lips and cheeks is like the apparelling of Esther the good queen, ceremonial and sacramental. The theme of the Doom fills all the archivolts.

Central

Paradise of souls

The tympanum of the southern door is devoted to the Dormition of the Blessed Virgin, S. Peter censing the beautiful old woman's figure, and the Coronation of her grown young again, beside her son the Young King. Angels put on the crown. In two rows of the archivolt stands the angelic hierarchy and in the third, with a seated figure that is perhaps that Wisdom who adorned her house and spread her table for the guest so long in coming, Who is the Bridegroom, are the wise and foolish Virgins. The foolish virgins are just

Southern

Wise and foolish Virgins

sweet, idle, self-indulgent creatures, one with her mirror, another with her little dog. Two of the jamb figures here are prophets with pointed Jewish caps, perhaps related to the Priest Melchizedek who communicates Abraham inside the west wall at Rheims. If, as has been suggested, those figures of Rheims came to their present place after being supplanted on the façade they should belong to the end of the thirteenth century, and fix a date for these. A delicious maiden figure alongside them may be the Sibyl, but the other three figures are hopelessly lost. A Baptist clad in sheepskins and a Saviour with the orb, languishing at each other, have no place here. They recall to one the sad end awaiting the fifteenth century.

Outer Piers

The two outer piers of the porch are crowded with statues, some of them not only better but earlier than those on the jambs. I remember for instance S. Lawrence and an apostle with a book, the latter evidently contemporary with the David and Solomon before mentioned, at the north-west door. All these strongly suggest

the south porch at Chartres. A prophet, again, though bareheaded, has the free but quiet drapery of these at the south-west and another of this series reveals almost as old and wise a face as Moses had. The Church, with cup and staff, crowned and veiled, is wasted with her eager watching toward the central Christ and offers the one instance I know of a Church that can stand comparison with the frail beauty of the Synagogue who turns away. A young queen, Sheba or Esther, and a faintly ironic prophet, who belongs in the south transept, complete the early figures: wasted and weather-worn, they are lovely always, never mean, rarely over-expressive. Yet they may belong, even some of these, to the fourteenth century.

Church and Synagogue

It strikes one afresh, in Leon, how the French artists quickly copied the types they saw around them: faces and hands, gesture and carriage, all are Spanish. It should be noted also that while this porch resembles those of Chartres in the ribs of the roof for instance, and the pillars, yet just such pillars, on which stood just such

saints, so far as we can infer, supported the outer face of Master Matthew's Gloria.

Recapitulation

Pausing for a moment it is well to consider the scheme of the sculpture at Leon, and the order of their work.

I. North transept: tympanum, Apocalypse; jambs, selected apostles; trumeau, *Madonne reine*. Work influenced by school of S. Juan de la Peña, middle of thirteenth century.

II. South transept:

1. Centre: tympanum, reminiscences of the Apocalypse of South-western France. Lintel, Apostles; jambs, Annunciation, Presentation and Founders; style of Isle of France and eastward; trumeau, S. Froilán, pure French.

2 and 3: flanking doors; local legends: ruinous: style more provincial; third quarter of thirteenth century.

III. West Portals:

1. North-west door: tympanum, Life of Our Lady; jambs, Harbingers of Christ (probably) and local saints; archivolts, corresponding legends. End of thirteenth and fourteenth century.

2. South-west door: tympanum,

Death of Our Lady; jambs, prophets (probably) including the Sibyl; archivolts, mystical. Touches of style of S. Juan, part thirteenth and rest early fourteenth century.

3. Central door: Last Judgement, hell and paradise; jambs, Apostles; archivolts, the Resurrection. Early fourteenth century, in places archaizing; trumeau, *Nuestra Señora de la Regla*, close of fourteenth century. All quite Spanish.

4. Porch: Possibly influenced by Master Matthew's, or else exclusively by the transept porches at Chartres. Church and synagogue, prophets, Great Women of Scripture, etc. — *asuntos místicos*. Fourteenth century, ripe and sound.

A last word

Two points should be noted in conclusion: first, that now the latest restorer has removed the awkward balustrade which topped it, the porch fits better into its place; and second, that while the view of the spires, one plain, one pierced, suggests Chartres in many aspects, the view from the eastward of the soaring apse, recalls

the like view of such great Norman churches as Bayeux and Coutances.

Cloister

The cloister, of eight bays each way, built in the fourteenth century, keeps its original groining shafts and capitals. On August 30, 1316, died D. Alfonso, the son of the Infant D. John, and left 10,000 maravedis to the chapter for the work.[24] Vaults, tracery and buttresses were remade in the fifteenth century and are now unmaking again, which seems a pity, for no restoration is worth the living work of even a florid age. If we may judge by the elaborate system of lierne-ribs and pendents, the Spanish equivalent of fan-vaulting, the architect, whether Juan de Badajoz or another, had a pretty fancy. The main vaulting ribs descend on a kind of corbel, just above the capital, which is treated on a larger scale, with a somewhat simpler motive; and the form of the corbel imposes a tripartite composition not unlike that of misericords. You have a mounted warrior falling between two foot-soldiers, who recalls the figure at Chartres of Pride having a fall; and elsewhere a camel studied

Pride has a fall

from the real creature and led by two negro slaves with woolly hair and blubber lips; a very choice passage is that of the lady who rides Aristotle, saddled and bridled, while the court looks on from a tower. S. Vincent is escorted between two angels: the Bishop receives a King and a lady with falcon on wrist; a throned figure with lions like Solomon's for the arms of his chair, sits while a couple of Bishops stand attentive. On the band of the angular capital below, are strung delicate scenes from heroic or saintly legend, conceived not without a warm and human humour; or from daily life; but always just a little fairer and finer than ordinary life. The knights who pursue each other around the clustered shafts, the wrestlers who strive together while music plays and lovers have no eyes for them, the *joglaresa* tumbling before a table of feasters, while her mate beats a tambourine, — these are only a few of the themes of which the most choicely vivid and fragrant is the one of the *vendimia*, the coming of autumn, a swineherd in oak woods with his

The Lai of Aristotle

Vendimia

Sotileza

great beast, women gathering grapes into tall baskets, apples already ripe. The excellence of this is still *en sotileza*, so unlike the coarse luxuriance that you find for instance at SS. Creus, or the harpies and hooded asses, dogs and wyverns, that decorate the transepts at Rouen. Here is none of that descent from poetry and feeling in architecture, to skill and dexterity, which Street deplored as so generally characteristic of the fourteenth century.

Tombs

In church and cloister still remain a large number of tombs, all carved after the same fashion, of which the most pretentious is that of Ordoño and the finest a bishop's in the north transept with a fringe of cusping over the niche. In the lunette above the recumbent effigy is the Saviour, crucified or glorified; one time an angel presents the little suppliant soul. On the face are rehearsed the funeral ceremonies and the burial dole to the poor, passing into a wider notion of almsgiving. In the tympanum of one of the cloister tombs[25] that figures a glorified Christ with angels in the lower register

presenting the soul, the Intercessors are SS. Mary and James, the latter you may know by his slaveyn or pilgrim's cloak, not only by his cockle-hat and staff. It would be interesting to study the series, and compare them with such a different assemblage as there is at Avila, each the specialty of a particular *chantier*.

S. James as Pilgrim

Time presses: the Way is open. In succession here have been ranged works of sculpture corresponding pretty closely to the dates that the archives or the architectural character can establish. From the wizened little prophet built into the wall, to the *vendimia* capital, exists an unbroken series of work which fits so into the frame of the centuries that it becomes impossible either to claim a date too early or to allege one too late. After the Saviour and S. Mary of the Museum, time must be given for the north door, and the south door: and the best of the work at the west door is plainly different from that in the cloister which is not yet of the fifteenth century. A great and living art, fed indeed from abroad but permanent and in essence

Dates

native, existed here, and the fruit of that is always, in some sort, perfection. Even to the last, the series of heads upon the façade of S. Marcos made in the fifteen-forties, are of the same Renaissance with Perugino's Heroes and Virtues, conscious of their own loveliness and the power and sweetness of mere living.

"Fair house of joy and bliss . . ."

It is hard to leave Leon with half the beauties unnamed and all unpraised, without a word for the retables, the cloister frescoes, the paintings by Master Nicholas,[26] or for the choir stalls at S. Marcos and the Cathedral: nor yet for the sculptures of gilded alabaster on the *trascoro*, which has been opened lately to great advantage, restoring the long Gothic vista which the architect intended. In its very purity and nicety Leon is the hardest of the great Spanish churches to know, the latest to love. Yet in some curious way it is this, not Burgos which is Bishop Maurice's, nor Toledo which is Pedro Perez's, that enshrines the figure of Ferdinand the Saint.

Almost contemporary with the statues of the south portal, but, if anything, a few

years earlier, is a kingly figure now sheltered in a niche alongside the quire, that one can hardly be mistaken in calling by his name. The beautiful Spanish face, with its hollow below the high cheek-bones and around the veiled eyes, has that same indescribable air of portraiture that makes the last and the noblest charm of *La Gioconda*. It was carved in the thirteenth century. Inspired, if you like, it is, but faithful as well, and the carver who had a king to figure knew the face of Ferdinand; by sight, more than likely; if not thus then certainly at second hand. This is the same man as the king on the south portal, but younger, less the wise king than the clean knight; more visionary, a warrior who should be also a saint.

A clene knight

Luke of Tuy says[27] that he was grave in youth, pious and prudent, humble, catholic and benign. His mother nursed him herself, and fed him with all virtues, says Bishop Roderick, and when he was a grown man, he obeyed her still.

He was poet too, this Ferdinand, not above taking advice of his juggler Paja in

Courtly men who live in palaces

the matter of Seville;[28] a connoisseur in music: "He dearly loved singing men and those who understood that art, and dearly loved, as well, the court folk who knew how to make poems and sing them and *joglares* who knew well to touch instruments, he understood who did it well and who ill. . . . A goodly speech he had moreover in all his sayings, not just merely in showing forth his reason well and very fully to those to whom he showed it, but repartee and response also, and how to make poems and recite them and laugh, and all the other things proper to courtly men who live in palaces. And beside all this, he was dexterous in good ways that a good knight should use. For he knew well how to sit his horse and to hit the mark and to take arms and arm himself very well and very quickly. He was learned in all kinds of venery moreover; and in playing at tables and chess, and other good games that belong to good manners; dearly loving singing men and knowing their art himself."[29] He held Castile by right and grace of his mother, and Leon by wit of his mother,

and Seville by his own sword, though before Seville was taken he was a little weary and said of many matters:—"You must go to my son for that." He kept faith with the Moors, and took many cities without bloodshed. If you read the Chronicle of the Archbishop D. Roderick who fought beside his bridle, you close it with the acquaintance of a good man, one of those who bring a sure judgement to all the things of this world because they understand the system on which it runs. The ways of God are plain to them, the mind of God is accessible to them. This is the honest and witty king smiling in his beard on the south transept, that dearly loved the men who could *trobar* and *cantar*.

Der Weisse König

XIII

THE HEATH AND THE PASS

Then from the city of Lions so free
On thy left hand the way shalt thou see
At that Brig that I of have said,
Over an heath to Astorga is laid.
That is a city and fair is set,
There the great mountains together be met. — Purchas his Pilgrim.

Beyond S. Marcos, where once at the cross pilgrims said good-bye, some going to S. Saviour's and thence along the north coast and down by the Mondoñedo road into Galicia, and the others straight westward as the stars directed to S. James, there now stands a signboard of the Royal

Automobile Club. Jehane looked a moment toward the violet mountains and the green upland pastures, then gave the word to the chauffeur and we began slipping softly through a blue and golden world. At Trabajo del Camino, though we walked about the town and across it, disturbing few dogs and fewer householders, and in this stubble found the type-church of all the strip between the two diocesan cities, yet the best we found stood right by the wayside: a chapel of S. James's, built in 1771 and adorned with a cross-marked slab above the arched doorway.

Trabajo del Camino

The parish church may be, in its foundation though not its edifice, that dedicated to S. Christopher which King Veremund gave in 985 to S. Mary of the Rule.[1]

This oddly named little town, that seems no more laborious than another, owes its interest to Doña Sancha, the sister of Alfonso VII, called *Queen* in old histories oftener than Infanta. She was excessively *dévote* and called herself, like some old Asian queens, the spouse of the divinity she worshipped.[2] One time in 1157 when there

The Spouse of the God

was a great drought, S. Isidro's relics were carried nearly to Trobajo del Camino, and they stuck fast there, would not be budged, just there where men built the hermitage called S. Isidro del Monte. Doña Sancha fasted three days, without sleeping, then she addressed the saint:

¿Caminante por qué lloras? . . .

Alas, my much loved spouse, how hast thou taken such annoy against me, nor wilt thou hear thy worthless spouse. For thy love I scorned marriage, I would not wed with a king, and now, scorned by thee, I am disconsolate and disinherited of all good things. O spouse, well-beloved, hear me now, and have pity on the people of Leon, that weep to see themselves forsaken of thy help and company. Turn, blessed Confessor, turn back to the monastery of Leon, that my fathers and those before them built for thee very devoutly. . . . Then all wept and four children carried him home whom four men, right lusty, could hardly lift. [3]

It was sweet to breast the tawny hill, and drop into the green flush of Valverde,

where the church is brick and daub, and the town is daub and brick: and then rise as a bird rises on stretched wings, to where the *Virgen del Camino* stands high upon the road. The church, built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is extraordinarily noble both without and within, domed and frescoed, and encompassed with a great open porch builded across the front and down the west and north sides as well. The *loggia* is not unworthy to name with that outside Arezzo, though it has not the early freshness of Benedetto's arcades and capitals: and the plan of it is that which Ponz says once adorned that other wayside church at Villa-Sirga. Notwithstanding, our Lady of the Roadside here is no better than a gypsy, intruding like a cuckoo, appropriating other folk's house and legend. The sanctuary was dedicated, on its quiet height, to S. Michael, and the miracle which the present edifice commemorated and enshrines, belongs to the cycle of S. James.[4]

Virgen del Camino

There stands a wingéd sentrie. . .

In the church they show the chest and chains that once enclosed a Spanish mer-

An Argier slave

chant who was a slave in Algiers. It is well to be exact in such matters: this happened in 1522. He boasted to his owner that devotion like his could not be neglected by the powers above, and the owner locked the fetters upon him, and locked him into the chest, and sat upon it. A picture shows it all, in case the sacristan were away. Notwithstanding, the merchant found himself at home and free, and at the release all the bells rang of themselves.

S. Michael Psychopompos

Though Manier knew her, in his quaint transliteration of what to him was jargon, as Notre Seille delle Camine, even Nicholas Bonfons[5] in the *Nouvelle Guide* of 1583 calls this church Sainct Michel. S. Michael is reckoned to succeed Hermes, especially in his function of psychopompos,[6] and shrines once dedicated to the archangel still stand along the road, from S. Miguel in Excelsis at the entrance into Spain, past Estella, past Escalada, on to the place that Aymery knew as Villa S. Michaelis, somewhere between Triacastela and Barbadelo. That may be Samos, and if so S. Julian has supplanted him, rearing

the great monastery alongside the tiny chapel; or it may be Sarria, and then he would be associated with S. Salvador. The most ancient Lords in all the land are perhaps the Saviour (*Soter, S. Salvador*) and the Messenger.

The Saviour and the Messenger

The miracle of the merchant is still told through the country-side with a difference and related as follows by Sr. Aribau:[7]

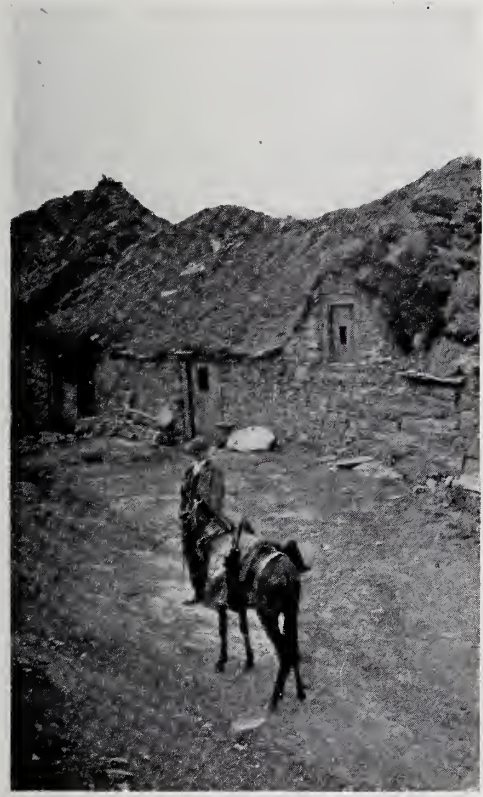
Captive in *Moreria*

A Christian with a great devotion to the Virgin was captive in the country of the Moors, and when the festival came around he longed to take part in the *romería*, and asked his master for leave to go, promising to return again and continue his life as a captive. The master being an infidel and doubting moreover his return, refused; then the Christian retorted that if his Virgin chose, he would go all the same. The eve of the festival the master, to mock his slave, locked him into a chest, fastened it with a heavy chain, and sat down on the top saying, "Now we'll see what your Virgin will do." But so earnestly did the captive beg the Mother of

Jesus to work a miracle, that on that night the chest with Moor and Christian was miraculously conveyed to a place near the sanctuary. Early in the morning the Moor woke up and asked, "What bells are these?" and the Christian answered gladly: "My Virgin has heard me and we are now hame in my ain countrie." The Moor was baptized and died a saint. The Virgin stands there with the Divine Child in her arms, and the people say that she is aging, for every year she seems older.

Wayside Saints

Twenty years earlier than this, in 1505, the Virgin had appeared to a shepherd in these parts in the form of the *Pietà*, holding her dead Son across her knees, but holding Him upside down, facing earthward, and with the head at the right and not the left of the onlooker. There is, by the way, a somewhat similar Virgin at Salamanca. The one virtue she has, this Virgin, is that of all wayside saints, a latch string always out; though the door keys be elsewhere, a grated window lets you look, and pray, before you go on in the dust.



The Pass of Rabanal

While the sacristan recounted the countless miracles that she has done, all painted up in the church, Jehane stood on the threshing floor, where the light hung tangled in a golden haze, and watched the old sweet earthy labour. Thence we overtopped a brow and rolled down to S. Miguel, all ocherous earth, where the only flowers were flaunting yellow, and a young son of five years was watering a *burro* in a green and standing pond, to drive him home thereafter. Beside the good old earthen tower at the west end of the church, ran a southern porch, enclosed to form a flanking room, with higher roof at the centre over the entrance. The timber roof was not bad: the holy-water stoup was an old sacristy washing-fount, with a fat cherub above swallowing the spout now plugged. We found but one *hachera*, with a painted name: *Magdalena García, falleció el día 27 de Octubre á los 30 años de edad de 1911.* Someone, husband or mother, felt it crueller to have died in the full summertide of life, than at seventeen years, and set the dates there for the pity of it.

The Threshing Floor

S. Miguel del Camino

The village straggles all around a central well, and watering pool, and stream and washing-tank, and encloses within the circuit of mud wall and wattled hedge, certain meadows, and poplars and alders bordering the stubble. When we had reached the level of the heath again, a grey vulture flapped away, dropping what dangled dark from his claws. By the wayside that morning we saw a dead mule: in the same place that evening we saw a clean white skeleton. Such is the order, doubtless, at the Towers of Silence.

At Villadangos (which Manier contrives to call Bislilialangues) balconies begin to appear, also thatch, though it is not frequent till leagues beyond Astorga. The church has the same sort of porch as S. Miguel just left behind, but this opens with ballusters on the air and has a good timber roof within. A bell-arcade at the west end is approached by the winding stairway within a brick turret, and a slanting wooden stairway spans the gap between this and the ringer's gallery, here a mere roofed

scaffolding. This is an architecture dependent on wood, with beams under the cornices, delicately shaped timbers carrying the eaves tiles, and the very winding stair built out of squared logs inside the cylinder. But the admirable disposition of masses leaves one marvelling: it is proper to all this region, with the roofs at various levels, apse and transept, crossing and nave, porch, and pylon (shall I say?) and the tall west end without a door, flanked by a single turret. White wall and red roof are comely in the sun: at Celladilla, a league out in the plain, you seemed to see them flashing. Wood architecture

At S. Martin the church was of the same sort, but the south porch windowless, and cut off at either end from the entrance, which was roofed with a good *artesonado* square. The tower was of stone up to the balcony, the rest new brickwork. Inside, square *artesonado* roofs ennobled the sanctuary and transepts, and a longer one about three-fourths of the nave: the west end, evidently enlarged, contained a gallery: the east, the remains of a Churrigueresque S. Martin

Helpers and Harbourers

altar presenting the old figures of the Helpers and Harbourers, SS. Martin, Roque, Michael and Anthony Abbot, along with intruders. Here Manier received, as the party went through, a loaf of bread and a good piece of butter — rare, as he notes,[8] in Spain. If the reader finds this long itinerary dull, why, so did we. Even *Anseis de Cartage*, in the same place, is dull. The twelfth century and the thirteenth have left not a trace, nor the fifteenth; the smug and prosperous centuries that produced the Duchess in *Don Quixote* and the thousand dramas of Lope de Vega, made a clean sweep and rebuilt after their own mind. It is excellent building, entirely apt to express that mind, and the present use.

Rome and Babylon

That great leveller of all, the plough, has passed over; the plough that destroys memories and brings them to light, that effaces the very plan of last century's church and the situation of yesterday's hearthstone, and anon gives up a coin of Tiberius or a ruling of Sardanapalus: by which the trodden clay before the judge-

ment-seat and the soaked mud below the dungeon, yield corn and wine again, and the ivory idol, the chiselled cup of gold, which their dead owners never missed, come back to pamper pride and allure cupidity and reward iniquity. Crete and Mycenae

At the Hospital and Puente de Orbigo, even, we found the same church, a town church now, cruciform, lofty, and *muy hidalgo*. Puente de Orbigo has still an air of accommodating many passers and offering a long range of gallery to tie donkeys in, and a wide dusty place, with a cross, to hold markets. Fishers' nets were drying against the walls. By this wide river-bed Alfonso III met a raiding party of Moors and conquered them: the Chronicle[9] says that the host was enormous and divided as it came. Bernardo del Carpio overtook one wing in Valdemoro, and slaughtered it; and the king came upon the other part of those Moors that came against him, and strove with them near the river Orbigo, and conquered them. What brought those Moors, Astorga knows. And of the Moors died more than twelve times a thousand, Puente de Orbigo

as the poem says. And of all those hosts of Moors that set out, in the end not more than ten, or very few more, got away with their lives. We should have liked to read the poem that day, but I do not know it: and though Sepúlveda would have written it on the spot, I could not.

The Passage Honourable

Here, by the Bridge of Orbigo, was held the great Passage Honourable — the *Paso Honroso*, — where for thirty days ten knights met all comers. At the last there were only two who could sit a horse, but they accomplished the emprize.

Before reaching S. Just-in-the-Meadow, already we saw the cathedral of Astorga looming in the plain like an elephant. Manier, who had slept out-of-doors the night before, under the open sky — for the first time, he notes, a little aggrieved — got no more for the dole at Astorga than a piece of bread and a cup of wine. "La ville," says he, "n'est revêtue d'aucune rareté, non plus de grandeur."[10]

Astorga.

Droit vers Astorges, la cité honorée,
Nous en irons, l'oriflambe levée;
Mauvais fait être en terre desertée, . . .
Astorges est bien garnie et peuplée. — Anseis of Carthage.

Pierre de Ries[1] may be right, but so is Guillaume Manier. Astorga is insignificant. It is hard to believe it, where such hermits visited as S. Fructuoso and such bishops ruled as Genadio (899–920) and Sampiro (1035–1041), to name only those with which I am personally acquainted, and so pleasant a man of the world as the present incumbent. Asturica when it was the most important station between Braga and Bordeaux, though Pliny calls it[2] *urbs magnifica*, I yet figure as something too like the Charing Cross Hotel, offering all that is necessary and convenient for breaking a journey, but nothing for which to stay on.

The mediaeval town was, like any other,

Tragical Histories

not without its tragical histories, its glorious defeats. In the twelfth year of the reign of D. Alfonso the Great (that was the year of our Lord's Incarnation 848) D. Fruela the king's brother held converse with other three brethren of the king, D. Nuño and D. Vermudo and D. Odoario, and they spake amongst themselves of how to kill the king, but not so privily but that the king came to know thereof, and the king took them all, and blinded them all for the treason that they laid to do. And D. Vermudo, although he was yet blind, went thereafter to Astorga, and abode there seven years, and sent thence for a great host of Moors. And they came, and made a great war, and did all the harm they could to the king D. Alfonso, and besieged Grajal. But, indeed, says the chronicle,[3] from the thirteenth year to the twenty-fifth of the reign of this king, D. Alfonso, nothing of moment is there to recount which rightly pertains to the story, for Moors and Christians were right weary of striving and slaying one another, besides that the Moors dared not

do much before the force of this king D. Alfonso, who was a strong king and hardy in battle and had defeated them in many strifes and routed them in many places. So the chronicler records the death, instead, of the Pope Leo and of the Emperor Lothaire, and who succeeded them. But when the King D. Alfonso saw how much ill his brother D. Vermudo did him, he came down on him with his host, and killed and routed all the Moors who were with him; and D. Vermudo and the Moors who could escape with him, fled away, and the king took a very great vengeance on those of Astorga and on those of Ventosa, because they received D. Vermudo.

Quedando desamparado

Of him I know no more. I dare say he ended his days at some court in the south, Cordova or Granada, a blind, shabby hanger-on, helpless and irascible, as Gonzalo Gustos came so near to do. In the eleventh century another Vermudo, the third of the name, who ruled Leon, lost Astorga to Sancho *el Mayor* of Navarre, "who was a great prince, and the first that gave a consistent form and name to

con hermanos y criados

A Tenth Worthy

various dynasties which then divided Spain, and in his charters called himself now king of the men of Aragon, now of the Navarrese, now of Asturias, Leon, and Galicia."[4] His epitaph, in S. Isidro, calls him simply king of the Pyrennean mountains and of Toulouse[5]; an evil vengeance of the Leonese monks, methinks, on their conqueror, to beat thus the bones of the buried, who while he lived was a man!

At Astorga, Alfonso *el Batallador* broke finally with Doña Urraca, confronting her with her own sister's charge, that she had plotted his death with poisoned brewage. "De haber intendado dar yerbas," was the word of Teresa of Portugal. The fair glozing queen for once found herself either dumb, or fangless; her arts could not appease her husband, nor her power arrest the king of Aragon. She fell back on her counts and captains, and was defeated in Viadangos, but raised the country, and in the end there came a snowy midnight when D. Alfonso quitted Astorga, secretly and with speed. Almanzor had taken the city but not destroyed, being content to

mutilate merely -- the word is *desmochar*, the same as horning a bull: he pulled down the battlements, and they were raised again. In 1386 the city was taken by the Duke of Lancaster, old John of Gaunt, and underwent a siege from Alvar Pérez Osorio which won him the Marquisate, before it came back to lawful allegiance. In the war of Independence it stood the same siege twice, and saw, in the end, the archives burned.[6] About the siege of Astorga shines a great light, as about the siege of Belfort.

A great light

The cathedral, begun in 1471, finished in 1668 or thereafter, was praised by Street for "a certain stateliness of height and colour." To *el Pelegrino curioso*, it seemed the card or calendar of beauty, *un pincel de oro;* you can see him, like Osric, a-tiptoe with rapture, kissing his fingers. The west front, with Renaissance detail, adapts the deep gashes and the flying buttresses of Leon into something rather splendid; the retable, by Juan de Juni, has all the excellency of the baroque, and that is much. The stalls were carved by

Baroque by late Gothic

Masters Thomas and Robert, who ended in 1551 but who had their training in the florid late Gothic style.[7] Here, with work that lies within the compass of one life, may be compared the still irreconcilable beauties of Nájera and S. Domingo de la Calzada. On the twentieth of October, 1570, the Bishop and Chapter of Astorga wrote for Master Francisco Colonia, of Burgos, to visit the new cathedral that they were then building, begging that "if a master called Colonia be yet alive, your worships will give him leave, and if necessary give him orders, to come and visit this work, for we remember yet his last visit and we had rather have him than another."[8] In 1621 two workmen of Burgos, Domingo de Vallejo master of works and Juan de Gandia painter, made a design of the Burgos *reja* for the Bishop of Astorga, which cost 150 *reales*. He had asked for it, wishing to have one made for his church.

The church of Astorga, says Sandoval,[9] was constituted of black monks entirely, and possessed, moreover, twenty monasteries of the order. Apparently lovable, it

is certainly well-loved. In 1195 a Canon called D. Pedro Franco founded the feast of S. Thomas of Canterbury, which is still kept, with solemn vespers and a procession, on December 28. It seems that the Frenchman Peter (for so I read his surname) had been a personal friend of the great Archbishop, and his endowment, rich at the outset, has gained in value, instead of declining until the whole had finally to lapse into nothingness, as usually befalls: so love of his dead master, and love of his living church, have joined to make something very fair, and still immortal.[10] In the eighteenth century the retable of the *Purísima* in the north transept, and a *Magestad*, were designed and painted by Juan de Peñalosa y Sandoval, canon of his church and *familiar de D. Alonso Mesta de Tovar*, the Bishop of it, who had made the altar and the silver lamps of the Holy Mother Teresa of Jesus: this should be about 1663. In the sides of the first retable are set a series of eight small landscapes, the excuse for which is the Litany of phrases from the Canticles: they are

Cantuariensis

Splendens ut Sol

quite charming, and tenderly, romantically touched. Possibly the same Canon painted the landscapes with hermits and angels, around a retable in the south aisle. The Majesty named in the inscription, is an archaic Madonna with the child on her knee, in a retable, between SS. Genadius and Teresa; above, the Imposition of the Chasuble. Since I first was in Astorga some of the splendid vestments have disappeared: two glorious processional crosses are safe as yet, but who shall say for how long? The chapter is very rich in numbers and ceremonial: S. Peter's Day gave occasion for state, and the salutation was like kingly homage, the offertory (I think) made in a silver basin with silver tokens struck and kept expressly for these rites. We saw similar at Mondoñedo, Zamora, and Cuenca.

Sol Invictus

The remains of a Roman temple survived down to modern times, and into the Roman walls, in the course of repairing from age to age, were built many inscribed stones, of which the finest is now in the *Casa Consistorial*. There a dedication to Sol Invictus is headen by three budded

wands like those in the story of Holy Cross, and a brace of half-moons.[11] (and on Minoan gems)

The city counted once eight parish churches, four convents, sixteen chapels and nine hospitals.[12] Little is left. S. Francisco is of Friar's Gothic, with five bays of quadripartite vaulting and a square sanctuary: down the south side a range of chapels opening together by two arches, with capitals carved with ivy leaves and grotesques: for the rest, the little church has a plain square tower, transepts, and apse: the inside is rococo of 1746. S. Julian has four good capitals in the western door, of belated Romanesque: on one an interlace, on the next, Christ giving a scroll to the saint and his wife; on the other two, leaf forms and little dragons among leaves. S. Julian

We were to come back to Astorga more than once, and thence to return by the Bridge of Orbigo for the sake of the Passage Honourable, but were never quite to be at home there, as in Leon, or satisfied as in Santiago. Yet over the ancient town the wings of the centuries beat.

Folk-dancing

At the same end of the city where all these little churches lie, a part of the old walls persists, and a park is placed thereon, with trees, and gravelled spaces, and a view of far blue hills across the still wide plain. Here on Sunday afternoons the town band plays, and all the world dances: nurses with the baby as with a partner, tiny girls with each other, young maids and men together, all manner of folk, for the rapture of dancing. This is not what men pay to see in *cafés chantants*, or among the cave-dwellings at Granada, an art meretricious, laboriously learned, and lewd, more or less, always, but something as natural as eating or whistling, a direct and simple pleasure of movement and skill like skating or playing ball. Inside a walled garden near, in a covered space, dance the Maragatos, in ancient folk-dances of men and women in open order, paired as partners, six or eight in a square, with upraised arms, snapping fingers, sudden turnings and retreats, supple bendings and dainty dalliance. We had watched Dalmatians in like dances on the deck of a ship, but

Maragatos

the presence here of brown Maragata girls, with cheeks like pomegranates, gave a dusky splendour to the sinuous grace of comely youth, made the dance like famous descriptions of pheasants in the wood, and bright fowl in the jungle. That stopped the moment we were seen, but out on the rampart, the dancing went on through the declining light, while the hills turned to rose and then through violet to green; with the coming of dusk the dance ended and the throng broke up, through one street and another trailing home.

The wings of the centuries brooding

It was good to dance there, in view of the hills, as men had danced before, generations of them; and to see the hills, and dance, as men will dance tomorrow and next year, when these are gone. The ruddy city sits quiet in the plain, untroubled by our little seasons: before the Romans, and in the Middle Age, and when the French came and went away again, and when tourists rode in a-horseback, and when tourists rolled in with motors. She cares for none of these things. It is good to dance, looking over at the hills, and lie down and sleep.

The Port of Rabanal.

Thin, thin, the pleasant human noises grow,
And faint the city gleams;
Rare the lone pastoral huts. . . .
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

Partly in order to take the long day with my good Francisco Nieto, it happened that, instead of riding directly into those far hills, we rode looking eastward from Ponferrada to Astorga. Without this chance, we should not have known the long warm hours of aromatic afternoon, and rose-leaf sunset, and the distant city red in the rosy plain and never a thought the nearer, and the slow mounting of the road into town by the easiest incline, through fragrant dusk, among the homeward-bound: we should not have known how Astorga could be a bourne, and, as the horse-shoes clicked on paving stones and echoed between stone walls, a welcomed harbourage.

We had ridden out from Ponferrada

before a sun-shadow fell, among olive orchards, and overtaken figures with sickle and wallet, or with staff and skin flask, all walking easily: their voices tinkled in the early light. We had crossed the ancient bridge over the Bueza and, turning eastward, followed the water through arable land of vine and grain, over uplands, and down into a broad river-bottom, for a white league or more of valley-road, before we came upon Molina Seca. In 1193 Bishop Lope of Astorga and the Abbess of Carrizo, Doña Teresa, to whom belonged two thirds of the town (the other third right being vested in the monastery of Carracedo), conjoined together and formed the ordinances of government.[1] In the year before, the Countess Doña María Ponce had ceded her half-right in the church there to the Bishop, and received in return something very like a canonry in the Cathedral, and an annuity of three hundred *sueldos* a year for life. The bishop of Oviedo and the abbot of Sandoval were intermediaries in this compact, which is dated September 1, 1191.[2] Molina Seca has now a church of

Molina Seca

the seventeenth century, which is set on a hill-promontory looking eastward, so that the noisy river foams far below the apse, and stands a little apart from the main street of the slate-roofed town, which clambers on up, the other side of the stream. Here, as through all the early days of the riding in which the long pilgrimage was to end, the houses had balconies in which living went on, the lower story being strictly a stable.

Mounting

The mill lay half a mile up-stream, among poplars; we looked down on grey stone, grey roof, grey gleaming water. Wild roses grew hereabouts, and the magenta foxglove. The way had lain, so far, through rolling country, by a stream, with work-people passing, of all of which this was the last. Hence forward it clomb steadily, for many hours. Birds flew up from the hedge, birds hung overhead, birds twittered or called upon the moor, birds were everywhere until the wind got up, then they fell silent. We went up among vast hills, with mountains in constant view, still starred with snow-wreaths, looking blue and near, their con-

tours passing from mere flat stage-scenery exquisite in tone, into the third dimension, huge shoulders and spurs defining themselves in the line of vision, running out towards us, heaving up almost as though within touch. The road was the loneliest ever, a few carts, drawn by small black oxen, creaking on the track that was sometimes gullied clay, sometimes rolling stones, but chiefly living rock deep-furrowed. A handful of faded corn flowers and tattered poppies lingered on, and the flat, white blossom that looks so like wild rose abounded, spiky orchids, blue scabious, and something like bergamot; chestnut and acacia bloomed in sheltered hollows, and in the dells below.

Riego

At Riego, the second town, where storks dwelt, the wheeling swallows cried. The earthen-coloured houses stood, their thick thatch overgrown with moss and stonecrop, wavering in and out of the line of the street. Looking back, we saw it brown as a deer. On the short pasture grass beyond, magpies danced and took their parti-coloured flight; beside the golden broom

grew as well the rare white kind in places; the alpine gentian starred with blue the turf. The houses of Manjardin were slated, bright with flat patches of stone-crop, crow-stepped, with flat slates laid step above step on the gable wall. We drank from a spring and trough, in the hill above the town, among cork-trees, and looked across to Castrelo, safe in its own valley. By now we were high on the moor, following along the vast side of the range, among white heather and acrid juniper and fragrant rosemary: a hawk wheeled, that might have been an eagle, and once, out of that lonely summer noon, a cuckoo called. Scrub oak was sparse here, and pines we saw but rarely throughout the day. Silently we rode, singly, in the great silence. Once we passed a snow wreath still unmelted, that I might have turned the horse's feet into.

The cuckoo

The Port is not like a Swiss *col*, a sharp scramble up and a steep descent, but wide and heaving like a strait in the sea: the road turns a little, and rises and falls again, and always we looked off, at the right, to

huge and silent mountains, and between us and them lay a hidden valley, and little towns lay safe on the sides, like Espinoso there, that you could not tell from one another, and all unreal. Of a truth, though Flórez in the life of Bishop Amadeus, 1141–43, records[3] that the church of the *Camino de Santiago*, in the place called Espinoso, was founded by Miguel Juan, Presbyter, and along with the Hospice called *del Ganso* given by him to the Cathedral of Astorga, it is easier to believe that the village has moved across the brook, than that the road ever left *el Puerto*. The place was hallowed earlier: when S. Toribio in the fifth century came home from Jerusalem with relics, he came to a Port between Asturias and Galicia, and made a chapel in the Sacred Mount.[4] Miles ahead, Francisco pointed out the cross that stood in the Port, and anon, by straining eyes we saw, where the sharp crests dipped, the thin line of the iron cross, like a semaphore station. Flórez wrote[5] a hundred and fifty years ago: "The brook of Val Tajada is born in the mountains of Astorga, at the Port of Fonce-

el Puerto

badón, close to the Iron Cross, where the famous *camino francês* for Santiago enters the Vierzo: on the height a hermit named Guncelmo founded, for the pilgrims, the church of S. Saviour, with various houses for Hospice of the pilgrims. Alfonso VI gave privileges, but in 1106 the founder himself made over the whole to the Cathedral of Astorga. It is in the top of the Port." So far the Augustinian: I saw no ruins of church or hospice.

A hospice once

This will not be the same, though very precisely contemporary, with that hermitage which was founded by the hermit Garceleian on Monte Irago, under the same venerable invocation, and which Alfonso VI and his wife Isabel freed from all taxation on January the twenty-fifth of 1103, because the pilgrims lodged there going to S. James.[6] Aymery Picaud names the Monte Irago directly after Rabanal and before Molina Seca, and Flórez speaks of "Monte Irago, hoy Puerto de Rabanal," south of Foncebadón, sometimes called S. Salvador de Irago. The name is common to the mountain of the two Ports, he says.

But Francisco Nieto says that it lies in another direction from Ponferrada and George Borrow supports him. Dozy[7] cites the reference in a gloss on the *Cronica Rimada:*

A los caminos entro Rodrigo, pessól é a mal grado; — My Cid as Pilgrim
de qual disen Benabente, segunt diseo en el romance;
e passó por Astorga, é llegó á Monte Yrag(!)ó;
complio su romerya por Sant Salvador de Oviedo.

For his purposes it imports that the line should end at S. Salvador, which gives the assonance: for our purpose, it is good that the copyist idly filled out the ordinary course of events: after Santiago, a man finished his pilgrimage by S. Salvador of Oviedo. Dozy desires also to cast back to "an epoch when Monte Irago was better known, more celebrated than Benavente,"[8] not a hard matter, since Benavente was repeopled by Ferdinand II (1157–1188) and

received its *fueros* from Alfonso IX some time before 1206: whereas along the pass the stream of pilgrims had poured incessantly since the eleventh century.

Foncebadón

We lunched in the town of Foncebadón, sitting on a bench, at a table, under the vaulted entrance to a stable. An old woman at a counter dispensed bread and wine, as in a shop: up five steps lay her huge kitchen chimney and bake-oven, which, as she knew us better, she let us visit to warm chilled fingers, and up a flight of stairs lay the family rooms from which her pride barred us. This is in the country of the Maragatos, about whom, as Flórez says,[9] one could easily write a whole book and had better, therefore, say just nothing at all. In Astorga I have lodged with Maragatos, in the Hotel Roma, so named, belike out of compliment to the parochial clergy who habitually put up there; and eaten their cooking, very rich and strong-flavoured and very delicious, and admired their handsome women, strong and ***muy valiente***, and made friends with some of them. I think when I go again into those

parts I shall carry such messages, and such pass-me-ons, that the good woman will let me go upstairs. Except for technical hospitality, she was kind enough, as was all the village. There a brook trickled and dripped down the chief street, dammed at one place and another to form a pool under which old women washed rags. Thatch was still the rule. The *Cura* was asleep but his housekeeper came with the keys, pretty and civil-mannered. The church had nothing in particular to distinguish it, except a sort of shed down the south side, that served for shelter and storage. Nearer to Astorga we found churches with charming porches at the west, a pent-house roof supported on columns.

The heights were past by now, but dragging skirts of cloud that hung upon the mountains, made a Scotch mist, until we came to Rabanal, which has three churches but only one of them ancient. The *Señor Cura* was unluckily away, his steward, in charge, was asleep, and none of the women of the family would consent to waken him. So though that of Rabanal

Rabanal

was the only Romanesque church encountered in the day, it went unseen: it was evidently much altered, with a belfry rising against the west face, but a square apse with one column still attached, and a porch that opened with two arches on the south side. Francisco was so ill-pleased and so profoundly shamed by the conduct of the women, that he shared all his grievance with a sleek priest who rode into S. Catalina, in a handsome *soutane*, on a superb nag, and the priest lent a friendly ear and sympathy. Spain keeps still something of the social standard of Greece, where all free citizens were equals.

All good Christians companionable

Between this pink pleasant town and windy Rabanal, had lain a wide region of upland grass, then willows and poplars about dry water-courses, dried-out oak and box, and pasturable heath, and as we emerged from the last tongue of cork and scrub-oak boskage, towers, if you knew them, were discernible in the wide plain, and the furthest of these was Astorga. The traveller for whom that outlook has opened, keeps it forever unforgotten.

Et Franc s'en tornent sere les un bosquel;
I val avalent, puis pasent un ruisel.
A tant monterent le mont de Ravenel,
Estorges voient, ki sist en un monchel.
Li murs n'est pas de cauç ne de quarel,
Ains est de tere, haut en sont li crestel
Et la tors fors del plus maistre castel.[10]

The view was like the sea in extent, and lightly broken and striped, now with a crest, again with sunstreaks: here and there swam a brown city in the blue. The approach, with the bourne in view, is the longest that I have ever known: hard by S. Catalina, under the wall of a *finca*, we shared the last biscuits, the last cups of wine, standing at the heads of the horses, and pushed on with what strength we could infuse into them, past lisping grain, past gathered hay, down powdery slopes silvered with the warm soft dust, while the walls and towers, red against the grey-blue east, defined and reared themselves. It came to be like a dream, at last: the horse moving on, foot after foot, he never stopped, we never spoke; and when we reached the city in the dusk, soft-footed creatures moved

The last cup of wine

inside like the beasts in a fairy tale: huge butchers' dogs, low on the legs and rather like bears except one that was like a monstrous wolf, but none unfriendly. All that night, in sleep, the solitude of the lonely hills clung about me like the scent of rosemary, like the cool damp mountain mist.

XIV

THE PASSAGE HONOURABLE

"Man is a shadow's dream!"
Opulent Pindar saith:
Yet man may win a gleam
Of glory, before death.

In the year of Our Lord 1434, the feast of S. James the Apostle fell on a Sunday.

When King John II and Queen María and the Prince D. Henry, and D. Álvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago and Constable of Castile, with all the court, were keeping Christmas at Medina del Campo, on Friday, New Year's Day, at the first hour of the night, came in Suero de Quiñones and nine other knights armed all in white, and with very humble reverence presented by a herald a petition of which the substance was this:

Año Santo

It is a just and reasonable desire that those who be in prison or out of

Enrique de Villena writing a consolatory epistle to him

their own power should desire liberty, and as I, your vassal and subject born, lie imprisoned by a lady now a long while since, in sign whereof I wear every Thursday this iron fetter on my neck as is well known in your magnificent court, and throughout your kingdoms, and beyond: now then, mighty lord, in the name of the Apostle S. James I have devised my redemption, which is three hundred lances, with heads of Milan steel, to be broken by me duly in the shaft, and by these knights who are here thus armed, breaking three with every knight or gentleman who shall present himself, the time to be within fifteen days before and as many after the day of the Apostle S. James, the place, on the straight road by which most folk must pass going to the city wherein is his tomb. And ladies of honour must know that any of them who pass at this place where I shall be, who has no knight nor gentleman to bear arms for her, shall lose her right-hand glove. But your Royal Majesty is not to enter into this essay, nor the very magnificent Lord Constable D. Alvaro de Luna.

So when the king had consulted with his chosen men, he gave license, and the herald cried the king's leave with a loud voice, and Suero de uiñones asked one of the gentlemen in the hall to take off his helmet, and he thanked the king for this leave so necessary to his honour and hoped to do him service thereby, and the ten withdrew and did off their armour and arrayed suitably returned to the hall to dance, and at the end of the dance the twenty-two Chapters of the emprize were read out. They began:

XXII Chapters

> In the name of God and of the Blessed Virgin Our Lady and of the Apostle our Lord S. James, I, Suero de Quiñones, knight and born vassal of the very high king of Castile, and of the house of the magnificent Lord his Constable, give notice and have you to wit the conditions of this my emprize. . . .

When the chapters had been read, Suero de Quiñones gave a letter to Lyon, King-at-Arms of the most mighty king of Castile, declaring all these things, for him to carry into all lands and kingdoms, and

The Lists

into the courts of the kings, and read it publicly there; and he gave him what was necessary for such long journeys: and so it was sent into all Christendom so far as might be. Meanwhile Suero was making provision for the lists, and the entertainment of so many, and all things needful, and he sent to cut wood from his father's estate which lay only five leagues from the Bridge. Close to the *camino francés* was a fair forest, there they built lists, one hundred and forty-six paces long, and enclosed with a pale of the height of a lance. Seven galleries were built around the lists: one at the end near where Suero de Quiñones and his companions were to enter, whence they might view the jousts when they were not jousting. Two others, on opposite sides of the lists, were for the strange knights when not engaged: two more at opposite sides were set, one for the judges, King-at-Arms, heralds, trumpets, and for the scriveners who were provided to keep an exact and sworn record of all that passed; and the other for the generous, famous, honoured knights who should come

to honour the Passage Honourable. And indeed many came. The other two galleries were further along, for other folk, and for the trumpets and officers of the knights and gentlemen who should come to the Passage of Arms. At each end was a gateway, and by one entered the Defensors and there the arms and shield of the Quiñones were set in the banner raised on high; and at the other entered the Adventurers and those who came to approve themselves in arms, and there was hoisted another banner with the arms of Suero de Quiñones. Likewise there was made a herald of marble, by Master Nicholas the Frenchman, Master of the works of S. María de Regla of Leon, and it would appear from the account that this was dressed and hatted, and set by the roadside as a signpost, at the Bridge of S. Marcos pointing the way to the Bridge of Orbigo.

A German first

On the Saturday, two weeks before S. James's, three knights presented themselves, Meister Arnold of the Red Wood (Micer Arnaldo de la Floresta Bermeja, says the scrivener) of Brandenburg, and two Valencians. The German had been there wait-

What pipes and timbrels! . . .

ing for a fortnight already. On Sunday morning the trumpets and other minstrels sounded at dawn and the hearts of the warriors were moved and braced for the play at arms, and Suero de Quiñones and his nine companions arose and together heard Mass in the church of S. John in the hospital of the Order of S. John which was there, and returning to their lodgings shortly sallied out as follows:

Suero de Quiñones came out on a big horse, caparisoned with blue housings embroidered with the device and fetter of his famous emprize, and above the device each time were broidered letters that said, *Il faut délivrer;* he wore a habergeoun of three-piled velvet brocaded in green, and a *huca* of blue velvet three-piled. His hosen were of Italian grain, and so was his high cap (like that worn by Pisanello's courtiers and Masolino's foplings); and his riding spurs Italian, richly gilded: in his hand a gilded tilting sword, naked. On the upper part of his right arm he wore his device richly worked in gold, with blue letters round about that said:

Si á vous plait de ouir mesure
Certes je dy
Que je suis
Sans venture.

The Device

He wore the arm and leg pieces of his armour with goodly grace. After him issued forth three pages on very fair horses, their habergeouns blue powdered with the same device. The housings of the first page were of coloured damask turned up with zibelline marten, and all embroidered with heavy silver work; and he wore on his head a helmet above which was figured a great gilded tree, with green leaves and gilded apples, and about it twined a green serpent in semblance of that tree in which they paint that Adam sinned, and in midst of the tree a naked sword with letters that said *Deliver me.* He carried his lance in his hand. The second page had habergeoun and hosen of grain, like the first, and housings of three-piled velvet brocaded in blue. The third was like the others but the housing was cramoisy. After Suero de Quiñones went the nine companions of his

Where Adam sinned

The IX Companions

emprize, one after the other, on horseback, dressed in habergeouns and hosen of Italian grain, with high caps of the same, and their *hucas* embroidered with the fair device and fetter of their captain Suero. The housings of their horses were blue embroidered with the same device, and above eaeh device embroidered letters whieh said, *Il faut dêlivrer*. After these eame two great fair horses, drawing a car full of lances with strong Milan points, of three sorts, some very weighty, some medium, and some light but apt for a fair blow. Above the lances were apparels of blue and green embroidered with oleanders with its flowers, and in eaeh tree a figure of a popinjay; and over all a dwarf that drove the car. In front of all went the trumpets of the king and those of the knights, with Moriseo *atabales* and *axabebas*, fetehed by the judge Pero Barba: and near the eaptain went many knights a-foot, some of whom led his bridle-horse, lending honour and authority; these were D. Henry brother of the Admiral, and D. Juan de Benavente son of the Count of Benavente, and D. Pedro de

Acuña, son of the Count of Valencia, and D. Henry his brother, and other generous knights. This will be I think Valencia de D. Juan, and the whole party seems to belong for the most part to this region in Spain, Manier,[1] for instance, naming hereabouts Mayorga de Campos, which is mentioned just below. In this order Suero de Quiñones entered the lists and made two turns about and stopped before the place of the judges and required that without respect of amity or enmity they should judge what was to pass there, making the arms equal among all and giving to each the honour and *pro* that he should deserve for his valour and stress, and that they should show favour to strangers if one by chance wounded a Defensor and were attacked by others than his opponent; and the judges accepted, and made some additions to the Chapters which Suero had published. Then arose D. Juan de Benavente, the eldest son of D. Rodrigo Alfons Pimentel, Count of Valencia and Mayorga, and prayed Suero de Quiñones to take him for a substitute if by anything he were hindered in finishing

Valencia de D. Juan

his emprize; and D. Henrique and D. Pedro de Acuña and the others claimed that privilege, and Suero adjusted this. No more befell that Sunday.

Monday

As Monday began to dawn the music sounded, moving the humours of the combatants to put more zest and power into their hearts, and the two judges went to their place with the King-at-Arms, and the herald, and the pursuivants Bamba and Cintra, and the trumpets, and the scriveners to give testimony of what the tilters did. Suero in his tent had a chapel, and altar with precious relics and rich ornaments, and certain religious of the Order of the Preachers to say Mass. Suero de Quiñones was twenty-six years old: Micer Arnaldo de la Floresta Bermeja was twenty-seven. They broke three lances between them, and he invited the German to dinner and they were conducted to their lodgings with much company, and Suero disarmed in public.

In the afternoon he wanted to continue with the Valencians, but his cousin Lope de Estuñiga claimed the turn and would

The Bridge at Orbigo

not yield it. Ten more knights arrived that Monday. Lope de Estuñiga was tilting with Mosen Juan Fabla until it was full night and so dark the encounters could not be seen for good nor ill, therefore the judges pronounced that joust finished. Next day Diego de Bazán as Defensor met Pero Fabla the Valencian and broke three lances thereafter among other things, and Per Fabla felt cheated because he had not jousted with Suero de Quiñones; and Rodrigo de Zayas sent to ask if he might wear the armour of Diego de Bazán and his opponent that of Mosén Pero Fabla. Suero replied that while not constrained to either of these things he granted them.

Diego de Bazán

So the tilting went on every day, and the opponents invited each other to dinner afterwards. Two ladies passed, Leonor de la Vega and Guiomar de la Vega; the former was married, the latter a widow, and Juan de la Vega the husband was with them. The King-at-Arms asked for their gloves, and Mosén Frances Davio, an Aragonese knight, offered to redeem them. Juan de la Vega thanked him, say-

ing that he had not known of this adventure nor was prepared for it, and that he desired to finish his pilgrimage, and thereafter he would return and encounter it. So he left the gloves in pledge. But the judges anon decided that they should not be detained, lest it seemed to go against the Christian devotion of the pilgrimage and the known knightliness of Juan de la Vega; because moreover many knights were competing to deliver the gloves. Therefore they sent them by the pursuivant Bamba to the city of Astorga to give them to the owners.

Christian devotion of the pilgrimage

On the day that Mosén Frances Davio jousted against Lope de Estuñiga as Defensor, at the twenty-third course Estuñiga ran against him so hard that he broke his leg, and the lance-head flew into the air and went over the judges' box: with this the essay was completed and the judges bade them go in peace. Mosén Frances said aloud, before sundry knights that heard him, that he vowed to God that never in his life again would he have dealings with a nun, nor love one, for up to this time he had loved a nun for whose contentment

Dealings with a nun

he had come to make this assay of arms, and whosoever caught him loving a nun again, might call him any sort of blackguard. To which say I—this is good Master Pedro Rodríguez de Lara, the scrivener — that an he had any of the nobleness of a Christian or even the natural shame with which we all contrive to cover our faults, he would not announce a sacrilege so scandalous and so dishonourable to the monastic estate, and so insulting to Jesu Christ. And methinks the quiet scrivener, albeit no gentleman, is the better man.

The scrivener speaks

That same day there came to Suero de Quiñones the King-at-Arms and the herald, saying that a gentleman called Vasco de Barrionuevo, servant of Ruy Díaz de Mendoza, Mayordomo of the King, had come to prove himself in the adventure, but that he had not yet been knighted and he prayed for knighthood. While he waited at the gateway of the lists, Suero went thither with his nine companions, going on foot with much music and accompanied by a great throng of nobles and other folk, and when they

A yong squier

knighted

came he asked Vasco if he would be a knight, and as Vasco answered Yes, he drew his gilded sword, saying: "Do you, a gentleman, propose to keep and guard all things due in the noble office of knighthood, and sooner to die than fail in any of them?" He swore so to maintain them, and then Suero struck him with the naked sword on the helmet, saying, "God make thee a good knight and give thee to fulfill all the conditions that a good knight must keep." So he was knighted, and Suero returned to his tent in like manner as he had come, and straightway entered the lists the noble knight Vasco de Barrionuevo as Conquistador, against Pedro de los Ríos as Defensor of the Passage Honourable. This is a pretty scene, but not so fine by half as one that comes anon.

On the Saturday even of that week Lope de Mendoza, son of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Master of the Horse to the king, presented himself and was overthrown in the sixth course. Then he sent to say to Suero de Quiñones that sithence he had run these encounters in the service of a

lady whom he loved much and who loved him not, he prayed to be allowed more jousting to gain her good-will. Suero answered with discretion, promising if he would tell who was his lady, to send and inform her how good a knight and great a warrior served her, but to joust with more than one, or after breaking three lances, was contrary to the conditions of the adventure: and therewith he went to his tent and disarmed.

Sunday was the eighteenth of July, and in honour of the approaching feast and of the Apostle no jousting was held: on that day arrived to present himself to the judges to assay the adventure, Mosén Bernal de Requesenes, Catalan, of Barcelona, saying that he was boune on pilgrimage to Santiago of Galicia and then to Jerusalem; and as he promised to keep the customs, he was admitted, and his right spur was unbuckled and laid on the French cloth before the judges' seats. This was done in every case, and when a knight's turn came he reclaimed the pledge and wore it.

The right spur

An ancestor of the Manchegan?

The history of each day's tilting is never quite the same as another's, and it makes better reading than base-ball recounted in detail, but here only a very little may be told. Wednesday and Thursday of that week were idle for lack of adventurers, but on Thursday, which was the twentieth, arrived at the Passage Honourable Gutierre de Quixada and his nine companions, boune to S. James. He had sent a herald on ahead, called Villalobos, to announce him coming and his intentions, and he was received by the King-at-Arms and herald with fair thanks for coming, and a question whether he had need of anything for their expenses. Quixada asked for the Chapters, and replied further that they could not joust until the next day but desired the first turn then, and that being of the country they were well provided, but would ask if in need of aught. So they pitched their own tent. They desired to choose adversaries, but this could not be. To the question whether Gutierre himself would commence, he answered that they had ordained their proper order, and the first

to challenge would be Juan de Villalobos and Gonzalo de Castañeda; but on the Saturday Gutierre Quixada would enter the lists, and with him Garcia Osorio.

Suero de Quiñones himself came out against Castañeda, desirous to prove himself against a knight so famous and hardy in arms, and in the fifth course wounded him severely in the thick of the arm, and the lance broke off in the wound. So Castañeda went back to his tent thus, but before going he said in a loud voice that he had been in many breakings of lances as dangerous as this and more, and none had ever had the better of him save now Suero de Quiñones, and that he was well pleased to have been overcome of so valorous a knight; and Suero gave him thanks for his good words. But Master Peter bears him a grudge for certain courtesies of the combat that he might have observed (though in no wise unknightly), and is well content that he should go home sick and sorry.

Indeed the Marquis of Villena once raised the devil for him

On the even of that day after Castañeda's misadventure, came the King-at-Arms

with a letter from two Catalans, brothers in arms, then in Leon, as nearly as possible to this effect:

The Cartel

We wot, my lord Suero de Quiñones, that you hold a passage in the Bridge of Orbigo, on the pilgrim road of S. James, having made there an emprize of arms whereby the knightly pilgrims and gentlemen who go to the said pardon are disturbed in their devotions, and hindered in the pilgrimage, as for their honors they are compelled to comply with your willful emprize: which being seen of us, we left Catalonia with all the speed we might, hoping to serve God and the Apostle S. James, and we offer ourselves both, to break all the lances contained in your cartels with the conditions therein named: desiring to arrest your molestation of the devout pilgrims within the time you took, that the pilgrims may not receive more prevention from hence on. To accomplish this, we ask for the encounter within two days, for we cannot be held up longer, having business of much importance to despatch in other parts. This letter goes signed with our

names, Franci de Valle and Rimbao de Corbera, and sealed with our seals of our arms divided duly and orderly.

If this history were fiction, and in truth it is good enough to be, I should point out here how the right Spanish grudge against the Catalan comes out, casting for the quarrelsome and braggart rôle and for the vanquished, and for that of churl, the Catalans. Suero replies with self-control and discretion, nay more, with nobility and wisdom, for he is a gallant creature, that by Portugal King-at-Arms he had received on Saturday the eve of S. James their letter, that he thanked and prized them duly, for their intent, but that the terms of the Chapters forbade. "I write no more fully," he concludes, "because my hands are needed for more honourable things." They wrote again, urging that they had come not to break three lance but to do battle *a todo trance* (which is *à l'outrance*), with him and any companion he should select. Suero repeats that he cannot overstep the Chapters, but, as provided there, they can tilt

The Catalans

with a part of the armour removed, and be sure of meeting two blameless knights. D. John of Benavente, however, wrote to them that as soon as his particular vow was fulfilled, he should like to meet them, with or without Suero, and when they refused to consider him, their intent being toward Suero, he broke off communication. Meanwhile Gutierre Quixada begged Suero de Quiñones to accept him for companion if a meeting took place. On S. James's Day Suero made ready to joust without three pieces of armour, and the judges consulted with Portugal King-at-Arms and sent him back to his tent, very ill-content.

The Feast of the Apostle

By this time adventurers were arriving fast, and the party of Quixada took a long time. One person, Antón Cabedo, servitor of Antón de Deza, after being received was judged unsuitable and his spur returned. Suero as Defensor met Juan de Merlo as Conquistador, and was wounded in the arm so that the last course could not be run, though he wanted and petitioned to run it without lances since he could not hold

one. The surgery that the wound involved was very painful, and Juan de Merlo was very unhappy, and sent him a very beautiful piece of armour, and Suero in sign of cordial love sent him a mule that ambled very softly, for the long journey into France that he had to go. This Juan de Merlo had also a party with him.

The long journey into France

It was on Wednesday the 28th of July that the two Catalans arrived, and accepted the conditions duly, and went to salute Suero de Quiñones who received them with much honour and respect and provided lodgings.

On the Saturday a lady passed, Doña Inéz Álvarez de Biezma, and her husband was on pilgrimage, but a squire of Pedro de Acuña asked for the honour of redeeming her glove. Then came Doña Mencía Tellez and Doña Beatriz and Doña Ynés Tellez; these did not wish to yield their gloves, but did it perforce, and two squires and Benavente undertook to deliver them. Suero ordered the last gloves returned, and the squire redeemed that of Doña Ynés de Biezma and sent it to her at Leon.

A squire of low degree

That same Saturday even came a gentleman called Pedro de Torrezilla, of the company of Alfon de Deza, but none of the Defensors would tilt with him, saying that he was not noble; which when the generous Lope de Estuñiga heard, he sent to ask if he should knight him. Pedro de Torrezilla was grateful to him but said it might not be, for that he had not the means wherewith to support the honour of knighthood though he was in truth nobly born. Such discreet discourse enchanted Lope de Estuñiga, and he believed him nobly born: and to do him honour armed and entered into the lists and ran four courses without encountering, and as it was already night the judges bade end the tilting, pronouncing the joust completed, though they both would fain have gone on with the emprize. When they unhelmed to know each other, Pedro de Torrezilla was amazed

Lope de Estuñiga

that a knight so generous as Lope de Estuñiga should have humbled himself to tilt with a poor gentleman like himself, and he offered himself to his service to the utmost of his powers, and Lope protested

that he was as much honoured by tilting with him as with an emperor, and took him to supper in the great hall of the captain Suero. This is the pretty passage awhile since referred to.

A veray parfait gentil knight

Still on that same evening came Lope de Sorga, who was to have been one of the Defensors but broke his leg: he was ill-content not to be admitted now, nor yet allowed for a substitute, and ended by preparing a letter to post along the *Camino francês*, offering to redeem any lady's glove. A Lombard trumpet who had been on pilgrimage to Santiago de Galicia, and had heard that at the Bridge of Orbigo was a trumpet of the king of Castile very distinguished in his art, had come thirty leagues to try music with him. The Spaniard was the victor in the competition and invited him for as long as he would stay. By this time it was apparent that all the adventurers could hardly be met within the diminishing time, and the tilting was fast and frequent.

A Trumpet Major

On Tuesday morning the Catalans came out and started to arm. Suero de Qui-

ñones sent the King-at-Arms and the herald to ask them to wait until the morrow, because all the Defensors were unfit, either wounded or lamed: they answered that this was their day and they should arm and go into the lists. The Judges when they knew the modest request and the churlish reply, took the King-at-Arms and the herald and went to where they were arming and remonstrated and enjoined them. That day came a great master *algibista* or *bilmador* (what is called now an osteopath), fetched by Suero to set to rights the sprained or dislocated hands and arms of the knights, and he did it well. Then Suero and his companions considering how short a time remained and how much there was to do in it, sent to ask the Catalans if they objected to a few encounters of knights who had been restored, with some of the adventurers. They answered that the day was theirs, and if there were any knights with set bones disposed to try arms, they would do as well as any. Then quoth Suero, a little grimly, "They shall get what they ask for." But

A bone-setter

they fell back on the judges' ruling of the morning, that there should be no tilting that day. Thursday morning Diego de Bazán stubbornly went into the lists, against his captain's will, for he was not yet recovered of a wound. Against him was Mosén Rimbao de Cervera, on a fine big handsome bay that he had brought from Aragon: and both took heavy lances. In the first course Rimbao struck Bazán on the beaver, splintering his lance and leaving the point there: and Bazán was dazed, though he did not lose his lance, but what with that and what with the wound, the judges offered to Rimbao another knight to complete the joust. The Catalan wanted no more tilting with anyone, saying that his duty was satisfied. Bazán was insisting that he had been dizzy all the morning. Then came Lope de Aller, he too against the will of Suero for he had a fever, but it was impossible to argue with him, to encounter Mosén Franci del Valle, the Catalan, and at the fifth encounter Lope was badly wounded under the arm, the lance head breaking off. That was the

Ill-chances

end, though Lope did not quit his horse, and said the wound was nothing, and when he was disarmed and it was tended, it appeared not dangerous. Suero's *Maestresala* was sent to invite the Catalans to dine with himself, as during the jousts Suero fasted on Thursdays in honour of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, and they accepted. At this point the plain narrative seems to have declined upon satiric comedy.

The death of Esbert de Claramonte

The next day Suero encountered with Esbert de Claramonte, Aragonese, whose horse was unmanageable; he asked Suero to exchange, and they did. But in the ninth course Suero's lance struck the visor and entered the eye, killing him almost instantly. The Aragonese and Catalans made great lamentation, and Suero no less, and paid all honours to the dead body, and all attentions to the departed soul. He sent for his confessor, Master Fray Antón, and other religious, who told him that the church made no provision for

in mortal sin

those that died in such exercises, which involved mortal sin, but at Suero's entreaty carried a letter to the Bishop of Astorga,

and promised, if leave were given, to take the body to Leon and bury it in the chapel of the Quiñones in S. Isidro.[2] Meanwhile an anchoress of S. Catherine who lived at the bridge-head of Orbigo, came and stayed there until night. The friar came back without the license, and the Aragonese was buried in unconsecrated ground near the anchoress, with all the honour possible, and many tears of the knights who were there.

Chapel of the Quiñones

D. Pedro de Velasco, the Count of Haro, arrived on Saturday, returning from Santiago, and talked with them all and marvelled at the arrangements, and sat with the other good knights looking on in the place opposite to the judges'. By now, for want of time, the knights ran only a few courses, they protesting. So came Sunday, August the eighth, and only two of the Defensors were able to bear arms, and there were many adventurers with whom to comply, and little time. All that day they jousted. D. John of Portugal then came, saying that Suero had promised to meet him, and now Suero was out of the lists he would content himself

with Lope de Estuñiga. He was reminded of what the Chapters prescribed. On Monday the last day, when at dawn the trumpets began to sound and the knights to array themselves first to hear Mass and then to joust, Lope drew aside Portugal King-at-Arms and Monreal the herald, and certain noble gentlemen, and sent advice to D. John that to commend himself the more to his lady he might lay aside some armour and might use heavier lances, for the greater the danger, the greater the honour. D. John would not tell Lope what he meant to leave off, and in the end the judges forbade this disarming, but allowed the heavier lances. They each wounded the other a little, and then as it was dinner time the joust was declared done. In the afternoon Sancho de Rabanal, as Defensor, met Ordoño de Valencia, and after him, since all his companions were wounded or disabled, he tilted with Fernando of Carrión, a gentleman of D. John's company, and in the fifteenth course broke his last lance, and they went to their lodgings.

Greater danger, greater honour

That was the ending of the Passage Honourable, except for some correspondence with the two contentious Catalans, and the fetter was duly removed, and the feasting and pageantry were fine enough to make another story. And the scriveners who had written down all as it befell, made copies, and the king laid these up in S. María de Nieve, in Olmedo, in Tordesillas, in Villafruchos, in Valencia de D. Juan, and in the village at the Bridge of Orbigo.

Nicholas of Popplau

The situation was not unique. That quaint person, Nicholas of Popplau, with whose expeditions and opinions the reader many times already has been regaled or will be, travelled all over Europe with this sole intention of getting honour in the lists. His huge lance was somehow strapped to his travelling-carriage, his charger was led behind; kings and ruling princes showed him hospitality and humoured his fantasticality. In Seville however he met other folk as travelled as he, and resented the tone of the place. What he thought and said and says he heard about Spanish women, this is no place to tell. What he

observed of the relations of the Catholic Kings, Ferdinand and Isabel, has historical value. Riaño,[3] who edited some bits of his narrative and feels that his account was admirable of the English court under Richard III, cannot understand where he got such false notions of the Spanish. For all his punctilio and fine ways, the knight Nicholas was no paladin at heart.

The Grand Tour

Yet this was, after all, as good a way to encounter the world and learn men and manners, as going on the Grand Tour with or without a tutor. Beside Suero de Quiñones with his courtesies, his self-control, his command of delicate situations, Coryat seems too crude, and the Compleat Gentleman of Peacham too like a *petit-maître*.

The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

XV

IN THE VIERZO

A tomilló y romero
me hueles, niña.
— Como vengo del campo
no es maravilla.

"Do you know Ángel Gancedo?" I asked the postman as we went up from the station, fasting, in the early light.

"He is dead, Señora. He died poor." The postman came back twice and thrice to that, with malignant pleasure. Ángel Gancedo spoke English, and went about with English people, to the trout-fishing or into the mountains, but he died poor.

Possibly it was that which set me wrong with Ponferrada,[1] and the tiresome *Casa Consistorial* like all the others in Spain, and the indifferent inn, which was, God

help us, little more than a tavern, as indeed observed my friend José Iglesias of Toral de los Vados. There, when one got, with great persuasion, a room to wash and rest in, one still got not rid of the boots and trousers of the last occupant, and the smell thereof, except by putting them into the hall. As for the bed, it is best forgotten. The ill fame of the *Casa de Servando*, indeed, supplies mirth all up and down the road, so that when we asked Emerita of Villafranca to recommend a good house in Astorga, since in Such-a-one the beds were not above reproach, she answered innocently and set the table in a roar: — "You're wrong; that's the place at Ponferrada."

Casa de Servando

I disliked it from the start. I resented the high castle of Templars, remembering how it is impossible to know anything about Templars or to believe in them, excepting, of course, in a historical sense.

Yet Ponferrada bred my good Francisco Nieto, and his mules who took us to Carracedo and to Peñalva, and lastly across the Port of Rabanal, patient, courteous,

resourceful, kind, unselfish, enduring; only not to be called untiring because he came back from journeys that I bore easily, so haggard that I was ashamed of the good food and the soft living which had stored up such strength in me unworthy. Of hills like those which stand about Jerusalem, moreover, the inn enjoyed a view, and, during every stay, of that full moon which has been lost to literature for a century and a half—the refulgent lamp of night.

Hills and a Moon

The mountains of the Vierzo[2] are magical. Their slow-lifting, delicate contours, their quiet foldings, the vaporous blue of their distances, the green of their woods and their brooks, could draw a man in the seventh century as much as Petrarch, as much as yourself. Fructuosus[3] loved the green soft bank and the clear cold fount, and turned his back on cities, from time to time, for refreshment. A few hermits would appear, to share his meditations, and there must be a settlement, with herb-gardens, dove-cotes, and fish-pool, and, I suppose, wattled huts where the landscape did not offer caves, and some sort of Rule of

Life. The good saint, foreseeing that the time would be short before he must go home and be bishop of Braga, sighed no doubt, as one by one they limped up the steep road, or splashed along the marshy, but he made them comfortable before he went on himself. Of S. Pedro de Montes, S. Valerius writes[4] that beside pine and yew they could grow cypress, laurel, roses, lilies, and myrtle, having terraced for a garden the southern face of the mountain, for water perhaps diverted the brook somewhat further up, and even then most likely they would have had to wrap some of those trees in straw from Advent to Easter. Now, the wild woods are thick down to the valley-bottom where a little river turns and hesitates, and the brook runs down the only road for the last part of its way.

A garden and a lovesome spot . . .

In the church of S. Pedro, on trestles in the nave, just as she had been carried lately in procession, stood a lovely Spanish Virgin with the fairest hands imaginable, long braided tresses of real hair, earrings, and a frock of brocade so old that the

A dressed Virgin

colour had changed in the light and stayed fresh in the folds. This was not, however, what I had come into the wilderness to see. Allowing for the renovations and the restorations, it seemed likely that the church would be of the thirteenth century with alterations in the fifteenth and perhaps the seventeenth: it could give me no more. Francisco had a glass of wine: I should have liked another, but the good priest, conceiving of feminine tastes after the manner of Rousseau's Julie, pressed the offer of new milk, and reluctantly allowed the substitution of fresh cool mountain water.

The Happy Valley

Then we rode down the long hill, dangerous with rolling stones, difficult with running water, and at the bottom we came into a valley of enchantment. For whereas the first part of the day the way had lain up hill, by long loops and levels of well-built road that at last turned the mountain's flank, baking the odorous rosemary in the full sun, hewing the rosy marble to afford a track, clinging to the mountain-side like a bracket, above which reared

the heathery brow, below which a stone, springing off the road, rolled and leaped into dense treetops and no more was visible, so that all the way to S. Pedro de Montes was savage and there Francisco told a tragical history, on the other hand the valley in which we travelled afterwards was full of the sound of church-bells, and a cool stream ran glittering silently under leaning trees, sun-flecked and shivering. It seemed the place where care was not, nor time that brings old age, nor change that brings pain, except the happy changing from the burgeoning to the fall of the leaf, from green corn to gold. As we turned a sharp corner by a wall, there flickered four flails, gilded by the temperate sun.

The sound of church-bells

The story Francisco had told was of a boy, a soldier from those parts, who deserted from his regiment in Cuba because his sweetheart wrote so pitifully begging him to come home to her. When he arrived she was married to another man. He killed the pair of them. Among the rocks and peaks he took refuge and stole

The Mountains of the Vierzo

food from the shepherds to sustain life, until at last a whole regiment hunted him down among the fastnesses and killed him like a wolf or like a were-wolf. The history was cruel, because so unnecessary. So are good men turned to ill use.

A were-wolf

We came by imperceptible ascent to the village of Peñalva, stone-built, brown and compact, and the priest was awakened and the church unlocked. With horse-shoe arches and apses both east and west, it proved most curious,[5] well worth the pilgrimage.

It was at Peñalva that Francisco unstrapped the little camera from the saddle bow and told me not to leave it there when I dismounted, for even if the villagers were all honest, the mule might rub it off against a flight of steps or a wall. I thanked him, promised and forgot. We lunched by running water, on a green bank, a mile or so beyond Peñalva, for Francisco had no notion of retracing all the long way, and meant to skirt the other side of the valley in the afternoon, trusting to discover a descent, at S. Cristobal or elsewhere.

Within half an hour of setting forth again he made out one through woods, upon rolling stones: I sent him ahead to have something to fall against it I were to fall, put the bridle over my arm, and walked down in an abstraction, the pretty creature slipping and stumbling behind with a great clatter. I had mounted, at the foot of the mountain, and ridden a mile or twain, before realizing that the little camera was gone, and then I cried out to Francisco, heartily ashamed, and he offered to return and search. That, of course, could not be allowed: the day was waning and he was all for-wearied: but to each person that we met, riding in along the valley road, he told the loss and the reward of a dollar for the machine, dead or alive. It was like a bit out of the *Mort d'Arthur*, that return, in the long afternoon light, by water meadows, poplar-set, and through a beechen grove: the encounter now with a stout man riding briskly on a fat mule, now an old man walking swiftly in his soundless alpargatas, now a brown youth treading heavily after the long day, or a woman sitting her beast

The road to Camelot

sideways; and to each the same speech made, and request, and thanks. Next day one man rode twelve miles in to town, to report that it was not upon the trail, for every foot had been examined, but that women and children were out searching the mountain side. And on the tenth of October here at home in America I had a letter from Francisco to say that it was found. He kept it safe until I passed that way again, and it is still in use.

His idea of responsibility, augmented by the sort of kindness I have met, nearly everywhere, from his class, carried him so far that I stood shamed. A stupid memorandum, copied from a footnote, mentioned another church of the same type called, as I wrongly supposed, S. Peter of the Pots, *S. Pedro de las Ollas*. He could tell me at once of a S. Thomas with the same curious addition, but that would not do, it must be S. Peter. Therefore, when we had reached home at the clear dark end of twilight, hearing the Angelus from very far, when I was too stiff to drop off the animal unhelped, and he was fairly spectral,

S. Tomás de las Ollas

he set out, in spite of dissuasion, to find that sanctuary. First he tried the post office: they knew it not. Then he tried the Singer Sewing Machine agency: even they had nothing which referred to it. Lastly he commenced a canvass of all the parish priests in town, to learn from one that it was of a surety S. Thomas that was wanted, for the architecture was like that which we had gone so far to see, and moreover the church had been visited not so long before by that young man from Granada, by whom the *Cura* intended Sr. Gómez Moreno himself.[6] So after an elaborate interchange of civilities next morning, the *Cura* himself accompanied me, under a large umbrella, to the potters' suburb not half an hour away.

Ese joven . . .

The story of the town is characteristic, at Ponferrada: the bridge was built at the end of the eleventh century, for the convenience of pilgrims going to S. James, by Bishop Osmund who sounds like an Englishman: the place got town relations and rights from the neighbouring villages as soon as the bridge was begun. What with

Bishop Osmund

these and the pilgrims, it was soon a real town, and secured its *fueros* from Alfonso IX of Leon. In 1248 the bishop exchanged the tolls of Ponferrada for some property rights that the Chapter held. The Templars fortified it, and in 1218 and 1226 they were ruling there, as appears from documents.[7] When they fell, the Counts of Lemos succeeded; when these were ruined, the Catholic Kings took possession, in 1486. They may have found it hard holding. It had been the scene of the last act in the feud between the Counts of Lemos and the Counts of Benavente, and when Ferdinand and Isabel had hurried thither, it was in a blaze of civil war. The count of Lemos had crushed Pimentel's men and broken up the engines of war, but Royalty cowed his followers. They excused themselves, saying they had thought only to serve the Kings in preventing the Count of Benavente from seizing all Galicia as he had tried to seize Corunna. As this Corunna episode had been, apparently, a device of the Kings, or at least connived at by them, and been defeated by the spirit of Corunna men, it

Counts of Lemos and Benavente

was a good answer. But it was those greater than Pimentel who had seized Galicia, and held it in a hard fist.

The Curious Pilgrim arrives by the southern road

The *Pelegrino curioso*, when he was at Ponferrada, made an expedition to Carracedo, lost his way, lodged in a peasant's hut; and then another day he and his companion got safely there and saw *Nuestra Señora de Carracedo*. They were making a good cloister there, he says and affords thereby a date, 1577. So he wrote a poem to Her, and after they had cooled off they went on to Villafranca. But while he was stopping in Ponferrada, which he said was a tiresome place, he met an *hidalgo sacerdote* who told him all about S. Pedro de Montes. At that time it was occupied by the *Comendadores* of the Holy Ghost who wear a white cross on the breast. It passed for a good priory. The body of S. Genadius, he learned, was claimed by the church of S. Miguel.

Cacabelos.

Tant chevauchèrent et par nuis et par dis
Que à S. Jaques vinrent à un Mardi. — Raoul de Cambrai.

In the freshest hour of the young June day, Jehane met me as the night-mail just checked speed at the junction, and from the sweetly-lying, the pastorally-named, Toral of the Fords, José Iglesias drove us over to Cacabelos. The road ran between trees closely planted like the roads into Carrión, and the scent of hay was everywhere, and the rustling of leaves overhead. The town lies upon a brimming stream, and about the strong old bridge grew up, belike, the thronging fairs and markets that it enjoys;[1] it gained its rights in 1130. Sr. Cáceres Prat will have it that in antiquity, under the Roman dominion, the bridge and the road were there and a town thereby, for many Roman remains are still turned up in the vicinity.[2] Before the twelfth century it belonged already to Santiago de Compostella, for in 1108 when

In Francigeno itinere

it had fallen into ruin, the great Archbishop rebuilt the bishop's lodging and many other houses, and mended and consecrated anew the parish church: "Idem quoque Episcopus quanta in francigeno itinere vigili exercitio condidit," begins the chapter in the *Compostellana* which relates how great was the traffic between Leon and Astorga, and how "in propriis B. Jacobi mansionibus locum requiescendi minime reperisset," it being quite unfit for any man, and how the *habitaculum* without being pretentious had to be comfortable.[3] In 1130 after the Council of Carrión, D. Diego got a new concession from the king,[4] keeping out all tax-collectors, sheriffs, judges, and persons in authority except his own.

The town is made of one long street, a square, and some lanes: it contains a few fine plain strong houses of stone, the latest dated 1713, with carving over windows and door. Another has two balconies of very noble wrought iron, spindles, brackets, and arches all choicely forged; and elsewhere some grilles at downstairs windows are forged in a square chequer pattern.

The church sits in a backwater from the square and is entered under a western tower, quite new, rebuilt after a thunderbolt. *Artesonado* roofs nave and aisles, and the aisles are very lofty: the body of the church consists of two wide bays, probably once four more proportionate, on huge rectangular piers: the single apse, with a deep semidome, opens on a wide bay conceived in the manner of a transept, to which the roof in all three compartments (central, left, and right) though plastered, keeps the *artesonado* shape. Between this and the nave are stretched three arches, like an iconostasis in pre-Romanesque churches. A large chapel at the west end of the south aisle yet keeps a vast barrel-vault and semidome; there, outside, the buttresses and corbels are still discoverable under plaster, and inside, remain two strong capitals of the twelfth century, crude. Their parallels exist in remote Gallegan convents, like Meira and S. Esteban of Ribas de Sil. Of a truth, the affinities of this wayside church are various: that of the planning, with eastern bay and

Thunderbolt

the iconostasis, is with S. Juan de la Peña, and Ujué on the one hand, and on the other, with Escalada and Mazote: that of the high aisles, equal and roofed alike, is with such sanctuaries as S. Julian of Moraime and S. Marina de Aguas Santas. One thing it is not: it is not in the least regional.

S. Isidore and S. Zita

But it is of the land and the town, homely as bread; at one altar flowers invoke S. Isidore the Labourer with his plough and yoke of oxen; at another a lamp is tended before sweet S. Zita of Lucca, the patroness of maid-servants. She was born in 1218, she died in 1278,[5] and it is probable that a passing pilgrim left here the fragrant devotion and the shining name in the earliest years when her drudgery was made divine. In *Thurkill's Vision*, as in many rood-lofts and windows in England,[6] she is confounded with S. Sitha who is S. Osith of England. It is, however, possible, in view of the bishop's name cited earlier, and repeated in the inscription at Pieros quoted below, that there was an English bishop

who brought an English cult, and that later on, when he was forgotten and England less nearly allied, a like name supplanted one become unrecognizable, and for S. Osyth, the Queen and Abbess, was substituted S. Zita the maid-servant.

Aymery says this river is the Cea.[7] Over the water at the bridge-head is an infinitesimal suburb. There probably, as certainly at S. Miguel del Camino, the Mourning Mother has possessed herself of an earlier sanctuary. The wayside church of *Nuestra Señora de las Angustias* has an iron grate in the door, that to none, and at no hour, may the sight of her be forbidden. She is a great miracle-worker, with a retro-choir, closet or reception chamber, where the dressed-up image over the altar may be spun around for admiration, but what with silver coif and crown, and brocades and velvets, flowing away over hoop-petticoats, nothing was to be made out of the image.

A miracle-working Virgin

Not far beyond, uphill, lies Pieros, rich now in fruits and orchards, but venerable. From the church of S. Martin, Flórez

had copied the stone built into the sacristy wall, that tells a little:

Pieros

Ecce domus Domini et porte celi, ecclesia difusa et non
divisa in honorem S. Martini episcopi et confessoris,
S. Salvatoris cum XII apostolis et Sancte Marie Virginis, et aliorum
plurimorum sanctorum martirum, confessorum atque virginum
et aedificavit Petrus presbyter ipsa ecclesia et Alvarus
Garsea et uxor sua Adosinda et Rodericus presbyter complevit eam et ornavit omnia bona qui ibi est intus et foris, in diebus Adefonsus rex regnante in Legione et in Toletum, et consecravit eam Osmundus episcopus Astoricense sedis sub era CXXIIII post M quotum XIII Kal. decemb.[8]

Manier and his companions barely escaped an ugly adventure at Cacabelos, by reason of impertinent civilities offered to some girls and resented by some officers who happened to be at hand.[9]

After Pieros the plain was lost: the way,

though scrupulously shaded, grew steeper, and whatever was not climbing up hill was pitching down: so in a suburb of Villafranca we separated from D. José, to spare the sleek little horse the cruel street that rattles down to a brookside only to scramble up again. That same suburb is well set out with inns and populous with travellers, and musical with their bagpipes and *coplas* that were on the evening air to come across the gorge and call at our windows, and at the top of it yet waits Santiago, the pilgrims' church. So ancient and authentic was our simple impulse to dismount.

Old customs

Villafranca.

Lour se pensa le roi qu'il feroit grand fantise
A fer plus demorance de tourner en franchise
Le zamin a la voie dou bon saint de Galise.
— Nicholas of Verona.

Why one should like one town on sight and dislike another, is hard to see. Ponferrada could not content; not though the

ruins of the Templars' castle were the best of their kind, broken yet strong still, yet lofty and well-ordered; not though the mountain setting was grand enough to evoke a shudder from the eighteenth century. "A little city in frightful mountains where it is shut in as by a precipice," says Manier.[1] On the other hand, Villafranca enchanted me from the start. Beforehand it was figured only as visited by English addicted to fishing, and as terminal of the branch railway; and the irregular shallow hill-spur that served for the principal square had neither distinction of form nor nobility of enclosure.

A noble street

Yet, as one was to learn later, the steep little alleys pitching down toward the river ended all in a very distinguished street parallel with the stream, set on either side with noble houses. The city must have thriven not only in the twelfth century, but even as late as the seventeenth, for many houses scattered through it bear huge coats-of-arms and there is, besides, this whole street of palaces, built as at Genoa, with rather fine seventeenth century armouries

and rather plain round vast doorways. That street, in truth, for all the difference, was like one in Italy: in the same way it evoked a long life, past, stately and not to be forgotten. On the first evening, climbing the long spur up and still up the labouring hill, Villafranca seemed to have some of the beauty of Cuenca and other mountain towns with waters rushing about their base, and clouds dragging about their crests, windswept and high-hung. Again the Italian parallel recurs—think of the long flank of Subiaco, or of Radicofani hung against the sky! As at Cuenca, you can go up forever, past the last houses, on up into the hills.

Towns high-lying

The city was founded 1070,[2] as Villa Francorum. The monks of Cluny kept two hospices there, one dedicated to S. Lazarus, and possessed a church, S. María de Crunego[3] (*i.e.* Cluniaco). The other hospital is still in occupancy, with a comfortable reek of chloride of lime; with a plain, serviceable cloister full of sweet-smelling stuff, pot-herbs and medicinal plants and some flowers for vases. The chapel though

clean with whitewash is plastered and shabby, tawdry with stupid pieties though fragrant with the best of the garden.

The chapbook of the Abbot John

It was at this town, called from the name of the stream Villafranca de Valcarcel, that the Moors moving south under the renegade D. Zulema, met and slew the Christian host, and thence they passed along the road destroying every village and town, and there was none to resist. And thence on you would see Christians wandering through the hills and the rocks, by fifties and hundreds, lost like the creatures and hapless among these mountains, men as well as women, and the women with their children, crying and making sounds like sheep when you take their lambs away.[4] This is strictly fabulous matter, out of the chapbook of the Abbot D. John de Montemayor, but the stamp of truth is here. Where Almanzor passed, you saw and heard such things.

The church of S. Francis is of Friars' Gothic, with a square apse, sanctuary windows of three equal lancets under a cusped rose, and a supurb *artesonado* roof

over the nave. The ruined castle has a tragic story of the common sort, how the lord loved the wife of the seneschal and killed him, and could not show his face there again. He was D. Pedro de Toledo y Osorio. The convent of the Annunciation enshrines a better legend, which a tinsmith told to me at S. Francisco, standing up in the windy tower among the bells, and pointing to every spot as he named it, in Villafranca or in Corullón. D. María de Toledo was bent to be a nun; she escaped from the castle at Corullón with that intent. When her father, the Marquis was reconciled, and visited her at the convent: "Ya que eres religiosa," he said, "sea fundadora." So pride licked its wounds. He was D. Pedro de Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, who built the Alcázar as well, and raised the church to the rank of a collegiate. A Franciscan thaumaturge beatified in 1881, the Blessed Laurence of Brindisi, had known and loved the saintly girl in Naples, and, vowed to poverty, promised her the only gift he had to leave, his poor bones. Through a chain of cir-

The tinsmith's tale

cumstances, when he died, years later, in Lisbon, his bones actually came into her possession.[5] At the opening of the nineteenth century the English retreating to Corunna, stole the treasures and the pictures, broke the urn of the Blessed Laurence, and profaned the graves of the Marquesses, finally burned the archives of the town. Judge if they who were called allies, left a memory well-loved. English people have a curious delusion that Spaniards love them yet and are aware of an obligation because the Duke of Wellington chose Spanish soil on which to fight Napoleon.

The Peninsular War

S. Mary's church, the *Colegiata* is very high and spacious, with a central dome, and the quire a solid-walled room, also spacious. The vast western narthex that held once the tombs of the Marquesses and the shrine of the Blessed Laurence, is now a bleak rectangle, top, bottom, and sides. Out of this open aisles, one bay, with chapels almost the whole breadth of it, and then a bay of loftier transept. The nave, above the quire, has a vault as

S. María

high, soaring above aisles and apse; the capitals are goldsmiths' work, decorated like candelabra; the retables and stalls of all ages.

S. Nicholas

S. Nicholas, of the seventeenth century, shapeless and battered without, within is very noble, transepts, dome, and apse, and a grand nave, the flanking side chapels being pierced through lateral walls with an effect of aisles. Angels hang in the spandrels: old processional banners of the Blessed Laurence bedeck the transepts; and the carved walnut of the *retablo mayor* is duly graced with pictures and images. But work of a latter age, even so greatly conceived, so exquisitely adorned as these churches, is not all that Villafranca affords.

S. Juan

Across the stream, at the end of a struggling suburb, a long way toward Corullón lies the church of S. John.[6] Local tradition claims that it belonged once to the Templars; the name suggests an emendation to read, "the Hospitallers." It is of typical Romanesque, with corbelled apses, attached columns, and carved door. Up the hill, over against the height climbed the night

Santiago

before, I found the church of S. James. There the pilgrims had built them a church, had celebrated *romerías*, and even kept jubilees, to which witnesses the built-up door in the north wall of the nave, carved, capitals and archivolts, after French designs. Near it stood once the hospice for pilgrims and the hermitage of S. Lazarus.

Now the church sits out, lonely, on the grassy hillside, above the last street's end. The building is of the familiar parochial Romanesque, with a timber roof and high windows, round-headed and deeply splayed. The apse, preceded by one deep bay of barrel-vault, opens from the nave by an arch that rests on each side on one column of which the capital is excessively crude: three windows in the apse proper are framed in two orders, with a shaft in the jamb with good moulded base, and abacus continued back and carved with scroll forms, and capitals approximating to the leafy forms of the transitional style. The church is deserted and wretched, but not unclean. Outside, the apse projects strongly; two columnar buttresses, two plain corbels and a moulded

string-course at the level of the sills, breaking the surface. The windows repeat the disposition of the interior: one capital shows the Visitation, a pilgrim's theme; and one, plump quail billing, the quail being symbolical of desert places, studied quaintly from the life.

Wayfaring themes

The whole *Puerta del Perdón*, like the portals of Saintonge, projects a little from the face of the north wall; the arch is pointed, and of the mouldings above, two are plain, the next a very rich design of leaves, Byzantine perhaps in origin, worked like a cornice on the two faces of the order: and finally come Apostles in pairs, arranged over-lapping as at Civray and Echellais in Poitou.[7] At the peak, Christ blesses with a book but without a mandorla, the interval between Him and the Apostles filled up with acanthus: the drip-stone, again, is carved with curling leaves. Five shafts stand in the jambs, and on the eastern side their capitals are storied, with motives copied from the painted windows of northern France. The outermost, set above the moulded edge of the projecting portal,

French windows

shows a palace, Herod's or Pilate's, with heavy eaves and arcades above and below, not unlike the Palace of the Dukes of Granada at Estella: the next, the figure of the Crucified between SS. Mary and John. The figure, in a large loin-cloth, hangs heavily, legs straight, feet parallel, and head inclined and crowned: the motive is like that of the twelfth century Crucifix at Toulouse but the treatment is later.[8] On the other face of that capital stand the three Maries, just as in a roundel at S. Denis or Chartres or Bourges. The three kings come riding; they lie in bed together where an angel swoops down from a curled cloud overhead; on the innermost they worship the Mother and Child. On the western or right hand side appear, instead, leaf forms, harpies, and a wilderness of lions that suggests the Carrand diptych.

Three Kings came riding . . .

Of two stones, a little to the left of the door, one looks like a disused lintel built in: it says *Era DXXVIII, VI Kal. Sept . . . D. Raimundo. . . .* The rest is not quite decipherable, but it seems to offer a prayer, perhaps for his soul. The

other says . . . *de Haro* . . . no more. *Murió el hombre y murió su nombre.*

When I arrived at Villafranca for the first time, minished and brought low, by what I quite forget, one effect was that on meeting the decent landlady, with her widow's black, her calm command of the situation, I opened by offering references and written testimonials to my moral and financial standing and my serious pursuits. She reassured me in the consecrated formula, as grateful as *Oremus* to the devout: "A woman can always make herself respected." She was used to English ways and Englishwomen, she went on, for they came for the trout-fishing. I was to hear later of one such who rode with her husband cross-saddle. May her way be smooth wherever she fares, for she saved my character for me in the town. Asking about what we call, in England, "terms" I got a quaint response: "For travellers, so much, for others, more, but as you are alone I shall count you as a traveller. And have no fear, Madam, that you will meet with anything but

References

courtesy at the table of my house." Travellers, "viageros," as presently appeared, were simply *viajantes*, "travelling men" as we say in America, and I had no cause to regret sitting at the long table and not in a private dining-room like, doubtless, the English lady who rode with her husband. Never was anything so clean as that old great house, so quiet, so kind.

Travelling men

All the early travellers remember the town. Manier notes[9] that they had a good bed, "fort bien couchés à l'hôpital," that the town is surrounded with mountains, that in the morning they had bread and broth before setting out: and this is the first appearance of the Gallegan *caldo*. The Franciscan pilgrim Buonafede,[10] who came back from Santiago by a way not very familiar to me, that passed through Monforte de Lemos, came out at Villafranca and liked the place: it was comfortable and dignified. *The Pelegrino curioso* sets down that it belonged to D. García of Toledo who died in 1578, and that it has a good Vega — meadow land, or tilth, — and that around this land are certain houses

Vanli

of wood called *orrios*, which I take to be the characteristic *horreos* or thatched buildings.

Jehane herself later on, was to approve the situation and the establishment, and abide there certain weeks and days, taking long walks into the mountains or beside the streams, breasting the steepest crest for a far glimpse of the castle of Ponferrada, brown on grey, and following the river among noble chestnut groves, through flowering meads, to Corullón. The Romanesque and the fruits of Corullon are famous, in especial the figs: a local proverb warns, ambiguously:— *En tiempo de los figos non fai amigos.* She found there the gardens of Adonis withering in neglected churches; and well-mannered schoolboys who turned out for the strangers and saluted with a fine grace, and spoke with one voice a fair "Buenos días!"

En tiempo de los figos

Gardens of Adonis

On the establishment I laid the charge of finding a guide, trustworthy in both senses, approved in character and in knowledge of the roads, with two animals. It was not easy, probably. Antonio, when he appeared, aged eighteen, uncommonly

ugly, seemed to have no more wit than God had given him, and at times even less; I suspect he was a *pis aller*. Three days out, he mentioned that his friends all said a woman who would go off that way was not worth. . . . I never quite made out the phrase, though I have heard it, first and last, three times or four, but spoken always rapidly, and under the breath. The idea is, that she could not be worth much. In fine, he was fatally compromised by coming. Then I turned in the saddle and laughed. "Boy," said I, "I am forty-two, old enough to be your mother. I can't compromise you, nor you me." "Truth," said Antonio after calculation, "she is forty-one." By this you may know him.

XVI

BY SIL AND MIÑO

Tomad á D. Garcia á Villafranca de Valcarce, e Ponferrada e Valdoros, hasta la villa de Palaz, e dadlo a vuestras figas. — The Cid's advice to King Ferdinand.

We set out from Villafranca an hour and a half late. I am, look you, fatally a rationalist, disposed to believe that those paid for doing something know how to do it. So when poor Antonio had replaced for me the pack frame by a good saddle and the halter by a proper bit, I accepted, under restrictions, indeed but still for the nonce accepted, his certitude that a little grey donkey for him was equal to the journey. Alas! even the dainty brown mare that I mounted was

Grey Brother

to prove unequal to it, though valiant always; and in truth, the grey donkey kept ever ahead, during the three days Antonio and I wandered about. Only grey brother, having, besides, the scarlet saddle-bags, and a torn sack, very ill-adjusted for the most part, refused to carry Antonio except at a snail's pace, so that in the end wherever the road was very good he went afoot to save time, and whenever the road was very bad, he went afoot to save the *burrillo*. I hope, at least, he rode the whole way home.

The River Road.

Stretched aloft and adown I see
Two roads that part in waste-country:
The glen lies deep and the ridge stands tall;
What's great below is above seen small,
And the hill-side is the valley-wall.

The morning light was sweet, the valley road was fair; blue and green were glad

and fresh-coloured in the clean air and the white road ran fast, turning and winding as the river turned, following a dell up almost to the head, and doubling back along the mountain's flank to the main line and grassy meadows and trembling poplar-shade. The stream was broad and brown, white rapids alternating with still pools where the light lurked as in a gem, and the hillside was rich with underbrush and low-growing green, with grass and flowers. Chestnuts on the right, poplars on the left, gladdened the birds, hour after hour, and other trees there were, the true oak and the walnut among them, green leafy trees all, not the grey and black of cork and live-oak as around Leon, nor the leprous whiteness of sycamore and eucalyptus as on the Atlantic edge: but hardwood trees, which accept the winter and burgeon for the summer, among which birds can nest in leafy shade, and sing and twitter as the wind rustles their translucent screen. Broom was gay, and the magenta foxglove not yet past, and other flowers whose cousins I had gathered in the Swiss

The river road

valleys, yellow and purple, marked by their colour the declining season, and by their presence the moist and fertile region.

Pack-mules

We overtook a group of pack-mules, their drivers walking together, and were passed by them in a village where I halted to record a doorway, and again repassed them, and lost them at last, I know not if before or behind or whether they turned aside following the highway. For we left the highway after Vega de Valcarcel, not to come back to it until the next day at even-fall, and then with an ill will. The mountain ways were sweeter, shaded and musical at times with swift streams, or cloven through brilliant rock with brilliant water glittering at times below.

The villages are not wretched. New houses are going up, others are dated in the eighties and nineties. The architecture is at first the familiar Alpine kind, conspicuous for balconies above the door and dung-hills before it; then thatch supplants slate, and presently all yields to the curious structure of flattish stones with slate roof or thatched, called on the

heights a "pallaza." They have glass in the windows. These houses being built of loose stones, unsquared, with roofs of straw, the material imposes no form and they have no form, not circular nor rectangular nor even polygonal, but a sort of wavering oval, sometimes, and sometimes the shape of a cucumber or a blunt and swollen crescent.

Vega de Valcarcel

Vega de Valcarcel was sweet as is the name: the meadow was there, new mown, the valley, green, the keep, ruined, crowning the hill across. Two castles, in truth, guarded the passage there, but one lies back of the huge and hollow hill, invisible from the friendly river of the Sil that still we followed for a while.

The diocese of Leon had a right, in the Middle Age, to certain churches in Galicia, among which were that of Valcarcel, and the Archdeanery of Triacastela.[1] A great good deed for Spaniards as well as outlanders, was the act of Alfonso VI, in 1072, by which, in gratitude for the recovery of his kingdom of Leon from his brother D. Sancho, he freed the way of tolls and

imposts. It opens like a romance:[2] "In the port of Monte Valcarcel, there was a castle where all passers-by paid tolls." The better part of it is quoted earlier.

Seven Brethren

A legend cited by Quadrado in a note,[3] to the effect that seven brothers, called Valcarces, by night recovered the Castle of Saracín with seven slim staves, and are commemorated therewith in the arms of the town, is worth attention because it permits us to identify this halt with the Castrum Saracenicum of Aymery Picaud.[4] It is called Valle "Carcerio" in a document of 1178. The English kept a hospital here,[5] and in 1177 Henry II applied to Ferdinand II for a safe conduct to visit Santiago in expiation, possibly, of the death of Becket.

The church is not formless, though little and low, with a timber roof for the nave and a barrel-vault for the sanctuary, painted, to be sure, in imitation of ribs. At the west a round arch opens into the tower. The lines are good though low, the buttresses sound, the tower strong with windows faintly pointed. These little old churches are like the old women. You

cannot guess at their age after a certain point.

The inn, situated above the provision store, was a prosperous place, with tables for Antonio and his like downstairs, and upstairs a long table for the better sort, and clean bedrooms running back to look over the meadow. I rested a little, while the luncheon was preparing, and visited the green fields and the bright stream, and at table explained all that I had of plans.

A poached egg in a cup of consommé is remembered as a special delicacy of my youth, at certain summer luncheons with a charming woman, already then grey-haired, who understood the world and the art of living well in it. But two fried eggs and garlic in a soup-tureen full of sour bread are not the same. For manners I had put out of sight as much as possible of this, and then lunched thankfully on thick chunks, like oaken plank, of ham, and fried eggs *nature*, that were excellent, while the raucous red wine attempered the heavy bread. Lastly, the landlady unlocked some pears in sugar, of which I appreciated

Luncheon

more than she could quite have wished: and with her, two nieces, and a shy small daughter, whose eyes were as large as her braids were long, I took counsel about the next stage. Certainly to Triacastela it was a full day's journey, for a neighbour of hers made it sometimes, and to Cebrero only half a day, but there were places in between the two: the *Cura* of Cebrero would put me up, or I could enquire for a house that took guests at Padornelo.

"I can always ask," Antonio had said already, when taxed with ignorance of the way we went, and he was to ask, and I as well, all along: we were to leave a trail of misinformation floating in the bright air of those three days.

Ruitelán

Ruitelán was where, like the pilgrims,[6] we crossed, and there we left the King's Highway, as it runs now by Piedrafita, and left the last of Antonio's knowledge. He had gone to Corunna with mules and he knew the *Camino real*, but not this strange itinerary. At Las Herrerías, in the lush green of the river bottom, a hospice was situated formerly, perhaps that named

Las Herrerías

in a bull of Alexander III[7] as in English hands, in the twelfth century. Manier could have saved me some asking if I had only known him then, for he had been over all this ground, by Ruitelán and Las Herrerías and La Faba,[8] and the *Pelegrino curioso* had pushed on eagerly enough, and as he climbed that tiresome crest of Cebrero, talked to his companion of the strangeness of the land of Galicia, with its abundance of wild fruits and orchard fruits, "with such exquisite ways in saying gracious words," *e. g.* the name for a pig.

The name of a pig

From under hedgerow trees you saw, on the opposite river-bank, in a ruined keep, a sunny circle of beehives, warm in the southerly shelter as in the dead lion's fell, — "ex fortis dulcedo." In one town, beautifully set among chestnuts, with a wooden cross where the ways parted, the parish church had the Renaissance silhouette: an open arcade for bells at the west end, a low nave, and a high square eastern portion with pyramidal roofing. Noon was not past before we began to climb, leaving La Faba, with a strong stone church of the

familiar type, low west porch and high west tower, a rectangular nave higher than most, and a sanctuary with a square east end.

The mountains of the Vierzo

As we climbed, the mountains lifted about us, until in the winding of the road, an open track on the edge of open pasture, we could look across to all the blue heights of the Vierzo, and the crests that enclose Villafranca, already dear and unattainable. We travelled along the side of an enormous mountain, and looked down its dappled flank, among cloud shadows on grain field and grass land, on hedge and stone wall, to a winding brook at the bottom, above which swelled up another huge hillside. And always under the piled white clouds, behind the far blue heights, yet other heights swam up, bluer and farther, till I could have thought to recognize the mountains that encircle Peñalva and their snow-wreaths whiter than cloud. Ahead, against the sky, in a cloven hollow hung a belfry and a few high-shouldered roofs, formless, unreflecting.

The pass of Cebrero lies at 1293 metres

above sea, and the ancient hospice with its church and huddle of huts, lies in the very crotch of the pass: the hospice is the priest's house now, stable and cooking-hearth below, and a range of good rooms, to judge from the windows, above the heavy wooden stair. Thus it was in the twelfth century. Those upper rooms I did not see, for the *Cura* was asleep and must not be aroused, though he had the keys of the church I had come so far to see, and the imp of perversity that harbours in one's bosom saved until the farewell a message and introduction that I had for the *Señor Coadjutor*. Then, indeed, the servant would have called him, the excellent pock-marked woman whose kindness had taken me upstairs and down, by the private entrance, into the church: and whose apprehensions had asked a *limosna*, an alms, for the Madonna's image before she could unveil it. The *Señor Coadjutor* was somewhere below, whether in the village or the valley I do not recall, and the *Señor Cura* slept on, and the servant would not take a personal gift of money for

The Pass of Cebrero

what she had done. So in the end I thanked her with what grace in Spanish I had, and there was the end of the visit, but not of the venerable priory.

A Miracle of Faith

They keep there a *Santo Milagro*, a miracle like that of Orvieto and that of Daroca where, in a mountain pass, God had made Himself flesh, shed drops of Blood to hearten the soldiery entrapped by Moors, and a white mule led the assault thereafter. My good friend D. Angel del Castillo avers[9] that the lonely village hides a San Graal, the very Cup that Monserrat cannot show nor S. Juan de la Peña, though Valencia adores a Chalice: at any rate it enshrines a story. It seems that one Sunday there was a very heavy snowfall, but notwithstanding that a labourer from thereabouts tramped two leagues lest he should miss his Mass. When the Vicar marvelled, "I should be a poor sort," said the labourer, "not to do that much for the sake of seeing God." "But God is up in heaven," said the Vicar, not ill-naturedly, and vested and commenced the Mass: then turning at the right moment to offer the sacred elements to the

labourer, he discovered in them the Very Flesh and Very Blood of the Lord. Fr. Yepes passed there in the course of a journey and adored, and added to the legend already rehearsed the information that the precious ampullae were taken out in procession on Corpus Christi Day and Our Lady of August and Her's of September: and when any person of quality passed, or pilgrim, the monks, vested and with lighted candles, showed it with much decency.[10]

Church

The little church, low but strong and not ignoble, with a squat tower and deep porches built to offer refuge from wind and snow but hardly space for drifting, is all of loose flattish dark stones, roofed with blue slates. Inside, the curving timber roof is ceiled with plank in the nave, and slopes, pent-house-wise, above the aisles, sustained by two strong transverse arches there. The church consists of three square-ended apses, and three heavy bays of round thick arches, with probably capitals, or the remnants of them, under the whitewash of centuries. The apses of the aisles are

of two bays of barrel-vault with a cornice at the springing, in the southern a couple of pointed tomb recesses, and another opposite which has been pierced through to the sanctuary. This corresponds, in its imperfect way, precisely to the delicate and much-praised disposition of the east end in S. Francisco of Pontevedra. The barrel-vault of the central chapel is divided by an arch which descends now on corbels but once on pilasters like those of the sides. The western porch is two stories high, reached above by a light gallery. Chapels open off it, in one of which stands an enormous font: elsewhere, a stone coffin shaped for head and shoulders.

A shaped coffin

This royal hospital and priory of S. María of Cebrero depended, according to Lopez Ferreiro,[11] on S. Pierre of Aurillac, and was founded toward the end of the ninth century, under the Benedictine rule, by Count Gerard of Aurillac. Morales, in his *Viaje*, notes[12] that "El Cebrero is not now [1579] an abbey but a priory, with a hospice, connected with S. Benito at Valladolid: three or four monks reside there,

to look after the grange and the hospice, a good work, for this Port is very hard and it lies on the regular route of pilgrims, and there would be much suffering without this refuge for the poor." He found there no memorial of the foundation. A privilege of Doña Urraca, the daughter of Alfonso VI, the great Countess of Galicia, is dated March 2, 1128. Unluckily she died in 1126. It is said elsewhere[13] that Calixtus II on his pilgrimage to Santiago while yet Guy of Vienne, left there a *Lignum Crucis*, but that pilgri age is now denied. The Catholic Kings had arranged that the connexion with France should be dissolved and the rents turned over to the Benedictines of Valladolid, and afterwards the priory was united to S. Vicente of Monforte de Lemos, in 1496. This was a part of their policy. With edifying devotion they had passed by there ten years before, when in 1486 they were bridling and breaking Galicia.

Aurillac, then Valladolid

The *Pelegrino curioso* here is more than usually garrulous and sympathetic. Besides the story of the *Santo Milagro* for

which I have to thank him, he says: "The church, so broken down and destroyed, gave no hope of such grandeur and mystery as there is within: but it is so cold and so windy that *no es de espantar*—it does not strike awe. Four monks were kept there; they serve much to pilgrims; in short, here is great charity and a good hospice." Then he pushed on to Samos and chatted with the monks there, putting to them a case of conscience, something intricate in consanguinity and marriage. Next day he went on to Sarria, stopped in Puerto Marín, and Palaz de Rey. In this country, he noted, they use a sort of cat-stairs or raised sidewalk like stepping-stones for those who travel on foot, to keep out of the way of riders. We encountered this about Orense. He was a good walker, he had good eyes and ears; he has proved trustworthy everywhere that his notes could be checked. Not for the first time he has run ahead of me now.

Cat-stairs

If one could but see Cebrero in winter sometime, like my friend D. Ángel, when it has snowed for six grey days and frozen

for six long brilliant nights, when the huge flanks of the mountain are one unbroken white, softly lifted where stone walls ran, softly dimpled where watering-places lay; the brook, black below, showing only at a few rare spots in the swelling shadowless white, and the mountains blue and far, crested and flecked as with foam. In the grey house-walls, without angles and almost without shadows, yawns the black doorway; on the heavy roofs of thatch, heaped each with billowy and unbroken white, not a chimney breaks the soft swelling: as you pass you see forms stir in the flickering darkness and hear the crackle of twigs upon the central hearth; and the soft breathing of beasts that share the same roof kindly, and yield their warmth to their masters' needs. The low grey hospice is shuttered and smoking, the low grey church tower, with its bulbous pyramid and purple slates, tinkles and hardly stirs the stillness. The road that winds down between the huts is soiled and trodden perpetually, and presently, when the sun and wind have worked, the creatures will

Cebrero in winter

come out, small soft sheep, mild staring cows, and find grazing spots in southerly pastures and on the sunny side of walls. One cannot fancy Cebrero in spring, with delicate spring-flowers, uncurling leaves, and lisping runnels. It must always be bleak winter there or bleak mid-summer, with a seeking wind among the grey walls and in the blackened interiors a fire always smouldering.

A seeking wind

The road dipped a trifle, just past Cebrero, and followed the hollow of the opposite mountain, winding along the great flank and visible far ahead, mounting, imperceptibly. At S. Esteban de Linares, called in the twelfth century Linar de Rege, I halted to visit the church. It was lonely, empty, all but vacant, yet it has tower, timber roof, and square apse, opening by a round arch, that rests on an abacus, but has lost capital and shaft. The vault of the apse comes down to the floor without perceptible break: the doors and windows are square, lintel-built, except the outside entrance to the tower, which has round-headed door, windows to match,

Vega de Valcarcel

a capital at the springing and a cornice above, both of these in the shape of the seventeenth century. The tower has buttresses, the rest none. It seems likely that the forms of the early part were imposed by the structure, of loose stones that move too easily among themselves, and that for the tower, the seventeenth century was rich enough to import a different stone and a stronger mortar. Linares is a tiny hamlet with a tinier church. The *Cura* is no longer in residence, he has pulled down his house and gone to live elsewhere. Workmen in the filthy road stood about and marvelled, not too openly, as I swung up across the saddle, and adjusted the flaps of the riding-suit into something very decent even for their eyes. Winding between dung-hills, we passed a desecrated chapel, possibly that once dedicated to S. Roque; the roof had fallen in and strewn the floor with slates, beasts had been stabled there, for the oaken door was sound upon its hinges; on the altar had lain stable trash and old clothes, but a square hollow showed where the

Linar de Rege

consecrated stone had been reverently removed to safety. Well, in West Virginia I remember what was once a church serving as a smithy: out of the lancets of the apse sparks flew, and in the nave horses stamped and men sweated. Soon the little church of Linares will be only a heap of loose stones, very serviceable to mend a wall or frame a window, and God will not be insulted any more. Few pilgrims go to Santiago now, and those who travel, use the train.

The Countess's Hospice

At a higher altitude, on a turn of the road that looked over toward S. Stephen's, we passed where once stood the hospital called "de la Condesa," whether Urraca or another, I know not. The church stands very nobly on a spur, looking far abroad, with tower at the west and apse at the east, of granite all. The hamlet I remember as greener than most places thereabouts, and the road as fetlock deep in mud, both circumstances due to the soaking springs that may have originally fixed the site of the hospital. "There was one once," the people still know. Here Manier

mentions[14] the all but universal thatch — "où les maisons sont couvertes de chaume relié, de distance à autre, comme des cerceaux sur le toit." He slept that night at Fonfría, where I also was to sleep, as you shall see. Thatch

Another stretch of road in long lacets, always the mountain rising on the left, always on the right the deep clove, and the far views coming at a sudden turn, and sometimes a bit of high pasture on a rocky spur, with stone walls and tangled blossomry in the untouched corners. There, in the angles of these stone fences where spring snows melted early and autumn suns lay long, I saw, rarely, now two or three stalks, now one alone, perhaps a dozen in all, of a most lovely strange lily, pink, curled and freckled like the tall Chinese lilies of my grandmother's garden; but the stalk carried a whole handful of blooms in a sort of pyramid, and each of them was no bigger round than a large narcissus, and their colour belonged in that Spanish scale of colour based on magenta, not coral pink, nor tea-rose, nor mauve, nor saffron, but The pink lily

Padornelo

a sort of paler rose freckled with deeper colour than the far more common foxgloves. In Padornelo the houses were built of larger, stronger, squared stones: but I saw no house in which I could sleep, as I thought. Nevertheless, this little mountain burgh, of half a dozen stone houses strung along the road, is very venerable: at the beginning of the twelfth century Oveco Sánchez bequeathed it to Diego Gelmírez the bishop of Santiago.[15]

Past another grey stone village, clean by very aridity, where I had no wish to sleep, there came suddenly a steep *col*, made of live rock and baked clay. I climbed five minutes hard on foot, the animals struggled over with scrambling, clattering hoofs and tender cajoleries of Antonio, then before us, under floating cloud, a greener world flowed down to shady depths where verily might have lurked the Miño, and to white villages strung on scraps of white road where might have been a bed prepared. The sun hung right ahead now, and the veils of cloud that had swung so free in the blue, caught and trailed behind

us on the long crest that we had to turn and follow. They poured over the ridge and flowed down about us for five minutes, then swam off into the blue clear air again. A mountain road, forever forking down to farms or merely to haymakers, a guide that knew no more than I, not even the direction in which to look for Triacastela, mists assembling as the sun dropped fast! The animals were spent, and still the haymakers measured the distance as a league and a goodish bit. Therefore at Fonfría, in the best house, at the far end of the village, we asked a bed, and found the warmest kindness, and comforts we had no hope for.

A mile and a bittock . . .

The house was built of good-sized stones and had a blue slate roof; and in the roof a little dormer out of which curled blue smoke. For the rest, it looked like those of Cebrero. As I think of it I make out that the two main rooms, four-square, were fashioned in the midst of it, as one should inscribe a rectangle in an ellipse, and the segments at the sides served various needs. By one we entered, through a sort of stable,

Fonfría

and up three steps, upon the *foyer;* and out of that, on the left, down four steps again, opened a kind of narrow irregular atelier with a window, where the loom stood, and the great wheel for winding yarn. They spin, I think, upon the distaff always. The square raised hearth, in the midst of the great room, was enclosed by benches on the four sides. I dropped down on one of them to thaw my feet and hands, and to make tea, Antonio having sensibly suggested that, for, look you, I was stiff and weary. While the family sat on other benches and stood about, I called Antonio to the warmth and rest he needed more than I, just as next day I was to say with authority: "This is no time for customs; sit down across the table and eat and drink what there is." My hostess fed the tiny crackling blaze about the *bouillotte*, and after tea was made, cooked for me a supper.

When I alighted, after the assurance of beds, her first word had been a hope that we had brought white bread, for none but black was there. Well content, I supped on eggs fried in lukewarm oil, dipping the

bitter brown bread therein, and moistening it with good wine. "We have tea and coffee both," she said proudly, but I had no need to touch their store. She was, it seems, of Leon, and lived there: her daughter, at service in Madrid, had peaked and pined in the unkind air and for her health the two were visiting these shepherd folk, her cousins. But as one acquainted with capitals, she took charge of proceedings, gave up to me her own carved bed in the other great dark-beamed room, down which stood permanently the heavy table and its appropriate benches, the "table dormaunt" of Chaucer. She withdrew her daughter from the other bed, to leave me the room alone; showed how the window, shuttered and glazed, was fastened open, "for we sleep with the window open at night," she said; and drew out of vast chests great coverlids woven of linen and wool, in scarlet, blue, and green, in tufted patterns. It was a part of her pride, that she could make up so many extra beds on short notice, for herself and the quiet daughter, and Antonio, somewhere, yet

Shepherd folk

still pile over mine yet more and more of these great counterpanes, rather like some of our Colonial work. Spare raiment hung from the black rafters, and I was warned not to be afraid when the shepherd owners should pass through this room to get to their own that opened out of it, but they came so softly and passed so silently, the wonder is I heard them.

Late daylight

There had been a walk, however, in the late daylight of those altitudes, to see the village and its green uplands beyond, and the plain little church of S. Mary consecrated in the year 1200, by Bishop Alonso Ramírez of Orense[16] and to drink deep at the fountain cold as the village name. The church has a nave and apse like other *parroquías* of the region, but, in addition, on the south side a barrel-vaulted sacristy and then, down from that, pent-house-like, runs a side cloister or aisle, somewhat like that of Rabanal; this has, however, no opening to the sacristy and only one to the church. It recalls, in truth, the early Asturian type, like S. Salvador de Valde-Dios: and the nearer parallel, found

between Leon and Astorga, is later in date.

Then there was a bustle and a soft noise and little cries and muffled bounces: the sheep were come home. In Switzerland you have seen the goats come down from the mountain sensibly, in single file or by two and three through the narrow tortuous street, stand up and drink from the fountain, their pretty hoofs against the stone basin, their pretty heads just dipped to the cold water, and then disperse each to her own house, discreetly, some called, some trotting away alone, tinkling a little bell. The sheep here came in silly huddled dashes, an old woman pouncing on one and carrying it along by the wool of its brown back: they ran up steps to stable doors to stand at bay, and when a handful was sorted out and driven off there would be a wrong one among them, and one wanted, left behind.

The sheep

The day was not dying at all: it went on. Rosy streamers floated above the valley in the azure air: the green slopes were brilliant as if with dew. I have never seen dew in Spain, the mountains are

Gilboa

like the mountains of Gilboa, but the air was crystal and not too cold. I slept well under the coverings that the shy sweet girls who smiled so silently, had woven, and the evening and the morning were the second day.

In Galicia.

En Galicia, falta pulicia y sobra malicia.
—Refrán.

On this second day the way ran on through green dells and above steady streams, climbing only to descend again. The villages were dipt in chestnut groves, or reached and left again by leafy lanes. Straightway from Fonfría the road plunged downward; and over outcropping rock, and rolling cobblestone, the horses slipped and the walkers stumbled, even into the wide valley where the church of Triacastela bears above the porch three carven castles. The castles are gone long since, and the ancient church that saw Bishop Recared[1] in 913; that which stands there is typical of

Triacastela

the region and larger than most, with a deep apse square-ended, a porch below the western tower, porch and tower of the year 1790. In 919 the king and queen were restoring there a monastery dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, which Count Gaton and Doña Elvira his wife in the end of the ninth century had fitted out with books, ornaments, curtains, and all, and declared neither public nor private but exclusively for the monks, who under the rule of Abbot Sanctus were fighting the good fight in the armies of the Lord. But now the king only three years later turned it all over to Santiago, with all thereto appertaining, vessels, furniture, and fittings, and a bell of cast metal.[2] In 1068 the Infanta Doña Elvira gave a donation to Compostella of various *villas* in Lemos, Triacastela and elsewhere in Galicia.[3] The church is good Romanesque with high, round-headed windows deeply splayed, a flat timber roof, and a triumphal arch projecting from the apse wall and very finely shaped: behind that a deep bay of barrel-vaulting and then a semi-dome.

Milicia Dei

On the outside, the apse has buttresses and plain corbels: and the wall which encloses the churchyard, here, as at Barbadelo, carries crosses at intervals as if the Stations might sometimes be preached out there under the sky.

Here in the tall grasses I saw Antonio trying to make one cigarette into three, and being moved by pity, came to a fresh understanding with him. When the bargain first was made, fancying he might have trouble in hiring the animals, I had offered to pay half the amount in advance, and to make sure that they all got proper food I had arranged to pay their keep and his with my own upon the journey. But his family and friends, thinking, it appeared, little of his wit and less of my character, had taken from him every *perra chica*, so that the poor lad had not wherewith to pay for the white wine and biscuits which refreshed me in a little shop at Triacastela, cool and brown as a Rembrandt. He had not even the price of cigarettes. There against the church wall, forlornly rolling up his crumb of tobacco, he was too pitiful

Not a *perra chica*

for justice, and as I had refreshed him, so now I proffered a dole of a *duro* a day, to be deducted from the final payment.

The village is like another, like nearly all of these two days. Forgetful of the world that has forgotten it, long since, it languishes along the years, from haying to hog-killing, and around to the spring planting. The road, as I have said, lay often through woods of chestnut and pollard oak, with meadows below full of haymakers, with Indian corn and cabbage, with pigs and cattle as well. The people seemed not too sadly poor; though frugal, not undernourished; but the dirt was everywhere, as indeed it must be where pigs frequent the street.

The old road follows the heights, but we turned aside into the Vega of Samos, to visit, on hearsay, an old church and a rich church, and to sleep at a town on the railway, missing, possibly, thereby, Villa S. Michaelis, S. Michael's town, along the Way. At least, nothing we passed through had the look of the archangel. Manrique[4] records a legend that

Samos

The Lost Pilgrim William of Aquitaine

William of Aquitaine, on his pilgrimage, never reached Santiago, but died in the odour of sanctity at the convent of S. Michael, "in ipso itinere quod Gallicum adpellant, a frequentia Francorum peregrinantium." He places the convent indeed, in Leon, but the adjacency to Triacastela which was subject to the see of Leon would explain such an error. Except for this I should risk a conjectural identification with Samos, where the original chapel was under the advocation of the Messenger.

No memory of the pilgrims survives, not even in the dedication of a church, no trace of French skill or French Romance, not even a rough archaic carving of the Three Kings who came from far. The very road had forgotten whence it set out, and whither it was bound; it turned and forked, recrossed the stream, struck up through a village to some high-lying lonely grange: it halted where three ways met in a chestnut grove, before such a tall stone cross as the Three Kings take for rendezvous in old manuscripts. In the heat the

quiet air smelt of hay making, the very bees were still.

Lastly a descent past ivy-mantled walls, the enclosure of a vast domain, dipped under an ivied gate and entered Samos. The *Harbour of Refuge* was the sentimental title to a Pre-Raphaelite picture, but it expresses what a monastery must have looked in the tenth century, what for a moment I saw as we emerged on the open valley-bottom, with river and garden and great four-square pile of building. True, this is a building of the eighteenth century looking big as the Escorial, but under the shoulder of the mountain fronting sun and breeze, the monks had always harboured, the villagers had squatted always about their skirts. With true religious indifference, they refused us refreshment or repose. Inn there is none.

The Harbour of Refuge

Now Samos lies aside from the itineraries and the Pilgrim's Way unless it be indeed Villa S. Michaelis, and it was a vain imagination to go hunting for the monastery there. It is colossal still: it was opulent once: it is, like all places tainted with

monasticism, unrighteous, unapostolic, and unkind. Such houses as there were where travellers might rest and eat, refused to take us in, all three of them.

A Votive Painting

At the *Hospital del Rey*, near Burgos, they have a picture which I take to be votive: the Grateful Offering, the memorial at once and emotion of one who had known unkindness elsewhere. To the little tavern at Bethlehem comes a tired donkey: a tired man leads the lagging beast, and a woman, weary and ill, can hardly sit on it, but the landlady warns them away and her son mocks the wayfarers. Twice and thrice on this journey I was to recall that picture, and the last time to make in wrath the Scripture application. This time, however, I simply rode back to the best of the places, which was also the village store, and with difficulty getting down off the drooping beast, told the mistress that she would have to feed me and it. If I have taken orders for forty years, yet I have given them for twenty, and at such a moment the habit of authority availed. If she had no ham,

she admitted eggs, if she had no soup, on the stove stood *caldo*, and there were, as always, bread and wine, which alone would have, indeed, sufficed for ourselves and the creatures. Then said I to Antonio, when he had unsaddled these and found them hay, "This is no time for customs," and together we ate and drank and were refreshed. Thereafter he went off to feed his beasts with bread soaked in wine and I sought the monastery.

The foundation was Benedictine,[5] the dedication to S. Julian, not the Hospitaller, who hung, with all his Roman panoply, in a ridiculous gilt glory above the high altar. An ancient chapel that local tradition takes back to the sixth century, had passed on the function of its patron when superseded, and just the other side of the village we were to pass a shrine of S. Domingo de la Calzada, and these few names, like the gypsy patteran, made glad with assurance that I had not lost my Way, still I was among the Helpers and Harbourers. In the oldest stones, in the names that cling like swallows' nests on a wall,

SS. Julian and Basilisa

S. Michael

hung the memory, lost among men, of the perpetual pilgrim train.

From the grey square of buildings came a subdued yelping, as from a box of puppies, that rose and fell in the quiet sunlight, never wholly dying away, never quite bursting out of doors. It seemed like a drowsy barrack, at first, but it was the monks' day school. A woman on the tramp like myself, old but strong and seasoned, sat down under a green bank, untied her kerchief and combed her grey hair, smooth as flax and dark as iron there in the windless sun-steeped air, as the Magdalen combed her ruddy tress in the Asturian Romance.[6] In the huge nave of the church, choked up by the quire that blocked the floor and the lattice that guarded the tribunes, a lay brother, filling lamps with the sweet oil of the olive, was so friendly to the stranger at the outset, and so sorry, so anxious to help, somehow, when he discovered by close questioning that the stranger was not *cristiana,* which is *católica* by interpretation, that there was almost danger

Cristiana y Católica

he would perform, in the imminent need, baptism on the spot. He was a little consoled by unfeigned admiration of the glorious circular sacristy, built as for the *garde-robe* of kings, lighted from the noble dome and furnished with presses and mirrors in every niche. As to the little church, it was nothing to see: not a capital, not a carved stone, not a curved wall was there to tip you the wink. All the same, the serene and kindly courtesy of men assembled in the provision store, proffered it: at home, they would be loafers in a corner grocery: at Samos they were — *caballeros*. In between these two churches stands the ghost of one that was building with enthusiasm in 1228, sister to the great cathedrals of S. Ferdinand.[7]

A little church of the ninth century

A lost church of the thirteenth

For the afternoon, there was no choice. The highway ran to Sarria and there would be an inn. The highway glared, but it ran straight over knolls and up again, edged with youngling trees, ardent as a furnace, alluring as a gypsy trail. Once a signboard marked where a fork came in from Incio. The very flies in iridescent

mail were gorgeous. The creatures pattered softly on the ringing road-metal. Once where we pulled up suddenly we crossed the ancient Way, that cuts the high road here at an angle, missing Sarria, as it passes from Sil to Miño. Sandy and not all unused it runs between banks of gorse and scattered pines, holding the crests and making toward the western sky.

Por las cumbres

It would have been pleasanter for the traveller to miss Sarria, for the town being small was not charitable, and being on the railway was not innocent: children hooted at the strange woman, and for a gibe called her *Alemana!* When we pulled up to ask directions from two respectable citizens they urged the inn at the railway rather than that of the town, less perhaps for the stranger's sake than to save the discredit of a public uproar. The inn at the railway proved clean, however, as such places mostly are, and after I had seen a man's valise taken out of my room and myself watched the linen changed and fresh cool water fetched, I washed and drank and rested a brief space, high up there above pollards set in a green

Sarria

meadow about a cool mill, opposite to the sunset where later hung a small little moon, then went out looking for the tiny ancient church under the vocable of the Saviour. Young men in the streets were as insolent as the children had been, but not so conspicuous, and a little rectory maid was the very virtue of charity, taking me where I would go and keeping company while I worked.

At the beginning of the twelfth century Queen Urraca gave the church of S.Saviour in Sarria to the Bishop of Mondoñedo. Half a century later, notwithstanding, the Count D. Rodrigo for his sins offered it to the bishop of Lugo in perpetuity, as King Ferdinand had given it to him. This incident shows one reason why there are so so many donations in the early history of Spanish Sees, viz.: that the same thing could be given over and over, to different people.[8]

Repeated donations

The tiny church belongs to the first years of the fourteenth century probably, though all the motives are belated. The western doorway, pointed, has the ball

S. Salvador

Cypress trees

ornament in the mouldings and no tympanum. The capitals are crude: a seraph, leaf-forms, and two lions with but one head between them. A door in the north side (which is the street side) is pointed also: the mouldings have both ball and dog-tooth: the tympanum is carved with a king holding up both hands, between two trees and crosses. This is the Transfiguration, and the cypress trees are a part of the scene, as on the *Puerta de las Platerías* at Santiago; the other emblems offer a mystical application. The door has curious hinge-irons, good though simple. The apse has slim columns, and corbels: the windows are deeply splayed. Inside, the flattish vault and western gallery belong to the fifteenth century: the sanctuary is preceded by a bay of barrel-vault: all arches are pointed, and the bases are strongly moulded with good griffes; on the other hand, the capitals are as archaic as English Norman, some fluted or crimped, some with crude leaf-forms. According to D. Ángel del Castillo,[9] the apse belongs to the end of the thirteenth century, and the doors

to the fourteenth, unless, indeed, the western should be attributed to the fifteenth.

There was once a jongleur called Alvaro Gómez de Sarria. In 1230 the ill-fated Alfonso IX of Leon died in the convent of Villanueva de Sarria, when on pilgrimage to S. James;[10] and the poor dead body was carried the rest of the way and buried in Santiago beside his father's. Besides the parish church of S. Saviour there was a chapel dedicated to S. Cosmas (which probably implies and includes S. Damian) *in strata publica peregrinorum*, existent in 1260; and the hospice was large, we may infer, for in 1219 a document was signed by the *Comendador*, a *Hospitalarius*, and a *Frater Hospitalis*.[11] In 1304 the town was made over to Alfonso de la Cerda by the kings of Aragon and Portugal. In 1328 the county of Sarria was yielded to D. Alvaro Núñez Osorio: it is now a marquisate and one of the titles of the duke of Alva.[12] Manier, in 1727, slept at Sarria and bought there *zapatos*, which turned out bad leather.[13]

Twin Healers

The church of S. Marina, which was old and noble, has been rebuilt.

After the hand-maiden had gone back to her kitchen cares, finding the town impossible I struck down a road that began below the castle and went off toward the railway; and sitting on a stone wall to admire sunset lights on gardens and distant hills, I rashly gave a good evening to an old priest in the road. For the piously reared in northern climes, used to viewing the parson as a public servant in friendly livery, it is hard to remember that in the south honest women can have few dealings with priests. The day was done, and the day's work; it was the hour for a small table and a tall glass, and since these could not be, for a little relaxing conversation. So I gave him good evening and he admired the camera, and anon suggested that if one were going down-hill he could take his walk that way. He was an old man and a humorous, trotting slowly down the road with his stick and curious about one's business, and why one's *señora de compañia* was not along at the

An old priest

moment. His voice was friendly and incessant, the air was mild, and one laughed at his jokes without listening to them, till suddenly one did listen and discover that, in full current of reminiscence, he was recalling the Seminary at Corunna and the *amiga* with whom he lived quite as if they had been married. He laughed again in a senile mirth regretful of the past and entirely impenitent. In the circumstances, one did not see the joke; but being then near the inn, with courteous brief farewell one left him behind in four steps, to read in the troubled look of Antonio and the ambiguous looks of three others, on the bench before the door, that an honest woman must not keep company with priests.

regretful and impenitent

The Unknown Church.

The son of morn in weary night's decline;
The lost traveller's dream under the hill. — Blake.

We were to start at five the next morning; we did get off at six, but Antonio was

weary as the rest of the creatures and from the very start we lost our way and had to cast back and enquire and then enquire again. While Antonio could not understand directions, I could not understand Gallegan: we were the helpless shuttlecocks of fate and a bad map, for nine hot hours. We did indeed reach Barbadelo without too much delay, and set the horses to graze while a Baptism went on in the church porch, followed by a Mass at the altar.

Fate and a bad map

The church of Santiago de Barbadelo lies at least two miles off the highway, inaccessible to carriages but nobly placed, with its half-dozen of houses, amid grassy pastures and leafy groves, the land dropping away to the south and east, so that from that side the tower would draw the eye, as its bells the ear. Aymery mentions it, but Villuga omits it and names Sarria instead: Morales overlooked it, the Curious Pilgrim ignored it: therefore perhaps already in the sixteenth century the road was diverted and the church neglected. There was once a hospice also on the hillside there.

The porch is ample and architectural, not merely the lowest story of the tower. The tower, indeed, rises at the end of the north aisle; opens, admirably, into the church by two moulded arches; and rests on strong columns with capitals curiously carved, one with wyverns, another with elephants done from hearsay, whose waving trunks are implausible but decorative. The stair fills all this tower-stage, which is decorated, further, with two string-courses, one of billet, the other of the old barbarian twist, used at Naranco and S. Miguel de Linio. The inside of the west door is elaborately treated also, with a zigzag around the arch and rosettes on the inner face.

Santiago de Barbadelo

Twist

The nave shows no preparation for vaulting: it must have had a wooden ceiling and an apse, like other churches hereabouts. The apse has been rebuilt, and a sacristy on the south side: but the approach to the sanctuary is still by a bay of barrel vault carried on strong columns of the same sort as those of the tower. An old door on the south side has been built up,

and an altar placed in the recess, but the billet moulding above remains: the door on the north side repeats within the same mouldings as the exterior, of zigzag, half-lozenge, and twisted cord. Inside of these orders the stones are laid with radiating joints, as though no tympanum were intended, but it has now a high lintel and blank tympanum. The windows, set very high, two on a side, are spoilt on the south, but on the north are richly adorned, with hood-moulding and heavy shafts: the western one shows on the inside one capital of that early Gothic which looks like a ball in a claw, and another of two lions:

Griffins

the eastern shows one capital half way between the Gallegan cabbage-leaf and the true early Gothic, the other, a pair of griffins drinking from a chalice. This motive is found also at Montierneuf, in Poitiers, in the ambulatory which was built in the eleventh century. In the hood moulding appears a curious motive,

Crook

that I may compare for convenience to a shepherd's crook, and that I shall have to discuss at length on reaching Mellid. I

think the origin of it is in France. Outside, the shafts have thick leaves in two rows, and the drip-stone is billet-moulded in cable and chequer forms. The capitals of this north door, on the outside, are: on the east, two lions *affronté regardant*, and corresponding on the west a very curious composition: on each face of the capital, two serpents intertwined, one drinking from the Chalice and the other eating of the fruit of the Tree. Two of the serpents' heads hang above the Chalice, at the angle of the capital; the other two are pasturing from trees at the extreme inner edge of either face.

The Tree and the serpent

The porch is built of timber and roofed with slate, but sustained on high stone pillars and walled high across the front, with a bench below on which one may sit to study the portal. The north and south side of the porch are left open for entrance. The round-headed doorway, with two attached shafts in the jambs, has brackets at the head of the door posts, carved with a pine cone on the curving inner face. The tympanum is sculptured

to simulate a rising lintel, like those at S. Mary of the Sar and S. Faith of Conques, filled with a design of interlaces and rosettes that centre on a human face brutally simplified, like the gingerbread man's, a mere disc with two round holes for eyes and two straight lines for nose and mouth. I had seen a pair of these faces only two days before on the confines of Leon, freshly carved on the granite jambs of a new house. Later, I saw one on a corn-crib. Parera publishes, from the east, in S. Pau, the same face over a castle window at Castello de Onís.[1] Above in the lunette, a sunk circle between two rosettes holds a human figure with wings instead of arms. The capitals are: the outer left-hand, a pair of cocks; the outer right-hand, S. James and two pilgrims very crudely wrought; the inner left hand, a pair of lions; the inner right hand, a pair of cats. The lions are the familiar Romanesque beasts, the cats are deliberately distinguished from them in proportion and feature. This work is all granite, and though not unspotted by yellow lichen,

Apotropaic face

S. James and Pilgrims

very sharp, sheltered by the porch from weather. There can be no question of modern tampering, for since the end, at latest, of the fifteenth century, the application of humour to religion has been discouraged in Spain. My friend A. R. Giles reports winged cats on the capitals in one of the early Pisan churches of Sardinia. The work of the church belongs to the twelfth century, and, strong and skillful, betrays an uncommon personality. I conceive that there, in mid-pilgrimage, one carver had strange imaginations, probably blasphemous, and a thrill of Satanic rapture.

Cats

If necessary, it is easy to analyze:

Analysis

1. (a) The crook-pattern is derived from decorations that appear at Aulnay, Saintes, and Bordeaux (all places on the pilgrim's road) and reappears at Mellid and Santiago; (b) it stands for the dragon stylized and syncopated, and the unclean grotesque of the Benedictine Romanesque.

2. (a) The pine cone appears at Vézelay, Leon, Puerto Marín, and Santiago;

of sources

(b) it stands for fertility and in late Roman art for immortality: at Puerto Marin, however, the next station on the Way, a border of pine cones, copied after nature, is apparently decorative in intention.

3. (a) *Elefas* appears at Aulnay and Montierneuf; (b) (1) the elephants stand for longanimity, (2) "they be good of wit and learn well," with reason very near to man's, (3) they are amorous, and much as the unicorn may be taken by a *clene vergin*, so the elephant is beguiled among the Ethiopians. See Bartholomeus Anglicus.

4. (a) The griffins drinking from a chalice, appear at Montierneuf, and on a capital in the Pantheon of S. Isidore at Leon. Griffins and I think wyverns, are guardians of hidden treasure (*e. g.* in Herodotus) and from that the symbolism passes, I believe, by analogy with the dragon, to secret knowledge. The serpent that eats up a serpent and thereafter becomes a dragon, belongs, I know, in magic and the deeper initiations. In late Roman art, the griffin carries up the soul in apotheosis; it is servant of the sun.

and significance

5. The moon-face has some sort of protective or good-luck potency, and, as said, occurs elsewhere in this region.

6. The winged figure is Icarus unfallen who shares here the wisdom of his father Daedalus, and is able to surpass the limits set to the activities of man.

7. The cock is also the sun's servant, the bird of the future life, the herald of rebirth.

8. The lion of the tribe of Judah is too familiar to need more than reference. Though the witch's cat set over against him, partly in mockery, partly for association with familiar spirits, is too late, chronologically, in its associations, yet the two traits recognized as characteristic in the cat by those who have known her best, are precisely those needed in this place: her metaphysical brooding, and her tameless will. To this may be added another instance of the cat used as the black double of the lion, as the goat is the black double of the lamb: Campomanes[2] quotes among the charges brought against the Templars, "that they had

adored with divine adoration a Cat, idol or other simulacrum" on the altar. Gallegan folk-lore recognizes the cat; and Pliny identifies her with Isis or the moon.[3]

9. The serpent who was more subtile than any beast of the field, here partakes of the sacraments of Knowledge and Immortality.

Possibilities of psycho-analysis

Not having enjoyed a Freudian upbringing, I conclude from all this that while some of these motives have a secondary carnal significance, it positively is secondary, and the intention of the whole is probably a sort of inverted mysticism, like that which built the Tower of Babel to elevate men up to heaven by the builder's skill, which prompted Lucifer, brightest of the sons of the morning, to the robbery that would make him to be equal with God, which determines the will and exalts the intellect until "Nequaquam morte moriemini . . . aperientur oculi vestri, et eritis sicut dii, scientes bonum et malum," yea, until "Ait, Ecce Adam quasi unus ex nobis factus est."

The churchyard wall was set about with crosses as at Triacastela, and as I pondered these symbolisms while photographing from the top of a wall of loose stones, the hugest one turned under me, and after dropping me into the meadow fell on top. Luckily, it broke nothing. I rolled it off my feet and ankles after a bit, sat up, and feeling shaken, wished for something to drink. Where there is nothing, you do without very well.

After it got out of the sunken, stone-walled lanes, the road ran for a while diagonally across a high-lying, moorish region, dotted with figures of men and creatures on the way to the cattle market at Sarria. First came a setter dog, scouting, then a couple of mild cows driven gently by neighbours in conversation, then a party on horseback, the women sitting sideways easily, with dangling feet, but never getting out of a fast walk. Men and women, the better off of them, were in Sunday black — "You go to funerals in white and to weddings in black!" scolded an Abbot of Cluny, once — rusted by the

Moor

sun and the dust to a lacquer hue; these wore broad felt hats, and those the hideous kerchief, untidy and unbecoming, made in German factories of sham silk, that with washing, or fading, or soiling, was usually some shade of drab. When we were in underbrush again a man on a beautiful brown stallion came down on us swiftly out of the distance. As he swung up at the amble that is faster than a trot and steadier than a canter, in answer to a shouted question about the right road to Puerto Marín, he shouted back: "Yes, but you'll never get there — " the rest was lost as his swinging shoulders passed behind a turn in the hedgerow. "At that pace," did he end, or "by that path?" I know not: either would have done. Shortly thereafter I buckled on spurs and pushed ahead alone, at that same gallant gait, till in a thriving village the way forked.

Market-folk

At the first cross-roads a huge ancestral oak swayed there alone. The grey stone houses stood well apart, and on the high land the dunghills were less insistent. At

what was the centre to a very straggling circumference, and triangular like a New England common, a clump of ancient trees, that doubtless screened the evening *tertulia*, sheltered a halt till Antonio came up and a handsome woman gave him drink and directions. There were two roads, she said, one shorter, the other plainer. She had the regular features, strongly-marked, of the region, and a less frowsy head: water-jar and all, she escorted us to another turning and set us right upon the road, but at that point I marked a Romanesque apse and trotted back to view it. So her kindness was for naught; except, indeed, that it hangs still in memory to balance the unkindness of her who kept the church keys.

S. Andrés de Sarria

S. Andrés de Sarria lies a long way off any of the roads we should have taken, but it was roundly worth the détour. The darling little stone church turns its back to the village, with a square apse and roof sloping down to shelter the sacristy: a rich little Romanesque window in the crest of the east end, and a roof on corbels of animal

or leaf forms, rather Burgundian, with a pointed, Gothic door at the west, a flat lintel crowning that at the north, which, inside, showed traces of a capital. The arch which opened from nave to apse beyond question was *outrepassé*. It was not that the arch came down far back on the abacus of the two columns there, but that it came around, in a curve, past the semicircle, before it came down at all. Other instances, throughout Galicia, make this case not so rare as it then seemed. Of the columns on which the arch comes down one capital is wrought with birds and one with leaves: and the nave has a gabled timber roof.

Horse-shoe arch

The woman, with a baby on her arm, had strolled out to stare before fairly Antonio had caught the bridle and I had descended, at the churchyard gate. She came inside to put a string of questions which I answered absently and briefly, being busy indeed with the note book, but a complete *dossier* fit to rejoice the nearest police court would not have allayed her mistrust passing rapidly into active hostil-

ity. When the camera came into action, she did not mean that I should take the west door, nor yet the apse and gable. All the while she questioned. "Ask for the keys, Antonio," I interjected, and she swore the only keys were at the Cura's house, and he lived in another village. Such things are sometimes true, as I was to learn later, but I disbelieved her then, and rightly, as it proved. "Nonsense," quoth I, writing hard, "there must be keys up here in case of fire or sudden death. In faith," quoth I, still writing, "this is no Christian village if the church can't be opened. No matter whence I come," quoth I, "it seems I am arrived where there is too little religion and too much curiosity." While I was waspish, Antonio was honeyed, and anon she fetched the keys, only to blaze up in strong wrath every time the camera went into action. "The church was robbed last year," quoth she, "probably by a strange woman": and indeed she and her kind were wont to give to the name of a strange woman, all its Scriptural significance. Between repartee and cajolery,

Dialogue

Tundall's Vision

however, she was kept outside the door until the work was done, though it was rather like taking a time-exposure in the same meadow with Tundall's wild cow. Then the usual money was tendered. It was not accepted, it could not be taken back, in the end it was left on the altar, and we rode away, aware that an evil eye was following.

Of these pictures I saved not one. Never let yourself be cursed at setting out, at any rate in Spain, where curses take effect. Not five minutes beyond S. Andrés we were engaged in the labyrinth of stone walls that held us all that golden noon until it seemed that we wandered over half the kingdom of Galicia. First we saw from far a ruined tower that guarded, it seemed, the long bank, chestnut-wooded, of a river, but after a steep descent no town, no stream, appeared. A group of brown wood-cutters, at length dislodged amid the bracken, sent us up to the top again. The tower was recovered and a fresh start taken. We came upon a village from the rear: Antonio struck across the

cottage enclosures and wandered among the houses strung along a parallel road looking for the inhabitants, to find, as he admitted later, only small children left at home to look after each other, who could tell nothing. It was threshing-time, and everyone afield. There were parallel roads and cross-roads that turned at sudden angles, and descents that had to be climbed again, all walled with loose stone, breast high, so that you could not look where you were going. The world was like gilt metal: above, the air was incandescent; about, all tawny stone; a brazen earth, and fields blazing with the harvest. Standing up in the stirrups at last, I saw a group of threshers, and we rode around and about and among the yellow burning lanes until we came upon them, six men with flickering flails and a pair of women to rake and toss. I questioned if no boy could be found to show the way: what I did not know then was that for the asking a man would have come, would have marched an hour in the windless noon, to earn a single *peseta*, and been thereupon more content

Threshing-time

than I. Only slowly one learns that when a country is really poor, such a pitiful little money is worth more than the time and the strength of a man.

They gave, however, intelligible and intelligent directions, by which we found a white house of somebody's steward. Then in his steep and dirty village the thread was lost again, and again we wandered over an earth of hammered brass under a sky of baked enamel, leaving ancient churches on hill-tops just too far off to venture on turning aside for them. At last we came out on another hill-top, crested by a church neither ancient nor interesting; but guarded by a spinning woman, very beautiful, grave and ruddy. From the brow she pointed out a brown line for the Miño, fringed with shivering green, and the pale road that ran down behind a cluster of high-lying farms. Following her words, we dropped, between harvest fields, over rolling stones, for a mile or so, to a brook and a bridge, where a child watched with an earthen jug; and at the back of a hill climbed high banks,

That brazen bowl they call the sky . . .

dense-shaded and murmurous with flies; and wound about where we could see nothing till we were descending again and the earthen banks had changed to walls of stone. There, where a gate opened, we could look across the green short stubbly grass that dropped like a precipice to the river's edge, and in the green plain of the further shore, and under the golden sun, lay a great church, four-square as the New Jerusalem, by the side of the stream of living water. The brown town huddled softly about it as a sleeping flock, and the broken pieces of the tawny bridge, above the greenish amber river, were veiled with ivy. But as you looked at the church you might have recognized it beside the Dordogne or the Adour, so nobly high and square it reared, fortified in troublous times with battlements and towers, and so plainly lay, around the deep shadow of the high windows, the sharp shadow of the high arcade.

Civitas Dei

The way down to the river-brink was cut two feet deep into the living rock, and built, for footing, upon shelves of descend-

ing stone, and enclosed, above the rock, with walls of well-built stone. At last we emerged in a suburb by S. Peter's church, dedicated in 1182[4] and not unvenerable, in its strictly Spanish Romanesque. I had climbed stiffly down, and was looking like any other woman, before the *guardia civil* drifted amiably around the corner to look us over, and to keep us in countenance while the donkey was inducted into a flat-bottomed ferry, with ourselves and the luggage, and the brown mare sent off with a boy they warranted for trustworthy, to cross by a ford further up. Pretty creature, I was to see her not again, but to regret her often: gentle and swift, she was not fit for the hard ways by which we had come. She was a lady's horse, and I wish her a life as soft and sweet as her temper, as unchanging as her obedient courage.

The hollow land

Puerto Marín lies away from any high road, out of the world and unknown, but loved of God and the holy angels. The population came about me like bees and sprang up even as the fire among thorns, they more

Courtesy of Boston Museum

A Pilgrim in Jet

than half filled the church as I worked there with the landlord's discreet young daughter to take care of me, but they neither crowded nor mocked. Later, expressing amazement, I found it was a matter of course: the town took just pride in its treatment of strangers.

Relation of host and guest

I had arrived inopportunely when the entire establishment of the house, including guests, was about to depart into the fields and sup there, and with entire courtesy I was urged to come: in vain I begged the others to go and leave me, the party was spoiled. A young uncle from Madrid and a friend of his concerned with Singer Sewing Machines, drifted about in the river with accordion and mandolin instead, while Celia and I conversed ceremoniously on the high balcony above, and later I consumed alone incredible portions of the huge pasties of eel and chicken prepared for the picnic.

One owes the oddest "tips" to the kindness of friendly women. When, on starting out that afternoon to visit the church, I pinned on a hat and began to draw on gloves, the mistress of the house checked

Celia

me, and explained the gloves would be conspicuous. The wise sweet maiden daughter was spared to keep me company from the shop; for here, as already noticed elsewhere, the dealer in provisions feeds the traveller as well as the town. The house was prosperous, I take it, with bedrooms up two flights, looking on the street, and a *comedor* looking over the river: and the family were important in the town, and Celia was quite able to stand between me and the world, when they came crowding close like soft sheep, and as harmless.

In the throng were faces already grown familiar, the landlord's and his young brother's who came from Madrid, and the high-cheeked, square visage of another Antonio, with whom I had opened negotiations respecting the remainder of the journey. It was plain that my creatures were exhausted, all of them, and my witless Antonio dangerous in his ignorance even of the general directions in this country: which way, for instance, through all the morning, Puerto Marín ought to lie.

Already I had paid him off and made him happy. Poor lad, when I had proposed the separation during the noontide hours, I had seen him take it with the piteous silence of animals and the helpless human kind, and thereafter heard from moment to moment a gulp or a sniff. There was no help, and he saw it, and as we parted he was content. I gave him money for a night's good lodging, but later there came through cattle-men who knew the roads and the short cuts, and he had already started back with them, wisely enough, while I was considering the possibility of taking him further on the way, to Palaz del Rey, if the second Antonio would not come to reason. For we were in negotiations from three o'clock in the afternoon, when I arrived, to eleven at night when, having been asleep already, I awoke and sat up in bed and conferred further with my landlord while the family sat around, and sent him running with messages, and by his good offices at last closed a bargain not much more than halfway between what I had offered and what Antonio had asked.

The helpless

Antonio was very well-to-do — "muy rico" was the word — and could afford *buenas caballerias* and kept such for his own use exclusively, and there was not another creature in Puerto Marín except grey donkeys. There were only two of these. They had gone to Lugo but would be home some time that night. They, and *la Gloria* who owned them, offered one alternative to Antonio's outrageous exaction. Another was to set out with the postman at four in the morning when he walked two leagues across the hills to a village where I might wait till the Chantada coach passed at four that afternoon and so get to Palaz del Rey, where I might perhaps find animals. Or I might, again, go somewhere in the early darkness before a summer dawn and get the coach to Lugo. I did not want to go to Lugo. Good souls, they knew I was bound for Santiago and since the straight line for going was too dear, they offered me all the other roundabout ways.

Alternatives

They were all good souls, even to the *Señor Cura* whom at that time I had never

met but whose saddle was borrowed for me at some hour between midnight and four in the morning: that I know, for I rode on it. The best of all was the landlord's daughter, Celia Vázquez y Vázquez, seventeen years old, who admitted that her head ached and that she had been up since six, as she talked in the candle-light by the bedside. She could not go to bed till the shop was closed and the books written up. For she kept the books, wrote the letters, signed the cheques. "They know my writing," she said, "in Corunna and in Paris, but of course they don't know it is I who am Miguel Vázquez. If I wanted, which God forbid, to rob my father," she said, and crossed brow and breast as she spoke, "it would be easy enough." She was a pretty child, and sober when not actually smiling. She had asked me shyly as we walked home from the ancient bridge chapel, if perhaps I would take her with the little camera, for she had never had a photograph, but I tried in vain for what should be a portrait—a neat head, with brown hair softly waved and folded

The landlord's daughter

If a star were . . .

about the wide brow, and a level look. Innocent in her very trustworthiness, helpless by her very discretion, I wish her a good marriage and that right soon! She reads the poetry of Rosalía de Castro. She corresponds with various Gallegan women writers; and hers is the stuff strong races are made of.

confined into a tomb . . .

Puerto Marín lies in a hollow land, as though you could only get there by getting lost. No highway leads thither, no wheels can go thereby.[5] The noble church is named in no scholar's book: the loyal town but seldom in history. It is said to have belonged to the Templars;[6] the annual fair occurs at Candlemas. The archives all have perished.

In 922 the church of S. Marina of Puerto Marín was given by Bishop Recared of Lugo to the Count Gutierre Meléndez, and Bishop Gundesind of Santiago witnessed the donation.[7] The name of the church explains the name of the town, but what the Virgin Martyr has to do down there is hard to say. Her name is found all over Galicia, and associated very often with

S. Marina

water-springs; in the single kingdom there are no less than three dedications to S. Marina de Aguas Santas. If it is, as seems not impossible, only the Syrian *Marina*, which means *Lord*, it affords a parallel to all the early dedications to *Soter*, the Saviour; but as time passed and cults changed, the meaning will have been forgotten and the ending in *a* seems to call for a female saint. Spanish hagiographers are sorely put to it to find a biography, a birth-place or even a lineage, for S. Marina: some will fetch her from Antioch; some will make her a sister of S. Liberata, when a dozen children were born at one birth; and some will identify her with Margarita, the pearl of the Sea.

So, at Gerona, SS. Marinus and Patronus

Flórez records a convent built here early in the tenth century by the Count Gutiérrez and the Countess Ilduara, parents of S. Rosendo, called S. María de Ribalogio, which was subject to that of Celanova. This is probably the same S. Marina cited above from the books of the abbey, which being written by a simple letter M. will have been misread by Florez.[8] Vere-

mund II gave the whole town to Santiago in 993, and a long and highly diverting document recites the excuses that he found, or Bishop Martin Mosoncio for him, for taking it away from intractable and rebellious nobles of his, topping off with a thumping excommunication and "in inferno damnatus." About 1120, according to the *Book of S. James*,[9] Peter the Pilgrim was already at work on the roads, and on rebuilding with the help of God and good souls the bridge which Queen Urraca had broken down in wartime. He built also a hospice which he called *Domus Dei*. In 1126 Alfonso VII confirmed to him, in the month of October, Doña Urraca's gift to him of the Church of S. Mary for his own maintenance during the work and afterwards for the up-keep of bridge and hospital.[10] In 1281, a certain Miguel Fernández was *Notario Público del Rey* in Pallares and Puerto Marín.[11] On the 20th of May, 1379, a *cédula* of King Henry was signed there.[12] In 1470, on November 20, the Catholic Kings signed in Sarria a privilege con-

Peter the Pilgrim

firming the exclusive jurisdiction over the *encomiendas* of Incio and Puerto Marín, of the Order of the Knights of S. John.[13] The anonymous traveller printed by Pieter van der Aa[14] coming up from Orense reckoned the distance to be about ten miles from there (these be Dutch miles!), and the town in no wise remarkable, on the Great Way that men take who from the kingdom of Leon are travelling to S. James. Laborde, in 1808, counts Puerto Marín among the principal cities of Galicia.

Church of S. Nicholas

The noble church of S. Nicholas was built, probably in the thirteenth century, straight from west to east, under one man. The townsfolk have a legend that he died before it was finished. The style is transitional, with round arches yielding to pointed here and there in advancing eastward, and over the western rose; and at the eastern end of the glorious nave a single bay of cross-vault replaces the pointed barrel, and has capitals and the commencement of ribs in the next bay. All the windows on the north side are blocked

French parallels

up and the lights of the great western rose except the central. That signifies that the architect was not used to the climate, and the structural forms betray that he was French. The nave walls, outside and in, are strengthened with great arches as in Auvergne; under the head of these the window mouldings rise, and against the mass of them the vaulting shafts are set. As at Digne in France, and in the nave of Lugo, the four bays of barrel-vault are carried on transverse ribs, that come down each on a single column, and the intermediate ribs rest on a plain cornice. A rose occupies the wall space above the sanctuary: this consists of one bay of barrel-vault and then an apse, quite hidden by the retable, which outside is seen to have three windows, rather low down, three-quarter columns for buttresses, and corbels under the roof, to resemble, in short, the old central apse of S. Isidro of Leon.

In the tympanum of the south door stands the bishop S. Nicholas with outstretched arms between two acolytes, who hold his pas-

toral staff and book. The mouldings of the round arch are very rich and include the dog-tooth, something like the beak mouldings that I have seen in Asturias and in England, and a sort of beading that I do not recall elsewhere. On the capitals are: a man and woman outermost: then richly curling leafage: my notes mention also human-headed birds. On the façade a great arch, enclosing all, leaves wide shallow pilasters at the corners that are really towers and carry a fine winding stone stair. The immense and glorious rose has at the heart six cusps and six rings, then twelve pentagons, then twelve great rounds. The mouldings which enframe it are, first the dog-tooth, and second a decoration used also on the door below, incessantly at Orense, and generally in Galicia, a huge torus overlaid by cut-out scallops of half a circle or more.

South Portal

West front

The hood-mould here is decorated with pine cones carved directly after nature, with infinite pleasure in the tridimensional diaper that the overlapping scales afford. Inside of the order described above, lies

Santiagüese elements

another also found at Compostella, large flowers of four petals curled at the corner with a knob in the centre. This adorns the banqueting hall (if it was such) under the Archbishop's palace, and the little church below the cathedral, called S. James Undercroft. Innermost, are ranged the four and twenty elders, as at Compostella, then at Carbociro and Noya, etc. On the flat plain tympanum is set an almond-shaped Glory neatly edged with clouds which carries the seated figure of Christ blessing, with a book: this comes from the north porch at Lugo but is not copied directly, for the knees are drawn close together and the feet rest on a lion. On the jamb brackets are a king and queen: the capitals and abacus are all Gallegan leaf-forms: the cornice which divides the space above the door, is carved not with beasts, but purely decorative motives, infinitely elaborated: each of the tiny arches bordered with a pattern, and the under face, and the space between, adorned as well.

There would be great satisfaction in giving the names of Alfonso and Urraca to

the figures on the lintel and crediting the whole to Peter the Pilgrim: but unluckily the one thing we know about Puerto Marín, is the history of Peter. He was such another as Pelle the Conqueror: he built a bridge and a hospital, and worked on the road: moreover, he came a hundred years too soon.

Master Matthew

To Santiago we must refer a great deal of the decoration: the Elders, the flower-motive, a leaf-capital that I have called the Gallegan cabbage, a border of leafage with edges curled in spirals used at the cloister of the Sar and elsewhere. Master Matthew was directing the Compostellan school from 1188 till after 1217: these forms belong to him. Between S. Nicholas and Santiago the likenesses are decorative: or at any rate salient to the eye; the differences are structural. Though Santiago has the same great lateral arches to carry the weight of the walls, they are not, as here, the whole reliance; and the windows of the aisles are just aisle windows, as at Aulnay, for instance, whereas in Puerto Marín they are nearer clerestory height.

This appeared also at Barbadelo. The unlovely figures over the southern door represent local genius. Though they go back to the first style of Compostela, and to the *Puerta de las Platerías*, they are archaic by imperfection; whereas the Christ at the west is unique and astonishing: although one may remember Lugo, yet he bursts upon one like Melchizedek, without parentage or posterity. French directly, are some early Gothic forms of capital among the vaulting shafts, the austere abacus, there, and connecting cornice, and perhaps the rose-window; though Orense and Santiago both have a western rose. There are, moreover, a few churches in France, of one nave, with pointed barrel-vault, in the south-west and in the south-east. The manner of building with great arches along the sides passed from Auvergne and Velay to the south-west, it might have been picked up anywhere in the pilgrimage.

Compostella

Lugo

Charente

Alpes Maritimes

Auvergne and Velay

The churches of Galicia are all later than they look, but after the coming of the Friars, the style was changed: Gothic

dominates in the fourteenth century, and though the decorative elements persist, the structural are modified. This which is furthermore uncommonly sappy and vital belongs, I believe, in the thirteenth.

Whinny Moor.

Nous fûmes grandement joyeux
De voir fleurir le Cicador,
Et égréner la lavande,
Et tant de Romarin qui branche
D'où sortoit si grande odeur,
Nous chantâmes tous ensemble
Pour en louer le Créateur.
— Chanson des Pèlerins.

The evening and the morning were the fourth day.

One long street runs roughly parallel to the dimpling river, from below the bridge chapel, which shelters a Madonna, to above the *parvis* of the church; and of the two shops upon it, Miguel Vázquez kept that which sold provisions, and Antonio's

Bridge chapel

Antonio

handsome wife and four daughters that which sold, in good American, dry-goods and notions. Antonio is an *ambulante*, in short, a peddler, who buys goods at Corunna or Santiago or Lugo and sells them at *ferias* and *fiestas*. It is hardly worth while going out in the winter, for by the time your booth is up and your goods displayed it is getting on towards dark, but in the long summer weather he goes far, and his two mules carry all: Castaño, wise and strong, with endurance for an English saddle and me: and under a huge pack-saddle, two pairs of *alforjas*, and Antonio's substantial strength, the dainty brown Petis. Like a dog Castaño obeyed his master's words, which was well, for he would not obey a stranger and resented a woman, whereby, being preoccupied with his apparent prejudices and opinions, as I came to mount, I forgot that I was not only booted but spurred, and springing up at a pause in his fidgeting, hung on with my heels. Castaño thought less than ever, thereafter, of a woman's riding him.

From Puerto Marín the pilgrims went

to Palaz del Rey, where I slept the noon and rose to eat and slept again; and at that point the ancient track crosses the modern highroad, but all the morning the way lay across a high moor, of gravelly roads between miles of gorse and a few scattered trees. The chill blue promise of dawn flecked with gilded constellations, that had hung above the town, faded, as we climbed a long lane, into grey twilight, and that yielded in turn, at the top of the ascent, to the thick white mist which promises a burning day. In this we moved for hours, carrying with us a few yards of red earth and green wet furze, coming upon a grove and a stone-walled village set thereby, encountering more rarely a man going forth to his work and his labour until the evening, and losing everything straightway in the thick enfolding whiteness. They were all Antonio's friends and he had a joke for everyone: between whiles the mules ambled easily and fast; he counted, by what landmarks I could not guess, the passing leagues with surprised content, or sang, not the raucous and monotonous

When thou comest to Whinny Moor

coplas with their interminable cynicism, but long sentimental romances; their dying fall was sweet on the drenched green, in the pearly light. Lulled by the swift easy motion and the ancient melody into an animal lethargy of mere warm movement and cool breathing, eyes soothed and ears pleased, I was roused by a call from him to see, brooding mightily above the vanishing moor, a vast mist-rainbow, pale as a rainbow of the moon but truly coloured, and shapen in the huge half-arch. Nearly an hour, as it seems, it hung there its blanched radiance as of a moonstone's heart, and I counted twice and thrice the shimmering bands, and I could have gone at any time to where the foot rested on a glittering bush. Then slowly, as the sun rose and the mist rose, it melted and was no more, and the air was blue overhead.

Mist-rainbow

We paused to view a grassy line of ancient earthworks and the even circle of a Roman camp. We watered the mules in a green and standing pond on a steep slope, crossed the spine of it, and came up on a

richer incline dropping to farms and hedgerows and another stream. Antonio pointed out the greatest mountains of Galicia, strong Faro and long Faromello, blue, shapely, and far, and taught where to look for Farelo: and told of Pico Sagro, to be known later as pure in contour as the Mount of Fuji, and like it the seat of immemorial devotion.

Pico Sagro

Twenty minutes we moved entangled among farms, to a final short cut through someone's barnyard and then to Antonio's deep content we emerged upon the glaring highway, yellow as brass, hard as a floor, bordered with young trees that cast no shade whenever the sun was high, dotted with single figures and twos and threes: a man riding under a large red umbrella, two women returning from market, a pair of porters driving their pack animals. With all Antonio was well-acquaint.

Camino real

Palaz del Rey is a white, kind, homely place tipped sideways along the hill's flank where it is strung upon the road; swept, baked, and clean. Down the hill lie

Palaz del Rey

pasture and meadow land; up the hill the church of S. Tirso in its scrupulous orientation turns the apse toward the churchyard gate and commands from the western doorstep a rich view of the neighbouring valley. That same doorway was of gracious early pointed work, well moulded, with capitals of the French type curling over to the delicate knobs of leaves not yet uncurled. A stone cross on the hilltop, alongside of the stone *cuartel* of the *guardia civil*, that might have been a hospice once; these and the church door were all the pilgrims could have seen, excepting, indeed, the distant peaks of Faro and Faromello and their company. The low little church, inside, has square windows and a gabled timber roof carried on good arches: an old font with the ball ornament; and for other interests, a naked Christ at the Column, S. Roque and S. Anthony Abbot, two waxen heads, and two wax animals, votive, probably.

White wine and red

The hostess was a kind of cousin of Antonio's. She offered a choice of red wine or white, at lunch, and when I chose

white she gave counsel: "You're quite welcome to the white, here it is," she said, "but if you are going to ride in the sun it will be bad for your head," so I drank the red. She was right, of course, for though white wine is the lighter in France it is the deadlier in Spain, and hers was *muy rico*.

Before setting out again in the afternoon, I explained once more to Antonio that we were not going to Mellid by the highway, but *via* Pambre and Leboreiro. He had to enquire the road and his temper was tried. The hour was two in the noon and the heat was strong. Shortly we met an old man just climbing up from a bye-path who, being addressed, turned back to conduct us for an hour or more. For a silver piece he doubled the service I had thought to pay and marched ahead under the burning sky among devious paths, through an ancient village noble with old palaces forgotten but not degraded. Once at a turning the eye crossed a meadow fragrant with tall grass to a great house set four-square to the

heavens, the massy archstones of its wide round doorway showing plain through the dizzy heat, the last of a venerable orchard leaning close about it still.

Pambre

Pambre is a strong castle, on a steep and wooded hillside, and Antonio swore that from it there was no going for the four-footed except back to the highway. When we were two miles or so on the way back, he admitted incidentally that there was a fairish mountain road along the stream and through the pass which the castle guards. "But the highway is surer," said Antonio.

Leboreiro

The web of our life is a mingled yarn: our old man had been as friendly as he was valiant, while he guided; but at Leboreiro the populace, which swarmed instantaneously, was more curious than kind, and no keys were to be had. The priest lived in another village, the sacristan was working in the fields, and Antonio the second was indifferent to my interests, that is the final truth. In the little rust-brown hamlet all dung-hills and dead furze, the streets mere slabs of living rock, they

did not mean that a strange woman should see their church. The little church, outside, was solidly built and barbarously adorned with carved corbels under the roof of the apse and a carved cross on the gable of the nave: over the western door under a steep pointed arch of dog-tooth moulding, an Epiphany of misshapen idols that would disgrace a Polynesian. They represented the Virgin and Child between two censing angels, the *Sedes Majestatis:* on the bracket of the jambs a pair of figures, and monsters on the two capitals in the corners. Of the tiny north door the lintel and tympanum were all one shapen block, carved with a cross pattée.

"*I Retrâteme!*" cried insolent youths whom one could put aside with a gesture, but it was hard when a father brought a sickly baby to ask for a picture of it. Slowly and carefully one explains; to those, "I don't go photographing in fairs"; to him, "This machine won't take people"; and one wishes heartily that it were possible to snap and develop and print the little poor pitiful thing. As we rode away,

A populace

a girl with long fair braids was getting water from a spring, and patiently twice and thrice refilled the traveller's cup. When I slipped a copper into the sunburnt hand that returned the cup after Antonio had drunk, she would fain by way of earning it have run across the fields to find the *Cura* in his village where he lived. But Mellid was white on its hill in the westering light and we rode on.

Mellid

There we were at a point served by automobiles, and in an inn no town need disown. On the street yawned caverns where were stored and sold flour, grain, and the like; likewise a small shop of other comestibles in boxes and tins; likewise a wide entrance like that to a stable, partly occupied by a counter charged with things to drink, and partly by the substantial men of the town, taking the air and exchanging the news. One *caballero* arose, and lifting his cap with a great grace, asked if I had not been at *el Apostol*, and if he had not seen me photographing types around the cathedral. Here then my business was understood, my good repute

El Apostol

assured. He and his busy sister, being the proprietors, lent me a tiny and charming niece for guide about the town, and I dismissed Antonio, gaunt with fatigue, to refresh his mules and himself.

Most of these villages, strung along the Way literally, as minnows are strung on a willow switch, have no streets but the main road, only foul alley-ways on either side, climbing up or winding down. But Mellid is built like a miniature city, with streets and square and convents, many churches, and outlying chapels. When I asked the way to the oldest church, the worried Aunt held a brief conference and then directed my pretty child: "S. Peter's first, then S. Anthony, S. Francis, and the Carmen." I forgot the rest, for I knew the belated style, of S. Francis, the degenerate of the Carmen, would not be to my mind, though the square before it, and the fountain filled with wands on which to rest the water-butts as they filled, were picturesque.

History

The town figures much in the early history of kings of the Asturias, lying as it does on the highways from Lugo to Santiago

and from Betanzos to Lalín and Orense. Like Leboreiro the place belongs, ecclesiastically, to the diocese of Mondoñedo, and you may follow one road all the way thither. It had, early, a hospice for pilgrims, which was later turned into infantry barracks.

A Mexican Bishop

An archbishop of Mexico whose mother came from Mellid, D. Mateo Segade, founded there in 1671, in the convent of Franciscan tertiaries two chairs of philosophy, one of theology, and, in a house alongside, a chapel dedicated to S. Anthony, endowed for twelve chaplains, of whom two were to teach grammar and one reading and writing: a good work. The foundation of it is a quaint piece of Gallegan, which may be copied out for such as enjoy the more familiar aspects of language in disguise. It is a donation by one Fernán López of Mellid—he called it Mellide—in 1374, when Gallegan did not sound so dull and rough as now:

> e miña muller Aldara Gonzalez, a Frey Alfonso ministre da Orden terceira da Penitencia aquelas nosas casas con

sua cortiña que estan a porta da vila de Millide cabe da calzada contra a fonte que chamas de Feas, en que fazan Iglesia e edificio en similitud de Mosteiro, en que se cumplan os divinais oficios e se faza servicio a Deus e para morada do dito Frey Alfonso e dos ditos frayres en que sirvan a Deus.[1]

This is the soft-vowelled speech of the *Loores de S. María*. The town enjoys a *romería* on the day of the Carmen, as I learn from the gazetteer Madoz, but a better *fiesta* is that of S. Roque, when go forth two *gigantones* and a *papamosca*.

S. Peter's, however, is the elder church. The only portal, on the north side facing a fine old house, bears a little the same relation to Santiago as that of Cirauqui to Estella; the decoration though rich and curious has no figure-sculptures. The round-headed door, without tympanum, is enclosed by successive mouldings of hollow and round, a sort of zigzag stretched almost into a straight line, a four-petalled flower something like the nail-head, a row of the characteristic scallops, and, for

San Pedro

hood-mould, the curious curled leaf that was on the abacus at Puerto Marín and that may be related to a form I noted at *El Crucifijo* of Puente la Reyna. The capitals are of a Compostellan kind, a cabbage-leaf emulous of the acanthus. The whole portal projects a little from the wall and has one gargoyle propping chin and elbows. Now the gargoyle is not an Iberian beast. Just east of the door runs the western wall of a chapel with carved corbels and a stone coffin built up into a doorway, below a consecration cross.

Inside, the church is small, timber-roofed: over the pointed and moulded sanctuary arch are remains of a window with shafts in the jamb: and two bays of pointed barrel-vault precede the apse, noble outside, but crude in its carving within. On the north side, the chapel of S. Louis, already mentioned, is roofless: it contains two pointed tomb recesses, of a knight and a lady, with tiny round-headed windows in the tympanum above and another over the altar.

A shaped stone coffin

A stone coffin, here, is shaped for head and shoulders like that at Padrón which

received the body of the Apostle. A similar chapel on the south side has only one tomb, a knight's, above which three small figures support a sort of corbel; another tomb recess, in the south wall of the church, now occupied by an altar, shows the Eternal, blessing, above.

The hamlet of S. Mary's which lies two kilometres out of town, has a good cross. S. María
The church has been cruelly restored. These crosses grow more frequent now along the way, and hence into Santiago; they mark, I suppose, every halt of pilgrims: by a church that I passed next day, called I think after S. Roque, was a superb one.

The church is rather richly adorned. A good apse shows sculptured corbels, a round-headed window with early Gothic capitals and shafts, a string-course at the level of the sill, and attached columns on very high plinths with moulded bases. The west door, built all of granite and fresh from the restorer, is notwithstanding curious: a plain lintel, two round moulded arches and then one filled with a form that

Crook

might be an exaggerated crochet-hook or the head of a shepherd's crook. I think it is derived from the very similar shape which appears at Aulnay, S. Croix de Bordeaux, and Maillezais[2]—to name only three places in France—where it is formed by the tails of monsters that sit up in rows. The recurrent curves of this familiar form, when stylized to the last degree, yield just about this pattern that I saw at Mellid and in a few other places in Galicia.

There are three shafts in the door jambs, around the inmost is wound a ribbon; the capitals are mostly leaves, but the central one on the north carries two very handsome birds with their heads turned back and a man doing something odd. The south door has a pair of lions and the other capitals restored as leaves: plain tympanum, and mouldings more like S. Peter's: in one order, the scallop overlies a billet moulding. There were tomb recesses in the church wall, now blocked.

These tympana were probably painted, for the apse, inside, is still adorned with

paintings that Sr. Lampérez says[3] are of the thirteenth century; he says further, that their ordinance proceeds directly from that of Latin and Byzantine mosaics. Their presence explains the unusual depth of the sanctuary. The Eternal, conceived as the Van Eycks represented Him, crowned and enthroned, with the Dove on His breast and Christ Crucified on His knees, reigns amid the Tetramorph, and four angels trumpet to Judgment in the barrel-vault. Below, the twelve Apostles stand under an arcade: and the whole is bordered with bands of painted ornament, and a row of angel heads. Sr. Villa-amil refers to this church under the advocation of S. Spirito, and he is likely to be correct; he says the frescoes were discovered by Sr. D. Eduardo Álvarez Carballido.[4] The painting is too ruinous to afford conjectures as to source and style: it looks more French than anything else. Paintings

Here the sanctuary arch is round: one capital shows an adaptation of Gallegan to French Gothic forms; the other, Daniel with the lions. We have, then, at that

Signs of French passing

halting place of pilgrims, a thirteenth century church which could afford rather sumptuous adornments: two capitals (the birds, and Daniel) recall the south-west of France, and thence came probably the ornament of the western door, and the painting in the apse.

Three sisters

My little girl was dutiful but unhappy, as the crowd of children thickened around, and before we were back at the inn some boys were throwing stones. A younger sister joined us, and later a third. Ranging in age from six to eleven, large-eyed and silky-haired, the three simply walked in beauty like the night: they were more lovely than Niobids. They served a dinner in the great cool clean room their aunt resigned to me, and I gave them all that remained of some specially good chocolate bought in Villafranca from a pair of Andalusian sisters who know how chocolate should be prepared, and I told them tales of lucky little dogs that are used to come upstairs in the morning and get on the bed for breakfast: and yet more tales of what they called the *perras señori-*

las, of which they were avid, until at last not they but I felt called to go to bed. In the vast dim chamber with a glow-worm lamp softly radiant before a plaster Virgin, in blanched linen smooth and lavendered, I could hardly sleep for pleasure: and at three precisely Antonio knocked me up, and dragged me out again under the glow-worm stars.

The Curious Pilgrim, who had taken the time to look at S. Peter's and remarked that it was small but held old tombs, got up by moonlight, and set off before dawn with a great crowd. He saw nothing else, I take it, but the lessening road, till at the hilltop called after S. Marcos, whence the city is first seen, he sang a poem of his own and then all went on, their rosaries in hand, straight to the cathedral. S. Marcos

Manier moved slower:[5] he had slept at Puerto Marín on the twenty-ninth of October, the thirtieth at a village west of Arzúa, and the thirty-first at *las Dos Casas*, still so called. On All Souls' Day, then, they climbed the long ascent. He was nearly a league ahead of his party when,

coming over the crest at S. Marcos, he saw three bell-towers plain against the sky: and threw up his hat and shouted. That made him *King*, but the monstrous turnip with which they should have celebrated, which Herman and his fellow had carried well fifty leagues, had been eaten by a scouting hog two nights before. So they too went on to the town.

. . . y nabos en otoño . . .

Mountjoy!

"La nuit monte trop vite et ton espoir est vain." — Hérédia.

Boente

I was bent on finishing my tale of Stations: Antonio was bent on making Mellid again that night. We rode fast under the wheeling constellations. Before sunrise we were inspecting S. James of Boente. There begins the story of an exploit of Bernald Yañez de Moscoso in the matter of a kidnapping and a hard ride—one of the finest rides in history as Vasco de Aponte tells it.[1]

The church is completely rebuilt and rather quaint, with two bays of timber

barrel-vault, constructed in shallow coffers, and one of timber sloping each way: these three carried on three transverse round arches, and then over the sanctuary a wooden dome with pendentives, remarkably like the inside of an umbrella. A single broken capital of the thirteenth century is built in, over the east window, outside: it is the sole remains of where the pilgrims worshipped.

Castellano por el temple viril y peregrino . . .

Antonio, I think I have not said, was well enough looking: tight-knit, with square cheek-bone and square jaw-bone, and the sound sense of a free man. When, lined up in the chamber at Puerto Marín, the landlord and his second, one on each side, had recommended him as worthy of my entire confidence, and Antonio had given assurance thereupon: "Madam, you may travel with me as safely as with your husband," I had replied hastily, "I had rather you said, With my father." Whatever his imagined capacity, I had travelled with him well, and was content, though he had lied whenever he conveniently could, first in the matter of the

A fair conscience

road to Pambre, and later in that of the time necessary to reach Arzúa. But his motives I understood and did not resent; they were quite human. The price he asked for that journey, was gauged to my imagined incapacity and not to the trip as we made it: and curiously, the thing rankled. When I came next to Puerto Marín, he gave up attending a *feria* to convey me safe to Lugo, at any price I liked or for nothing, as making honourable amends. The episode struck me as rather gallant.

Castañola

At Castañola there was a Mass, and men hearing it before their day's work, but there was no church of architectural pretensions; not a stone, not a memory of one. So to Arzúa we came in mid-morning, on a day of cattle fair, whence I was to take the motor-diligence that stopped for luncheon there.

Manier calls this Ville Brulé, with some confused notion of the meaning of the Spanish verb *arder*. In the earlier itineraries it is called Villanova, then Olegoso. At the end of the twelfth century a priest,

A Pilgrim in Santiago

D. Stephen, founded a hospice and a church, which he gave to the chapter of Santiago in 1209. In 1230 he renewed the donation and added more.[2] The churches were rebuilt at an unhappy time; Santiago has, however, an old tower. Arzúa is not a city done in little, like Mellid, but it has a dozen streets and lanes perhaps, and two or three open spaces, besides the enclosure where the cattle were herded. At the top of the hill, Gallegans swarmed; in weather-beaten black for the most part, with only white stockings, white shirt sleeves, and an occasional white head-kerchief, to catch the eye. The faces too were weather-beaten, relieved only by occasional pleasant comeliness in the girls, and a dryer Castilian type, now and then, in the elder men. Tetzel calls them, "a people who suffer well both hunger and labours."

Arzúa

The men of Galicia are strong and laborious; they are said to supply porters to most of Spain. The women, left at home, do men's work, in the field, on the farm, in the village. They are capable, as we say in New England, but their priests

A woman is a worthy wight . . .

she serveth a man . . .

and their husbands have them strictly in subjection: they are said to keep up the grossest superstitions and their husbands are said to beat them. In consequence, they unite the strength of a man to the irresponsibility of a child. At Compostella, in the church, they would go through a crowd like rowdy small boys, by sheer strength of shoving with muscular elbows and trampling with heavy shoes. A little different racially from other Spanish women, they have not their sentiment, and have nothing to take its place. I speak here of the working women, fishwives and farmers, not of the poetesses with whom Celia Vázquez corresponded. What they will become under a system of personal responsibility and liberty, it is easy to hope but not safe to predict. I found them, taken individually, kind invariably, sensible, and indifferent.

and yet she hath but care and woe...

Taken collectively even in their own little place at Arzúa, the men had the helplessness of the weak and the poor before the brutality of comparative wealth. In the single shop where they had come to trade,

or to buy supplies—there was no place else they could have gone instead — I saw the establishment brutally refuse to give change to the peasants, saying, "Buy twenty centimes more!" when there was nothing to buy, or simply swallowing up the coin. The same thing had happened at Astorga while the train paused: if third-class people, in the hurry, wanted cakes or coffee, they got no change. But to me the coppers were duly counted out.

. . . Who suffer well . . .

Outraged and sick at heart, I wandered up with the boys, to admire the pretty creatures that I had seen coming in all the morning: but I found that the cattle mart, situated there on a hilltop, had not one fountain, not one watering-trough, inside the wall. The pretty fawn-coloured calves are curled up like dogs in exhaustion; there is no water for all this market, and very little food; shade and trodden earth, no more. All the young things have come many miles, and are completely spent: even the little pigs are piteous. Their hard-driven mother has little milk or none, they nose, and give it up, and go to sleep

Cattle mart

like sardines, head to tail. A cow with milk dropping to the ground, wretchedly licks her calf, who has the half-sleeve of a purple shirt tied over his nose. It is not that the Gallegans are peculiarly cruel, they are simply unimaginative: and then, they are helpless too, hardworked and dulled. It was a time for Moses to fetch water out of the arid soil, not for men and women, tired from tramping, to carry it in pails.

Sunt lacrymae rerum

Yet there is a difference which makes more poignant the pain of animals than ours, more insistent their mercies. They can suffer, but they cannot look before and after. It is one thing for us to bear pain in pride or in hope, quite another to bid the unconscious or semiconscious to suffer without a future, with only the present moment of pain. This applies to men and animals alike, but even the lowest human type knows foresight and recollection, and recognizes expiation and hopes for fulfilment.

The creatures have such virtues: patience, submission, good temper under ill-use that

no mere machine would stand, affection in the face of circumstances. Such ways, when human beings practise them, we call moral excellence. If someone does not feel that they are virtues in the creatures, let him associate with creatures which want them: let him ride an ill-tempered mule, or train a dog that has too much ego in her cosmos. The virtues which we take as inevitable accidents of existence, among the four-footed, we seek with pain and grief for ourselves. Vaguely we recognize this, and a man insists that he must respect his dog, but we do not follow the principle to its conclusion. We may grant them even rights, "since to be but sentient is to possess rights," but do we squarely face our obligation? If our life and well-being involves of necessity the cruel suffering of beasts, it is a question whether we are, some of us, worth it: if not of necessity, then we are bitterly to blame. Whether we are worth it, is a real question. There is no question of the charge laid upon us, if that price of pain was paid.

Human responsibility

To say that without us they would be

worse off, is to beg the question. Could they be better off with us? Life being so bad, can we help them through it?

The Bishop of London

Since this was written, the Bishop of London has come out to forbid prayer for animals. If Christ did not die for the animals, so much the worse for that Christ. This is the Bishop of London who combined with the Emperor of Germany, in 1914, to make God ridiculous, with their old barbarous traditions of the tribal fetish.

Watering troughs

There in Arzúa I had no wish to photograph men and women on their knees before hideous wooden crosses on the churchyard wall. A religion that cannot find water for cattle seemed not a negative good but a positive evil. Is there need to add that to present watering-troughs without crosses would seem admirable as conduct but something other than religion? Is there need to add that the Bishop of London in his pronouncement with its implications had forgotten the canon of his own Scripture where it declares that the whole creation which groans and travails together, is awaiting together

the one, the glorious manifestation? Still it awaits.

With these matters at heart I went back to the upper chamber where luncheon had commenced, and some priests, and the travellers by the motor-omnibus, and the richer sort from the fair, were all to feed, and there I highly enjoyed the repartee exchanged between all these and the hand-maiden. It was a continuous performance, and all were experts, and it had plenty of flavour. The Comedy Part

Though I went in to Santiago that day by motor, being very weary, yet I have from time to time walked in the last few miles by all the roads, from Padrón, from Corunna and this way, from the east. As you top the last ascent you see blue hills upon the new horizon, and against them, blue but plain, the three towers. There were nine in Aymery's day and the church glittered afar with lead and copper roofing. So the last few miles run down hill, easy for dusty feet; so, past scrub and furze through pasture land that is slowly coming under the plough and past the little church of

the Sar, by the Porta Francigena, under the shadow of S. Domingo, the road comes into town, and the streets open of themselves, turn and wind, till you come out beside one of the transept doors, and stand — at the top of steps if it is the northern, at the bottom if it is the southern, — to marvel that you should at last be there.

The Bourne

The shadowy majesty of the great church hushes the heart: the dim splendour about the altar glows visible, for the doors stand wide: the feet that have come so far, hesitate on the granite pavement.

Fiat amen, alleluja; dicamus solemnitur;
E ultreja, e sus eja, decantemus jugitur!

NOTES: BOOK TWO

CHAPTER IX

España sagrada—Gil González Dávila, *Teatro eclesiástico de España*—Amador de los Ríos, *Burgos*—Martínez y Sans, *Historia del templo catedral de Burgos*—Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—*Monumentos arquitectónicos de España.*—Justi, *Miscellanean aus Drei Jahrhunderten*—Agapito y Revilla's monograph must be mentioned, though it is out of print and I have not seen it.

[1] Cock, *Jornada de Tarazona*, p. 46.
[2] Roderick of Toledo, *Chronicle*, cap. cc. *Documentos inéditos*, vol. CV, p. 460.
[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 45.

Las Huelgas:

[1] Fabié, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 61.
[2] Cap. c: in Rossell, *Coronicas de los reyes de Castilla*, I, 235.
[3] All this is in the monograph, unfinished and unsigned, of *Monumentos arquitectónicos.*
[4] Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, II, i, 107.
[5] *Historia de la arquitectura*, II, 591.

[6] *Memorials of King Henry VII*, *Rer. Brit. Scrip.*, Rolls Series, 1858.

The Cathedral:

[1] *Viaje de España*, XII, 19.
[2] *Teatro eclesiástico*, III, p. 65.
[3] Roderick of Toledo, *Chronicle*, chap. CCXXVI.
[4] Martínez y Sans, *Historia del templo catedral de Burgos*, p. 12.
[5] *Id. ib.*, pp. 12, 77, 265.
[6] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos*, I, 44.
[7] *Op. cit.*, 248.
[8] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 55. The remaining history of the Cimborio will be found p. 44.
[9] There is an engraving of the west front and *parvis* in the latter eighteenth century in Ponz, *Viaje de España*, XII, 24.
[10] Hernando Pulgar, in the writer's copy of *Claros varones*, 1775, on p. 92 says something different, but it is possible that the author, whence the praise was first extracted, used another version.
[11] *Burgos*, p. 537.
[12] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 288.
[13] A. de los Ríos, *op. cit.*, p. 590.
[14] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 90. Contract, p. 267.
[15] Fabié, *op. cit.* p. 55.
[16] *Op. cit.*, p. 108.
[17] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 187.
[18] *Cf.* Flórez, *España sagrada*, XXVI, 393.
[19] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, 289, 290.
[20] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 248.
[21] *Op. cit.*, pp. 202–205.

[22] *Burgos*, pp. 771–776.
[23] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 74.
[24] *Cf.* Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, pp., 229–232.
[25] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 126.
[26] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, pp. 182–189.
[27] *Viaje de España*, XII, 24, 25.
[28] Martínez y Sans, *op. cit.*, p. 282.

Strangers and Pilgrims:

[1] Menéndez y Pelayo, *Tratado de los romances viejos*, I, 72.
[2] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 330, 333.
[3] Amador de los Ríos, *op. cit.*, 326, note.
[4] A. M. Huntington's translation, *Poem of the Cid*, ll. 2–5.
[5] Cock, *Jornada de Tarazona*, p. 47.
[6] *A Lady's Travels into Spain*, pp. 150–152.
[7] Fabié, *op. cit.*, pp. 58, 59.
[8] *Pèlerinage d' un Paysan Picard*, pp. 56–59.
[9] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. xxxvi.

CHAPTER X

Quadrado, *Valladolid, Palencia y Zamora*—La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*—Sandoval, *Primera parte de las fundaciones* and *Historia de los reyes*—Yepes, *Coronica general de la orden de S. Benito*—Menéndez y Pelayo, *Antología de poetas líricos.*

[1] *Historia de la arquitectura*, II, 288.
[2] *España sagrada*, XXVI, 357.
[3] S. María de Almazán was the name of a shrine, a pilgrimage place near the abbey of

Palazuelos and there seems here some confusion of the Virgins. *Cf.* Chronicle of the Archbishop D. Roderick, cxliii, in *Documentos inéditos*, CV, 387.

[4] *Cantigas de S. María*, nn. 242, 266, 249, 252.

[5] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 206.

[6] Lampérez, *op. cit.*, I, 470. *Cf.* also his "Excursión à varios pueblos" in *Boletín de la Sociedad Española*, 1903, XI, 145 and *Notas sobre algunos monumentos*, IV, *loc. cit.*, pp. 172–179.

[7] Joaquín de Ciria in *Boletín de la Sociedad Española*, 1904, XII, 220.

[8] Menéndez Pidal, *Primera Coronica general de España*, p. 475.

[9] Quadrado makes himself responsible for this, *Valladolid, Palencia y Zamora*, p. 505; but the ultimate authority is Yepes, *Coronica general de la orden de S. Benito*, VI, pp. 85–86.

[10] *Op cit.*, I, 469.

[11] *Op. cit.*, p. 504.

[12] *Op. cit.*, p. 498.

[13] Yepes, *op. cit.*, VI, 85–6.

[14] *Op. cit.*, pp. 204, 205.

[15] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 62.

[16] *Jornada de Tarazona*, p. 39.

[17] *Primavera y flor de romances*, ed. Menéndez Pelayo, I, 30.

Villalcázar de Sirga:

[1] *Disertaciones históricas del órden y cavallería de los Templarios*, p. 233.

[2] *Viaje de España*, XI, 192.

[3] *Op. et. loc. cit.*

[4] The tombs were published by Amador de los Ríos in *Museo Español de Antigüedades*, I, and the effigy alone by Carderera, *Iconografía española*, Plate XII, p. xii, and II, ii.

[5] Ponz, *op. cit.*, XI, 193.

[6] *Cantigas*, I, 47, No. 31: in Appendix XI, Miracle i.

[7] Villani says: "On July 3, 1292, great and manifest miracles began to be shown forth in the city of Florence by a figure of Holy Mary which was painted on a pilaster of the loggia of S. Michele in Orto, where the grain was sold; the sick were healed, the deformed made straight and the possessed visibly delivered in great numbers." Quoted in Gardner, *The Story of Florence*, p. 187.

[8] *Cantigas de S. María*, I, 389.

Carrión de los Condes:

[1] Cited by Dozy, *Recherches*, I, 102.

[2] Sandoval, *Historia de los reyes de Castilla y León*, II, p. 202.

[3] Yepes, *Coronica general de la orden de S. Benito*, VI, 78–9.

[4] Yepes, *op. cit.*, VI, 73.

[5] *España sagrada*, XVII, p. 292.

[6] Quoted by Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 138.

[7] *España sagrada*, XXIII, 309, 319, 372.

[8] *V.* Menéndez y Pelayo, *Antología*, iii, *Prólogo*, pp. cxxiv–cxxxvi, superseding Amador de los Ríos and Ticknor. The complete collection is published in Ribadeneyra, *Poetas castellanos anteriores al siglo* XV, pp. 331–372.

[9] Though the Spanish instances now under consideration are later, these may explain as a backwash the curious cusped arches around the door of *S. Croix* at La Charité-sur-Loire. Figured in Baum, pp. 170–177.

[10] For instance Sr. Serrano-Fatigati, in *Portadas artísticas de monumentos españoles*, pp. 33–35.

[11] *Congrès Archéologique de France.* 1910, *Guide Archéotogique*, p. 46. I published Street's drawing in *George Edmund Street*, facing p. 249, but labelled wrong. This is a north porch in the second bay at Candes which lies just outside Saumur. Lévy has a good photograph.

Benevívere:

[1] Ponz, *Viaje de España*, XI, p. 202.

[2] Published by John M. Burnham, in *Romanic Review*, II, 280–303.

[3] *Op. cit.* XI, 204.

[4] Says Ceán, in his *Adiciones* to Llaguno, I, 70: "In the Year 1382 commenced the rebuilding of the church of the convent of the canons of S. Augustine in Benevívere of the Campos. It has three aisles; the architecture simple and well-proportioned."

[5] Ezek. i, 10, 20: Rev. iv, 6–8.

[6] Bede, *Comment. in Cant. Cantic.*

[7] *Honorius* on the same, in *Migne*, vol. CLXXII, col. 462.

[8] Mâle, *L'Art Religieux du XIIIme Siècle*, p. 205. Cf. *Ormulum, Preface*, ll. 5–26; *Cursor Mundi*, ll. 21263–21288. E. E. T. S. Original Series.

[9] Parera, *España artística y monumental*, I, 18.

[10] Caxton's *Life of Charles the Grete*, E. E. T. S. vol. 37, p. 210.

CHAPTER XI

España sagrada, XXXIV, XXXV—Sandoval, *Primera parte de las fundaciones*—Yepes, *Coronica general de la orden de S. Benito*—Escalona, *Historia del real monasterio de Sahagún*—Quadrado, *Asturias y León*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*.

[1] Sandoval, *Primera parte de las fundaciones*, III, 63.

[2] *España sagrada*, XXXIV, 332.

[3] *Id. ibid.*, 334.

[4] Published by both Sandoval and Yepes.

[5] Escalona, *Historia del real monasterio de Sahagún*, p. 34.

[6] *Id. ibid.*, p. 46.

[7] The story, I believe, is Sandoval's: but it may also be read in *España sagrada*, XXXIV, 240–245.

[8] *Cf.* Archbishop Roderick's Chronicle, cc, xcii, xcciii in *Documentos inéditos*, CV, 316–317.

[9] *España sagrada*, XXXIV, 334. Luke of Tuy, in *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 96.

[10] La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*, III, 305, *España sagrada*, XXXV, 120.

[11] *Op. cit.*, pp. 298, sqq.

[12] *Op. cit.*, III, pp. 56–57.

[13] *Op. cit.*, III, 306.

[14] *Id. ibid.*, IV, 147.

[15] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, III, 305. He substituted for instance, French nuns for Spanish at *S. Juan de las Abadesas*. This last bit of history explains the architecture of the great Catalan nun's church, where three lesser apses opened, two of them obliquely, from the huge main apse with an ambulatory, as at Monsempron (Lot-et-Garonne) and in Legate Richard's own country at S. Quinin of Vaison (Vaucluse).

[16] *Op. cit.*, III, 61.

[17] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 179–180.

[18] *España sagrada*, XXXIV, 335.

[19] Escalona, *op. cit.*, 230, sqq.

[20] Díaz Jiménez, *Imigración mozárabe en el Reino de León*, in *Boletín de la Real Academia de Historia*, 1892, vol. XX, p. 123, sqq.

[21] *Journal of the Archaeological Association of America*, 1916, xx.

[22] *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 691–693.

[23] In the *Boletín de la Institution Libre de Enseñanza*, VIII, IX, 1885–1887, *La antigua iglesia del monasterio de Sahagún* and *Algunos rasgos de la iglesia grande del monasterio de Sahagún*.

[24] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 693.

[25] Lefèvre-Pontalis, in *Congrès Archéologique de France*, 1913, p. 302.

[26] In addition to the pages of admirable historical summary which Sr. Lampérez gives to Sahagún, in his *Historia de la arquitectura*, 688–93, and to the town churches, 708–710, two more publications of his should be

named though I have not been able to see them, *Las iglesias españolas de ladrillo* (Barcelona, 1904), and the *Memorias de secretaría* of his lectures in the Ateneo of Madrid between 1902 and 1905.

[27] *Op. cit.*, III, 55.

Sepultados:

[1] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 118.

[2] *The First Book of the Introduction to Knowledge*, E. E. T. S., extra series, vol. 10, p. 200.

[3] *Galicia*, p. 232.

[4] Schnuder, *Des Böhmische Herrn, Leo von Rozmital, Ritter-, Hof-, und Pilger-Reise*, p. 116.

[5] Ozanam, *Pèlerinage au pays du Cid*, p. 93.

[6] René Maizeroy, in *Le Gaulois*, 29 Septembre, 1908. Reprinted by the Hispanic Society of America in *Five Essays on the Art of Ignacio Zuloaga*, p. 71.

S. Pedro de las Dueñas:

[1] Escalona, *Historia del real monasterio de Sahagún*, pp. 46, 80.

[2] *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 463; *Boletín de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones*, (1904), XII, p. 1.

The Pilgrim turns aside to S. Miguel de Escalada:

[1] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan, Picard*, p. 63.

[2] *Cantigas del Rey Sabio*, cccIv, I, 494.

CHAPTER XII

España sagrada, XXXIV, XXXV—Quadrado, *Asturias y León—Museo español de antigüedades*, I, II, VII,—Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general*—Luke of Tuy, *Chronicon*, in *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV—Fita, *Legio VII Gemina*—Demetrio de los Ríos, *La catedral de León, Monografía*—Chronicle of Archbishop Roderick—Jiménez Díaz, *Opúscula*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*.

[1] Tacitus, *Historia*, iii, 4, ii, 2, iii, 5.

[2] Dozy, *Recherches*, I, 180. For Roman Leon the authority is Fr. Fita, in *Museo español de antigüedades*, I, 449 sqq., in an earlier work on Leonese inscriptions, and in later articles published in the *Boletín de la Academia Real de Historia*, XIX, 528; XLII, 392; LII, 375; LII, 435. The article on the Mosaic of Hylas and the Nymphs is by Juan de Dios de la Rada y Delgado, *op. cit.*, XXXVI, 423.

[3] L. Giner Aribau, *Folk-lore de Proaza*, pp. 228–229.

[4] *Chronicon*, pp. 2, 34.

[5] Published by Fita in *Museo español de antigüedades*, XI, with a magnificent plate. *Cf.* Gómez Moreno, in *Cultura Española*, 1906, *Excursión a través del arco de herradura*.

[6] Leicester B. Holland, *The Origin of the Horseshoe Arch in Northern Spain*, in *American Journal of Archaeology* (1918), XXII, 397.

[7] Gayet, *L'Art Copte*, pp. 78, 89.

[8] Kipling, The Mother-Lodge, in *The Seven Seas*, pp. 178, 179.
[9] *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*, p. 155.
[10] *Asturias y León*, p. 484.
[11] Manier, *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 65. Tetzel, the Knight's Secretary in the vernacular, Fabié, *Viaje por España*, p. 166. Purchas, VII, 530.
[12] *Viaje de España por un anónimo*, 1441–8, edited by E. G. R.
[13] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 137.

S. Isidore:

[1] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 492. These epitaphs, now perished, Quadrado compiled from Morales and others; I extract from him.
[2] *Op. et loc. cit.*
[3] By Rada y Delgado, *op. cit.*, vol. VII, pp. 449, sqq.
[4] Velázquez Bosco, *El dragón y la serpiente en el capital románico.*
[5] Cumont, *Textes et Monuments Figurés relatifs aux Mystères de Mithra*, II, 403.
[6] In Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, II, ii, 250.
[7] Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, I, 159.
[8] Quadrado, *op. cit.*, p. 403.
[9] *Id. ibid.*, p. 494.
[10] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 281–282.
[11] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 356.
[12] Anthyme-Saint Paul, *Note sur S. Sernin de Toulouse*, in *Bulletin du Comitié de Travaux Historiques*, 1899.
[13] Delehaye, *Les Legendes Hagiographiques*, p. 62.

[14] *Op. et loc. cit*, II, ii, 415.
[15] *Op. cit*, I, 158–159.
[16] Michel, I, ii, 564.
[17] Quadrado, *op. cit.*, p. 497.
[18] *Id. ibid.*, 494.
[19] *Id. ibid.*, 497.
[20] Luke of Tuy in *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, p. 97.
[21] Quadrado, *op. cit*, 492.
[22] Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general de España*, p. 470.

Doctor Egregius:

[1] *España sagrada*, IX, 216–224.
[2] *España sagrada*, XVII, 264, 265.
[3] *España sagrada*, XVII, 316, 317.
[4] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 93.
[5] *España sagrada*, XIV, 471.
[6] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 72: Risco disagrees with Flórez here.
[7] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 88: The *Translatio* will be found in IX, 406–412.
[8] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 98.
[9] R. Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general*, p. 422.
[10] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 774.
[11] *España sagrada*, IX, 309–315. *Cf.* also p. 108. It will not perhaps be out of place to say that Isidore, Pelayo, and Justa are all historical, in my judgement: Isidore is uncontested, Pelayo is well attested, and there seems no reason to doubt of Justa, on whose legend depends the evidence for the cult of the Syrian goddess in Spain.
[12] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 57.

[13] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 205.

[14] The source for this is Luke of Tuy, *op. cit.* p. 103, and he for obvious reasons is discreet, but yet still comprehensible, and the reader will remember how angry was King Alfonso's grandfather when the Cid would not let him have Doña Elvira, his sister, as he saw her shining like a star, on *las Almenas de Toro.*

[15] Chronicle in *Documentos inéditos*, CV, 434.

[16] *Op. cit.*, p. 104.

[17] Ed. *Menéndez Pidal*, p 660.

[18] Chronicle, in *Documentos inéditos*, CV, 447.

[19] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 106: Nogales Delicado y Rendón, *Historia de Ciudad Rodrigo*, p. 44.

[20] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, p. 93.

[21] *Id. ibid.*, p. 114.

[22] *Id. ibid.*, p. 111.

[23] R. Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general*, p. 694, 698.

[24] Luke of Tuy, *Hispaniae Illustratae*, 115–116.

[25] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 68.

[26] *Id. ibid.*, p. 201, 202, and Morales, *Viaje*, p. 50.

[27] *Id. ibid.*, p. 201, 236, 314.

[28] *España sagrada*, IX, 394–401.

[29] Virgil, *Georgics*, iv, ll. 149–153; Diodorus, v, 70, 5–25. If, however, as seems probable, especially in the south, S. James is the successor of the native Bull-God and S. Isidore is here substituted for S. James, then this looks like a survival of the traditional genera-

tion of bees from a dead bull, for which *cf.* A. B. Cook, *Zeus*, p. 514.

[30] *España sagrada*, IX, 402–405. *The Acts of the Translation*, pp. 406–412, which follow this, in turn, in Flórez and in the Gothic MS. from which he copied are, notwithstanding, in another handwriting, *id. ibid*, p. 230.

[31] *Analecta Hymnica*, XVI, pp. 16, 18.

[32] *Id. ibid.*, 186. F. Fita, *Estudios históricos*, V, 197, 251.

[33] Heiss, *Monnaies Antiques de l'Espagne*, plates xiv–xxvi.

[34] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 93, 95.

Leon the Fair:

[1] There is a plate in Demetrio de los Ríos, *Monografía*, I, 151.

[2] Rosell y Torres, in *Museo español de antigüedades*, II.

[3] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 110 sqq. The name of "will" signifies a document, an act of volition, not necessarily *d'outre-tombe*. The sense may be traced in the formula "*last* will and testament."

[4] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 110.

[5] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 218.

[6] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos*, I, 38.

[7] *Historia del templo catedral de Burgos*, p. 182.

[8] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 268.

[9] *Id. ibid.*, 269.

[10] *Id. ibid.*, 270.

[11] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos*, I, 102.

[12] *Viaje de España*, XI, 223.

[13] Pedro Rodríguez de Lara, *Libro del Passo Honroso*, p. 14.

[14] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 449; Demetrio de los Ríos, *Monografía*, II, 191; Pelayo Quintero, *Sillas de coró*, pp. 54–56.

[15] Quadrado, *op. cit.*, p. 441, note.

[16] Llaguno, *op. cit.*, I, 212.

[17] *Op. cit.*, pp. 437–438.

[18] *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, I, 140.

[19] Cited by Demetrio de los Ríos, *Monografía*, I, 206.

[20] *España sagrada*, XXXV. Hic jacet famulus Dei Arnaldus episcopus hujus ecclesiae, qui obiit era MCCLXXIII, in die octavo Octobis anno MCCXXXV. *Cf.* Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 424. Queen Teresa, the spouse of Ferdinand II, and Bishop John, had a plan for making S. Isidro the Cathedral: so says Juan de Robles in the *Book of the Miracles of S. Isidore* which professes to be a translation of the Tudense and is a sort of chronicle of the abbey; cap. xliij, p. 75. This must be taken for what it is worth.

[21] Chronicle, cap. ccxxxiv, in *Documentos inéditos*, vol. CCV, p. 508.

[22] This is more probably a book well-known to the Middle Age, *The Protevangel of James*.

[23] *Op. cit.*, p. 34.

[24] *España sagrada*, XXXVI.

[25] Published by Osma, *Catálogo de azabaches compostelanos*, p. 51.

[26] Two admirable plates have been published in the *Monografía*, I., 124, 125.

[27] Luke of Tuy, *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 112.

[28] Roderick of Toledo's Chronicle, continuation by D. Gonzalo de la Hinojosa, cap. ccxxxvi, xxxvi, *Documentos inéditos*, CVI, 6–9. *Cf.* Alvaro Núñez de Castro, *Vida de S. Fernando* III, 1787. Quoted by Menéndez Pelayo, *Tratado de los romances viejos*, I. 23.

[29] Roderick of Toledo, Chronicle, continuation, p. 5.

CHAPTER XIII

España sagrada, XXXIV–XXXVI, XVI,—*Primera coronica general*—Quadrado, *Asturias y León*—Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain.*

[1] *España sagrada*, XXXIV, 477.

[2] Mentioned here on page 221 and quoted by Rada y Delgado in *Museo español de antigüedades*, VII, 451.

[3] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 211.

[4] V. *Appendix.*

[5] Bonnault d'Houët, *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, pp. 167, 182.

[6] Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, pp. 45, 544.

[7] *Biblioteca del* Folklore, VIII, 141.

[8] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 67.

[9] Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general*, p. 370.

[10] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 68.

Astorga:

[1] *Anseis de Cartage*, ll. 4376–4380.

[2] *Historia Naturalis*, iii, 28.
[3] Menéndez Pidal, *Primera coronica general*, p. 376.
[4] Traggia in *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, §II, 104.
[5] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 492.
[6] *Id. ibid.*, p. 605–606.
[7] *Id. ibid.*, p. 612; Pelayo Quintero, *Sillas de coro*, 56–57.
[8] Martínez y Sans, *Historia del templo catedral de Burgos*, pp. 78, 187.
[9] *Primera parte de las fundaciones*, III, 63.
[10] *España sagrada*, XVI, 223.
[11] These have been published more than once, Flórez offering a picture of lily-flowers and moons, as though the Spouse from Lebanon were invoked: they are all I think in Hübner's *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*
[12] Quadrado, *op. cit.*, p. 616.

The Port of Rabanal:

[1] *España sagrada*, XVI, 59.
[2] *Id. ibid.*, p. 222.
[3] *Id. ibid.*, XVI, 205–206.
[4] Flórez mentions this tradition only to confute it, *España sagrada*, XVI, 103.
[5] *Op. cit.*, p. 59.
[6] I am sorry to say I cannot trace this note of mine to its source.
[7] Dozy, *Recherches*, II, 87. *Cf.* Sandoval, *Cinco reyes*, fol. 94.
[8] *Op. cit.*, ii, 88, 89.
[9] *España sagrada*, XVI, 60.
[10] *Anseis de Cartage*, ll. 4773–4779.

CHAPTER XIV

Pedro Rodríguez de Lara: *Libro del Passo Honroso defendido por el Excelente Cavallero Suero de Quiñones. Copilado de un libro antiguo de mano por F. Juan de Pineda Religioso de la Orden de S. Francifco*, 1588.

[1] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 117.
[2] That I take to be the noble apartment adjoining the north transept, once the chapter-room, which has lately been recovered and restored.
[3] F. R. *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 46.

CHAPTER XV

España sagrada—Quadrado, *Asturias y León*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Gómez Moreno, *Opúscula*—Cáceres Prat, *El Vierzo.*

[1] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, pp. 654–665.
[2] *Id. ibid.*, 601, 625–628, 652.
[3] *España sagrada*, XVI, 32, 34, 37, 323.
[4] Cahier et Martin, *Nouveaux Mélanges*, IV, 315; *España sagrada*, XVI, 34–36, 324–349.
[5] *España sagrada*, XVI, 37–42; Quadrado, *op. cit.*, 629; Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 227.
[6] Lampérez, *op. cit.*, I, 231, Gómez Moreno, in *Boletín de la Sociedad Castellana*, May, 1908.
[7] Quadrado, *op. cit.*, 635.

Cacabelos:

[1] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 635.
[2] Cáceres Prat, *El Vierzo*, p. 83.
[3] *España sagrada*, XX, 69.
[4] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, IV, p. 66 and Appendix vii, pp. 19–21.
[5] Erichsen and Ross, *Lucca*, p. 34.
[6] Husenbeth, *Emblems of Saints*, p. 154.
[7] Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*, p. 10.
[8] *España sagrada*, XVI, 191.
[9] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 69.

Villafranca:

[1] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 68.
[2] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, pp. 631, 638–641.
[3] Ulysse, Robert, *Etat des Monastères Espagnoles del' Ordre de Cluny*, in *Boletín de la Real Academia de Historia*, 1892, XX, p. 331.
[4] *Historia del Abad D. Juan de Montemayor*, Valladolid, 1562: reprinted by Menéndez Pidal; p. 34.
[5] Cáceres Prat, *El Vierzo*, p. 50.
[6] Quadrado, *Op. cit.*, p. 641.
[7] Figured in Baum, *Romanesque Architecture in France*, pp. 42, 45.
[8] Cahier et Martin, *Monographie de la Cathédral de Bourges*. Hucher, *Calques des Vitraux de la Cathédral du Mans*, passim.
[9] *Op. et loc. cit.*
[10] *Viaggio Occidental à S. Giacomo de Galizia.*

CHAPTER XVI

España sagrada—Quadrado, *Asturias y León*—Murguía, *Galicia*—Villa-amil, *Iglesias gallegas*—Ángel del Castillo, *Por las montañas de Galicia* in *Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega*—López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia de Santiago* and *Galicia en el último tercio del siglo XV*—Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques le Majeur.*

The River Road:

[1] *España sagrada*, XXXVI, Appendix xxvii, xxxiv, 225, XL, 131.
[2] *España sagrada*, XXXV, 108.
[3] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 624.
[4] Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*, p. 6.
[5] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, IV, 307.
[6] A. del Castillo, *Por las montañas de Galicia*, in *Idea Moderna*, 15 April, 1914.
[7] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, IV, Appendix lii, p. 126.
[8] *Loc. cit.*
[9] *Por las montañas de Galicia* in *Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega*, November, 1913.
[10] *Coronica general de la Orden de S. Benito*, IV, 65.
[11] *Op. cit.*, IV, 306; *España sagrada*, XVIII, 277.
[12] On p. 165: somewhat condensed here. Yepes, *op. cit.*, IV, 64.
[13] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, IV, 307.
[14] *Loc. cit.*
[15] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, 248.

[16] *España sagrada*, XVII, 98–99.

In Galicia:

[1] *España sagrada*, XL, 131, XXXIV, 225.
[2] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, II, Appendices xlii, xlvi.
[3] *Id. ibid.*, p. 549, Appendix xlviii.
[4] *Annales Cistercenses*, I, 305–306.
[5] *España sagrada*, XL, pp. 202 sqq., *Memorias del insigne monasterio de S. Julián y de S. Basilisa.*
[6] Juan Menéndez Pidal, *Colección de los viejos romances*, No. lxii, pp. 219–220.
[7] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos*, I, p. 51.
[8] *España sagrada*, XLI, 5; *id. ibid.*, p. 28.
[9] *S. Salvador de Sarria*, in *Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega*, v, 37 (September 20, 1910), pp. 14–16.
[10] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 407.
[11] *España sagrada*, XL, 172.
[12] *Monografía geográfico-histórica de Galicia*, p. 769.
[13] *Loc. cit.*

The Unknown Church:

[1] *Materiales y documentos de arte español*, II, 86.
[2] Campomanes, *Disertaciones históricas del orden y cavallería de los templarios*, p. 81.
[3] Pliny, *Natural History*, l, xvi, 29.
[4] *España sagrada*, XLI, 43.
[5] I should add that since the page was written they have been building a road to Lugo, straight as a string for five leagues or more, over hill and dale. The last time we

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